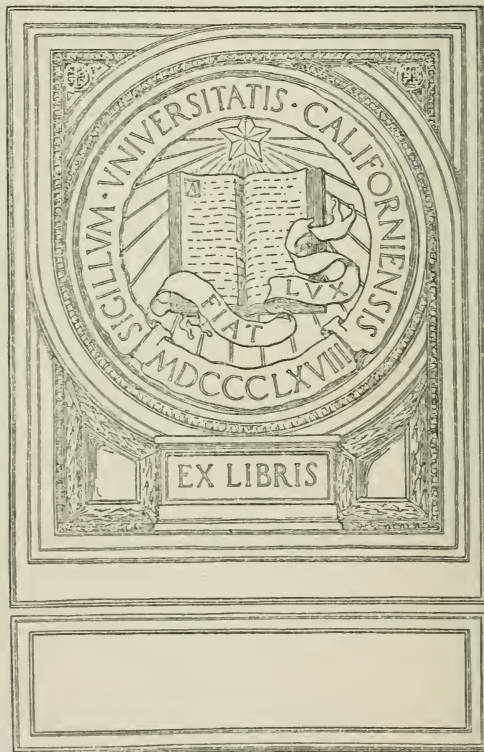


EKKEHARD



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Zur freundlichen
Annahme von
Freundin

Lili Burger
Washington, im Mai 1901.





"Cheerfully he stepped with his burden over the threshold which no woman's foot might touch."

EKKEHARD

A Tale of the Tenth Century

BY

JOSEPH V. VON SCHEFFEL

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN WITH ALL THE
NOTES OF THE 138TH EDITION

VOLUME I.

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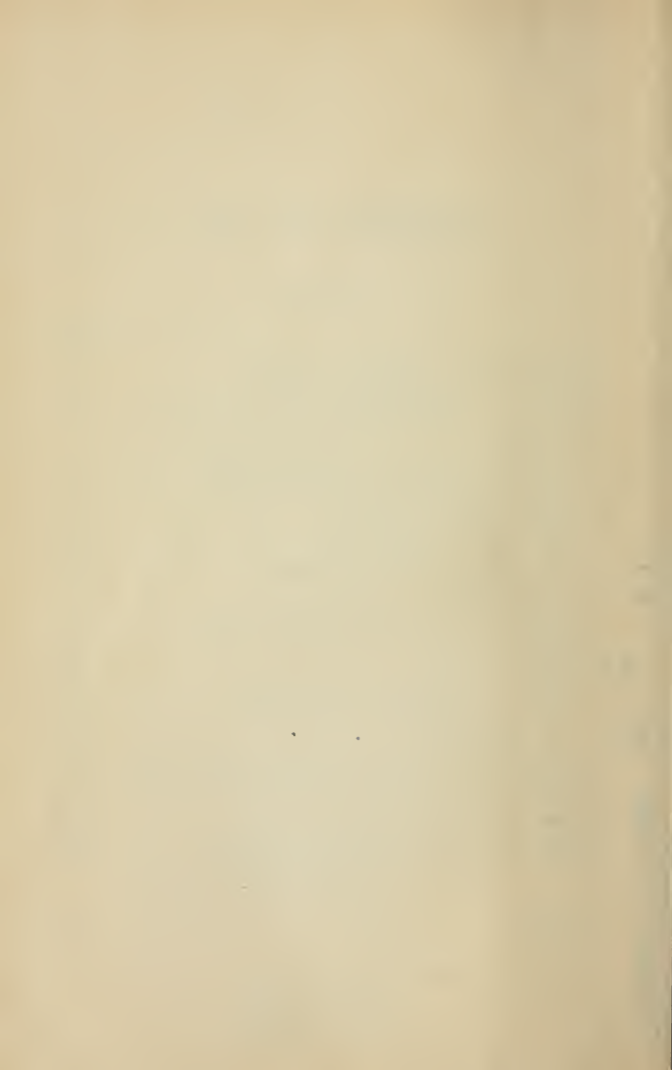
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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

CLIO had no more tenderly treasured foster-child than the Alemannian poet Joseph Victor von Schefel. He did not, it is true, write history, but he came as a reconciling mediator between History and Romance, and by the magic of his constructive imagination called into life and beauty a whole world of forgotten forms. He realized, as no writer before him had ever realized, that human nature is ever the same ; and he therefore clothed these forms with recognizable speech and modes of action.

“ Ekkehard ” is no alien, stiff, unnatural, mediæval monstrosity, but a life-drama worked out with human beings, thinking natural thoughts, doing natural deeds, alive with real, not galvanized life ; at the same time, it is felt to be true to its epoch ; and this union of qualities gives it, and especially gave it when it first appeared, an epoch-making significance. It founded a school of historic fiction in Germany ; but by a strange fate, the imitations, or rather the offshoots, of this great romance, are better known to English-speaking people than the prototype.

Scheffel is also known in Germany, and even more widely known as the poet of the student. His lyrico-epic poem, "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen," has past its two-hundredth edition: it has been twice dramatized for the operatic stage, and its songs are household words in Germany. The formerly named Bergsee, near Säkkingen, has been re-named Scheffelsee, and the steamer which ploughs its blue waters carries about on its counter the now-historic appellation of Hiddigeigei, after the song-compelling cat. On the cliff overlooking the lake is cut an inscription in honor of the poet, and the whole region, as well as the beautiful shores of the Bodensee, are redolent with his memory.

The various lines of inheritance and environment which united their strands, and by a correlation of forces produced in Von Scheffel the impulse to create as he did, are unusually clear, and are interesting to trace. One or two instances must here suffice.

His grandfather, Magnus Scheffel, had been the last Oberschaffner, or steward, of the Benedictine Monastery of Gengenbach, — a free monastery which was situated on the Black Forest possessions of the Abbey of S. Gall. The founder of this monastery was S. Fridolinus, who is introduced so effectively into "Der Trompeter." Magnus Scheffel was the nephew of the last abbé, Bishop Jakob. The story goes that he obtained his place by means of a witti-

cism. A bishop was dining^e at the monastery. A servant accidentally spilt a trout over the prelate's violet robes. Magnus Scheffel burst into a peal of laughter, and pacified the angry bishop by saying, "I have seen much that was good and beautiful, but never before an imperial prelate in trout sauce!" The legend runs that the bishop, as a reward for his originality, made him head steward.

After the monastery was secularized, in 1803, Magnus Scheffel entered the Baden civil service as steward of ducal domains, and with the title of "Herr Amtskeller." He was pensioned in 1809, and died in 1836. His grandson remembered him well, and it is quite possible that he inherited something of the old steward's ready wit.

Von Scheffel's maternal grandmother, Frau Krederer, was born at Rielasingen, at the foot of the Hohentwiel. She also was full of witty sayings, and was altogether a remarkable woman, having charge of the Scheffel household for many years.

Scheffel's father, Philip Jakob Scheffel, was an engineer, and bore the title of Captain, as well as that of *Oberbaurat*, — his duties in connection with road-and-bridge-building compelling him, for upwards of thirty years, to visit all parts of Baden, especially the Highlands. In 1824 he married Fräulein Josephine Krederer, the orphaned daughter of a well-to-do merchant, whose home in Oberndorf was interesting as a former nobleman's domain, and tradi-

tionally a *Burgfriede*, or "place of asylum;" moreover, an ancestor of her family, Balthasar Krederer, was held in honor as Burghauptmann of the once splendid castle of Küssaburg, the stately remains of which are seen on a cliff not far from Schaffhausen, overlooking the rushing Rhine. Frau Scheffel was distinguished not only for her beauty, but also for her lively imagination, bright cheery wit, and a good deal of poetic ability, which were manifested in her published writings. A comedy of hers called "Lorle und Dorle," in Suabian dialect, was performed in the Karlsruhe theatre, and also at Heidelberg, and was flatteringly received. From his mother, then, as has been the case with so many distinguished men, Von Scheffel inherited the peculiar bloom of his genius. He himself attributed his poetical art to his mother, and not to his life: "My life," he said, "has passed simply. You must have known my mother: whatever poetry I have in me I got from her." His father was gifted and honorable, stern, orderly, and obstinate, — a genuine example of a true German official. It is interesting to note that, as a member of the Commission for Regulating the Course of the Rhine, he was compelled to make a practical study of the great stream to whose glory his son afterwards, says Prölss, by his poetry added new lustre. He published a pamphlet on the subject, and also wrote a life of General Tulla.

In spite of the natural conflict which such a man

was infallibly destined to meet with in such a son, Von Scheffel owed much to him, — his enthusiasm for a united Germany, which had led him, in 1814, 1815, to enlist in the war with France, and brought him a medal for bravery before Strassburg; and still more his deep love for that Alemannian land which bore such rich fruits in the son. From his father Von Scheffel inherited a talent for drawing; and with it also a still further impulse to come into conflict with paternal authority.

The poet was born at Karlsruhe on the 16th of February, 1826, in the three-story dwelling-house, No. 25 Steinstrasse. Shortly after Captain Scheffel bought — apparently with his wife's money — a handsome mansion, standing in ample grounds on Stefanenstrasse, one of the best streets of the city. There were two other children born to the Scheffel family: Marie, — a beautiful and gifted girl, whose early death cast a life-long gloom over the poet's soul, — and a younger brother, physically and mentally a weakling.

At school the boy found little help toward mental culture. The Karlsruhe Lyceum was a dry-as-dust institution, paying more attention to mere facts and dates than to the deeper things of life. Nevertheless, he there gained a thorough training in the classical languages. Joseph Victor was regarded as a pattern scholar. He learned easily, and therefore had time to spare, and this time he spent in his fav-

orite occupation of drawing. His appearance is thus described by one of his fellow students: —

“ He had long light yellow hair, and small delicate features, — rather girlish in fact ; so much so, even at the university, that once, when he dressed himself up as a waitress, none of his friends recognized him until he drained a *Schoppen* in his own peculiar way.”

In 1843 he went to the University of Munich, where, according to his father's wish, he enrolled among the students of law. His second year he studied at Heidelberg, and he began to take more interest in the *Weinschwelgentum*, — the wine-swilling student life, — of which he became poet-laureate, than in the dry lore of the law. It was a city of jolly fellows, many of them old Suabian friends ; in his special club, “Alemannia,” there were quickly enrolled forty members. Here he found stimulus to write the wonderfully popular student- and drinking-songs which are the delight of the German youth. His third year he spent in Berlin, and seems to have studied there more diligently ; but in 1847 he was back in Heidelberg again, and taking part in the wild gayeties of the students : his parents began to wonder what was to be the outcome of it all. Warning letters were sent to him, but to little avail.

One day he had been to a “Kneipe,” or Beerhouse, in the suburbs, and was returning to town with his rollicking companions. His father stepped off the same train : “ It was a depressing meeting for the

old gentleman," said Scheffel. A few days later his father's servant appeared, and said laconically:—

"I am come to help you pack up."

The poet, with characteristic philosophy, acquiesced, and put the episode into a jolly parody, beginning,—

*O Heidelberg, o Heidelberg,
Du wunderschönes Nest, —*

whereof two or three of the stanzas may be rendered:—

*My father, my father
Seized paper and a pen:—
"My son, take off your student cap
And come right home again.*

*"Upstairs here, upstairs here,
There is a chamber small;
'T is there that you must study
In books both short and tall."*

*My mother, her tears flowed:—
"Oh, hasten home, my child;
You're getting into mischief
With all those students wild."*

*I wept and begged and pleaded,
But all to no avail;
And so good-bye, Frankonians,
Good-bye, ye Freshmen hale!*

At home he devoted himself laudably to the dry study of Roman law, but consoled himself by hiding the poems of old Hafiz behind his folios; and his poetic impulse was aroused also by new acquaintance

with Shakespeare, and he with other gay young men formed a Falstaff-Club, in which he bore the designation of Pistol.

Even before this time the young student had been desperately in love with a cousin, Emma Heine, the daughter of a prosperous apothecary. She was finishing her education in Karlsruhe, and he saw much of her; but she was unwilling to wait for him, and married a young business man. It was in memory of her that he wrote his most admired song, the twelfth in "Young Werner's Songs," in "Der Trompeter," each verse of which ends with the refrain, —

*Behüet dich Gott! es wär' zu schön gewesen,
Behüet dich Gott! es hat nicht sollen sein, —*

which throbs with the pathos of disappointed love. Under his father's roof he prepared for the public legal examination, which he passed with credit, and immediately began his duties as a practitioner. At the beginning of 1850 he went as *Doctor juris* and *Amtsrevisor* to Säkkingen, a little Black Forest town with all manner of mediæval memories, with its Rhine-mirrored Church of S. Fridolin enshrining the bones of the founder, with its ancient monastery and nunnery, — so celebrated during the Middle Ages, when members of noble and even royal families were educated there, — with its quaint population, centuries behind the rest of the world. While there engaged in his official duties, he unconsciously was

laying the foundations for the poem which made the town famous.

But his heart was not in the law; his home letters give delightful pictures of his daily life, and if there were space it would be interesting to quote the one which describes his visit to a neighboring village in search of possible pretty cousins, but diverted by meeting with a former Berlin companion, with whom he engaged in a drinking-bout that has become historic. In July he took a vacation, and visited Switzerland, writing amusing letters, many of which are preserved.

In the following March, Dr. Scheffel suffered arrest for being engaged in some rather noisy gathering, and as the arrest was wholly illegal, he felt compelled to challenge the military captain who had ordered it. The affair got wind, and came to Scheffel's father, who appealed to the Baden Ministry of War, and amends were finally made to the young poet; but although the affair reads like an act in a comic opera, it left a very disagreeable impression on his mind, and only hastened his ultimate release from the chains of the law.

Meantime his stay in Säkkingen, and especially his contact with the primitive Alemannian people, known as *Holzenwälder*, or *Hauensteiner*, who were in every respect — dialect, thought, and dress — a relic of the Middle Ages, began to attract his attention to archæology, and he wrote his first literary

work, "Aus dem Hauensteiner Schwarzwald," which appeared two years later. He also exercised his art of painting in this wonderfully picturesque region. He and his sister Marie made many sketches of the beautiful "Strohlbrusch" cascade and other landscapes "in the Forest."

The temptations of art were too strong for him to resist longer: he rebelled against the bureaucratic spirit of his office, and at last, in September, 1851, he broke the bonds and flew away. First he visited the Graubündner Alps, "where only the marmot whistles in the crevices, and the chamois skips over immeasurable snow-fields and glaciers." Here he began those "Pictures of Travel" ("Reisebilder") which were published in an Augsburg journal. His friend and companion, Professor Häusser, wrote some of the letters, but Scheffel's are easily distinguishable by their peculiar humor.

In May, 1852, having been formally released from his service, he started for Italy, to become, as he supposed, a painter. In fact, he began earnest study of the art under Ernst Willers at Rome; but fate willed otherwise. Italy caused to bloom in his soul the ever-ready flowers of poesy. In spite of his enjoyment of art, in spite of his intercourse with a brilliant set of young painters, he found himself drawn rather to the sister art, and his first great work began to claim him: "It was in Rome," he says; "heavy lay the winter on the seven-hilled city,

and the rain was never done. Then arose like a dream the Schwarzwald before my eyes, and the story of the young Spielmann Werner and the beautiful Margaretha. . . . Now like a man whose ear suddenly rings, as a sign that they at home are thinking of him, so I heard sounding the peal of Werner's trumpet through the Roman winter, through the flower sport of the Carnival. Far distant at first it rang, then near and nearer." And at last the songs took shape in this inimitable poem, "Der Trompeter von Säckingen." It was finished in April, 1853, on the Island of Capri. In this is to be read much that is autobiographical, especially in those cantos where the scene of the poem is transferred to Rome.

He was called home by the illness of his beloved sister Marie, who had just broken her engagement to a young officer greatly respected by her parents but repugnant to her. Scheffel's father saw in his son's failure to make the most of his opportunities as a painter fresh proofs of his unworthiness, and the situation became very trying. He wrote to his friend Schwanitz: —

"I am now living in the unendurable position of a man who has no ground under my feet. I will not return to the civil service; I am too old to be a painter; — nothing is apparently left me except to be a *Privatdozent* and *Proletarier* at Heidelberg. Time may bring counsel. . . . I have been happy for a year, and I will console myself with that."

He went to Heidelberg, and there, under the impulse of association with rollicking friends, who belonged to a sort of club called "Der Engere," he wrote most of the songs, published in collected form in 1868, under the title of "Gaudeamus." Even before they were published, they were spread on the wings of music all over the land. They had that same lyrical spontaneity and freshness, that same brilliant wit which flashed and glowed in the gems of "Der Trompeter." They are the very folk-songs of the student world.

But while enjoying these lyrical excursions, his mind was bent on something more dominant. He himself tells us in the preface to "Ekkehard" how he was led to write that historical novel. He may have had his friend Paul Heyse's encouragement. He found his materials at hand in the university library; but also he was under the spell of those scenes which he pictured in such living colors. In February, 1855, it was finished, and in June it was published by Meidinger, at Frankfurt. His honorarium was 1200 gulden.

With this money he went back to Italy, in company with his friend the artist Anselm Feuerbach. At Venice, where they worked together in spite of the heat of the summer and the danger of cholera, the idea arose in his mind of writing a new novel, of which the heroine was to be Titian's beautiful pupil, Irene di Spilimbergo, who died in 1559 at the early

age of twenty, having already acquired fame, not only as a painter but as a poet and a musician.

Both of the young men were worn to shadows; and at last, in August, they fled to Castell Toblino, not far from the beautiful Lago di Garda.

Here Scheffel tried to conjure into deathless form the visions which had haunted him. But it was in vain. That mental disease which cast its petrifying gloom over his life had already begun its inroads. He wrote a few new "Reisebilder," with no special thought of their publication, but simply for the delectation of his Heidelberg club. But some of his friends urged him to publish them, and they came out in 1856 in the *Frankfurter Museum*, under the title, "Unter den Tridentinischen Alpen;" but they were never finished, in spite of the legend, "To be continued." And neither was the great Venetian romance ever materialized. What a delightful book it would have been could Scheffel have communicated to it all the glow and life of his early enthusiastic days in Italy!

His illness at first took the form of a severe inflammation of the eyes, and he found himself unable to work at all. Prölss denies that his illnesses were in any way the result of his dissipations in Heidelberg, and attributes his brain-sufferings first to heredity, and secondly to the peculiar trials which bore heavily on his mental constitution. His physician confirmed this judgment, saying, "Bier and wein had

nothing whatever to do with it." He was brought home to his father's house in a wretched condition mentally and physically. And life there also had little to cheer him. The father's health was failing, the mother's cheerful nature turned to sadness, the lovely sister heartbroken. "Oh, if you knew what we have gone through," wrote Frau Scheffel to Arnswald, "you would pity us!"

Even after the public and most of the critics had given a warm reception to "Ekkehard," Major Scheffel wrote to a friend expressing his fear that Joseph would be tempted to choose literature for a profession. Truly, as the son pathetically said, he had endured many hard hours in conflict with his father, who could not endure to see him out of a salary-secured position in the State's service.

The poet's health began slowly to improve; but in the following May, 1856, in what he calls a fit of desperation, he took a journey to Southern France, where he added malaria to his bodily ailments. The only literary results of the journey were three more brilliant, vivid "Reisebilder," and a sketch of a novel concerning the Albigenses in the thirteenth century. Felix Dahn read a chapter of it, and declared that it was the most beautiful and absorbing of all Scheffel's writings. That also remained a mere torso.

He visited Avignon, the French home of the Popes, Tarascon (afterwards famous as the resi-

dence of the great Tartarin), Arles, Nice, and the Riviera. At Bordighiera he hung between life and death; but even then the peculiar irony and wit of the poet—that perpetual bright companion of moody minds—did not fail him; and he wrote his fascinating poem, “Heimkehr,” which, as much as any of his verse, allies him with Heine.

He finally returned home by way of Genoa and the Gotthard, stopping also for a brief visit at Säkingen, where his heart was warmed by the friendliness of his reception.

He obtained some relief at the lovely Kniebisbad Rippoldsau in the Black Forest; and after his return in September he decided to go to München, where he was invited by his friend Eisenhart, private secretary of King Max II.

He was to be one of the editors of “Bavaria,” a work in which the king took the keenest interest. Here he found a wide circle of brilliant young poets and painters, who received him as a friend and brother.

Life began to glow before him again. His sister came to live with him there. She was the very model for the heroine of his “Venetian,” which he once more began to evolve. She was a fascinating creature, “slender and tall as a Black Forest fir-tree; beautiful, with splendid golden-brown coils of hair, and heart-winning, irresistible charm of body and soul; genuine, profound, poetical, without a trace of

sentimentality; full of rich, piquant humor, of incomparable feeling, and friendliness and loveliness in every motion, in voice, in the flashing of her soulful dark-brown eyes, shaded by their long lashes." She came like his guardian angel, and was also welcomed into the glorious circle of his friends.

Typhus fever broke out in München in February, and the lovely sister was one of its victims. It was a blow from which the brother never recovered. His mother wrote: "Oh, and poor Joseph — in her he has lost his sister, his friend in sickness and in health, his adviser, his best comrade, his ideal of pure womanhood, his guardian angel!" He blamed himself for the catastrophe, and could not be consoled. He gave up all his München plans and returned to live with his parents. His little tale "Hugideo," which he wrote the next summer, was a sort of memorial of his beloved lost sister and friend.

The following year he accepted, for a year's trial, the position of ducal librarian at Donaueschingen, with the duty of rearranging and cataloguing the 273 MSS. and twelve thousand volumes, at a salary of eight hundred gulden. And almost immediately after he had thus bound himself came a most pressing invitation from the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar to make his home at the splendid castle of the Wartburg, there to write a something *Wartburg-mässiges*, worthy of the historic place, with Walther von der Vogelweide and Wolfram von Eschenbach

as the heroes, — the semi-historical song contest of 1208, — a fine subject for the antiquarian poet. He had already met the Grand Duke at München, and had enjoyed a short visit at the castle, and a trip through the beautiful Thuringian region, and the plan of the romance was filling his mind. Here again Fate was unkind; this work, like so many other of his projected masterpieces, was never realized.

In spite of his disappointment, he took hold of the library work in the little city at the sources of the Danube — *ad fontes Danubii* — with zeal, and described himself as burrowing like a *Hamster* in the old folios and parchments. But it was a rather lonely life: the illness of the Princess Elizabeth of Fürstenberg forbade any convivialities at court; but he made a few friends, — among them the composer Kalliwoda, — and helped to establish a little club called “Der Heilige,” at which his easily stimulated gayety shone brightly. Some of his letters to his Heidelberg friends show him to have recovered a fair measure of good spirits. Here is an example of a reply to a letter of inquiry: —

“*Ad* question 1: Is the man still alive?

Answer: Yes, but weakly.

Ad question 2: Can he write?

Answer: Yes, but weakly.

Ad question 3: How does it go with him?

Answer: As with Ovid when he was exiled to the Pontus. Drinks much *bier*. Makes long pedes-

trian excursions into Wutachthal, Gauchachthal, Brigachthal. Discovers Celtic stone walls on remote mountain peaks. Has dealings with revisors and audit-officers. Is fireman in the city fire-brigade, and by diploma dated March, has been elected honorary member of the revived *Pegnesischer Schäferorden* of Nuremberg.

Ad question 4: Is he tormenting himself with plans for a new book?

Answer: Alas, yes.

Ad question 5: Will it be out soon?

Answer: Alas, no."

But in spite of these gay letters he was suffering from inward loneliness, and his tendency to melancholy was exaggerated; on the whole, the winter at the library was sad and gloomy.

In the summer, after having in his usual laborious way studied all sorts of authorities, he actually began the *Meistersinger* romance, which was to be entitled "Viola;" but a spirit of wandering came over him, and he travelled quite widely, taking part in the Jubilee of Jena University, sauntering through the old cities of Belgium and even visiting Paris. A few beautiful poems only mark this period of unrest!

The sixth question in the letter above quoted was: "Is he in love?"

It is said that Scheffel, during his stay at Donauesching, found himself greatly attracted by a young lady at the court, and his personal experiences are

believed to be paralleled in his "Juniperus, the Story of a Crusader," which was printed in 1868, but was at first intended as a part of "Viola."

He was anxious to be released from his library duties, but the Duke, who was greatly pleased with his diligent labors, desired him to continue them; and it was not until April, 1859, that the release came. A bitter disappointment in regard to a beautiful girl in Heidelberg to whom he offered himself had also an evil effect upon him; yet he gives in a letter to Arnswald a serio-comic description of his discomfiture: how he had taken the advance fortifications, then attacked the enemy, but had been driven back, singed with Greek fire . . . flung into the ditch sorely wounded, — now retreating with drooping colors, with all lost except his honor and his art.

Apparently there was some mistake, for he adds: "Later there was repentance, for it is my fate first to be scorned, then to be sought after; but whoever has once said 'No' to Meister Josephus, finds that the said Meister Josephus will never say 'Yes' in return, not even if all the bones of the world should break, and so ends that episode forever."

In May, 1860, he made a journey to Salzburg, and the Salzkammergut, where he found his inspiration for the *Bergpsalmen* which were published ten years later. He was again invited to the Wartburg to finish the book the promise of which was now three years unfulfilled, but he was obliged again to decline.

A morbid state of mind was growing upon him, leading him to distrust people and to seek solitude. At the same time his feelings were deeply hurt by the news that the Heidelberg girl who had jilted him was engaged to another man. He saw also in the proceedings of the Weimar circle, in the attitude of Liszt and the Princess Wittgenstein, even in the words of his old friend Arnswald, humiliating neglect.

In November his mother wrote a friend that his mental disease was pitiable. One day he suddenly disappeared from home, and nothing was heard of him till a telegram came from Switzerland stating that he was near Basel, seriously ill with brain fever. He imagined that emissaries of the Grand Duke of Weimar, his former patron, were constantly on his track, and he had conceived the plan of becoming a member of the Carthusian Monastery in Southern France.

Good care and the fortunate arrival of a letter from the Grand Duke assuring him of his good-will had their effect, and within two days after his mother's arrival she was able to write that Joseph was himself again, and the "Tasso-fate" a thing of the past.

The promise to the Duke weighed on his mind like a mountain, and only when he was formally released from it did anything like joy return to his heart. He spent half a year in a Swiss health-resort on the Hallwyler See, and in March, 1861, was able to write *portum inveni*, — "I have found the haven."

Shortly after his return home, Meidlinger, the publisher of "Ekkehard," failed, and Otto Janke purchased the copyright. As Scheffel, out of friendship, had given it to Meidlinger "for a song," and the contract was to be binding for fifteen years, the change of ownership was a disappointment to him; and in order to recover it he engaged in a law-suit, which dragged along till 1870, when the contract came to its natural termination. Then "Ekkehard" was given to Bonz, — of the well-known Metzler'sche Buchhandlung, in Stuttgart, — the publisher of his other works.

The historical novel was never finished, but in 1863 he prepared for the press a collection of poems, many of which had been prepared for "Viola." It was published in June, 1863, under the title "Frau Aventure." He was especially led to publish it by a harmless report which had appeared in the *Koburger Zeitung* referring to his mental trouble, and which had incensed him to such a degree that he sent a challenge to the anonymous writer.

In the following December he became engaged to Fräulein Caroline von Malzen-Tillburg, daughter of the Bavarian minister at Karlsruhe. The wedding took place in August, and the poet took his bride, by way of the Italian lakes, to Seon on the Hallwyler See, where they established themselves in a pretty villa. His happiness was of short duration: first his mother died suddenly; then, shortly after the

birth of his son Viktor in May, 1867, the poet and wife separated. Scheffel's antipathy to all conventional society, his extreme irritability and quick temper, his inclination to loneliness, his peculiar mental condition, all contributed to render him a trying companion to a sensitive and not wholly sympathetic woman. "An estrangement, a coldness arose," said Scheffel, "God only knows how."

Prolss denies that Scheffel was a deep drinker, in spite of the reputation that he had earned by his convivial poems. These were brought out in 1868, and won the greatest popularity.

There is little more to tell of Scheffel's life except a chronicle of pathetic darkness, occasionally lightened by the brilliant flashes of his ever-ready wit, rendered all the brighter by his melancholy. In 1871 he acquired a piece of garden-land on the shores of Lake Constance, near Radolfzell, where he built a modest villa, and there spent his summers during the rest of his life. In 1876 he bought the neighboring Mettnau, on which he built a stately tower connected with the fine old mansion. His time was mainly spent in superintending the education of his son. He regarded his poetic career as ended: "I have become a farmer," he wrote, "and have no other ambition."

On his fiftieth birthday, in 1876, the whole nation took part in paying him honor: he was made honorary citizen of Vienna, Gratz, and Prague; the Grand

Duke of Baden raised him to the nobility; Prince Bismarck sent him congratulations. As for the "Von" which he was now able to add to his name, he was glad for his son's sake; he had himself written, twenty-three years before, —

*He who is ennobled by his art
Needs no such useless ornament.*

Ten years later, when Heidelberg celebrated its five-hundred year jubilee, he, its poet laureate, was too ill to take delight in it; and when, on his sixtieth birthday, the old castle was illuminated in his honor and the tones of his own Rodenstein songs came floating down to him, he stood behind his closed window shedding bitter tears. A little later, on April 9, 1886, at seven P. M., he died in Karlsruhe, after terrible sufferings.

No other German writer has excelled Von Scheffel in popularity. It has been estimated that four hundred thousand copies of "Ekkehard," "Gaudamus," and "Der Trompeter," were sold before his death. Since then there has been no diminution in the popularity of his works. "Ekkehard" has taken its place as one of the great historical novels of all time: it is full of undying beauty, and appeals to readers of every nationality. Von Scheffel, the poet of the little Alemannian land, has become one of the world-poets.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THIS book was written in the firm belief that neither history nor poetry will lose anything by forming a close alliance and uniting their strength by working together.

For the last thirty years or so the legacy of our ancestors has been the subject of universal investigation. A swarm of busy moles have undermined the ground of the Middle Ages in all directions, and produced by their untiring industry such a quantity of old material as to surprise even the collectors themselves.

A whole literature beautiful and perfect in itself, an abundance of monuments of the plastic art, a well organized political and social life, lies spread out before our eyes. And yet, in spite of all the good work expended on this subject, wider circles are as yet practically unacquainted with the pleasure of this historical knowledge. The numberless volumes stand quietly on the shelves of our libraries. Here and there prosperous spiders have begun to spin

their cobwebs; and the pitiless, all-covering dust has come too; so that it is hardly improbable that all this old German splendor, but just conjured back into life, may one morning at cock-crow fade away and be buried in the dust and mouldering rubbish of the Past, — like that weird cloister by the lake, the existence of which is betrayed only by the faint low tinkle of the bell, deep, deep under the waters.

This is not the place to examine how far this result is attributable to the ways and methods of our learning.

The accumulation of antiquarian lore, as well as the accumulation of gold, may become a passion, which collects and scrapes together for the sake and pleasure of acquisition, quite forgetting that the metal which has been won needs to be purified, re-melted, and put to use. For otherwise what do we attain by it? Perpetual confinement within the narrow limits of the rough material; an equal valuation of the unimportant and the important; an unwillingness ever to finish and conclude anything, because here and there some scrap might still be added which would lend a new significance to the subject; — and, finally, a literature of scholars for scholars, which the majority of the nation pass by with indifference, and with a look at the blue sky thank their Creator that they need read nothing of it.

The writer of this book, in the sunny days of his

youth once took a ramble with some friends through the Roman Campagna. There they stumbled on the remains of an old monument, and among other rubbish and fragments there lay, half hidden by gray-green acanthus leaves, a heap of mosaic stones which had formerly been a fine picture, with graceful ornaments, adorning the pavement of the tomb.

A lively discussion arose as to what all the dispersed little cubes might have represented when they formed one piece. One, a student of archæology, took up some of the pieces to examine whether they were black or white marble. A second, who tormented himself with historical investigations, talked very learnedly about ancient sepulchres; — meanwhile a third had quietly sat down on the old wall, taken out his sketch-book, and depicted a fine chariot, with four prancing steeds, and charioteers, and around it some handsome Ionic ornaments. He had discovered in a corner of the pavement some insignificant remains of the old picture, — horses' feet and fragments of a chariot wheel, — and at once the whole design stood clearly before his mind, and he dashed it down with a few bold strokes while the others were dealing in words merely . . .

This little incident may serve to throw some light on the question how one can work with success at the historical resurrection of the Past. Surely this can be done only when a creative, reproducing imagination is given its full scope; when he who digs

out the old bodies breathes upon them the breath of a living soul, so that they may rise and walk about like the resuscitated dead.

In this sense the historical novel may become what epic poetry was in the time of the blooming youth of the nations, — a piece of national history, in the conception of the artist, who within a certain space shows us a series of distinctly drawn, clearly colored figures, in whose individual lives and strivings and sufferings the life and substance of the time in which they lived is reflected as in a mirror.

Erected on the basis of historical studies and embracing the beautiful and important part of an epoch, the historical novel may well claim to be the twin brother of history; and those who with a shrug of their shoulders incline to reject it as the production of an arbitrary and falsifying caprice, will please to remember that history as it is generally written is also but a traditional conglomeration of true and false, which merely by its greater clumsiness is prevented from filling up the occasional gaps as the more graceful poesy can do.

Unless all signs deceive us, our present time is in a peculiar state of transition.

In all branches of knowledge the perception is gaining ground how unspeakably our thinking and feeling have been damaged by the supremacy of the Abstract and of Phraseology. Here and there we see efforts made to return from dry, colorless ab-

stractions, to the tangible, living, glowing Concrete; in place of idle self-contemplation, close relations with life and the present; in place of hackneyed formulas and patterns, analysis of nature; and in place of criticism, creative productivity: and our grandchildren may yet live to see the day when people will speak of many a former colossus of science with the same smiling veneration as of the remains of a gigantic antediluvian animal; and when one may avow, without fear of being cried down as a barbarian, that in a jug of good old wine there is as much wisdom as in many a voluminous production of dry dialectics.

To the restitution of a serene, candid, poetic view of things the following work would fain contribute, and that by taking its materials out of our German Past.

Among the vast collection of valuable materials enclosed in the big folios of the "*Monumenta Germaniæ*" by Pertz, gleam like a rosary of pearls the chronicles of the monastery of St. Gall, which the monk Ratpert began, and Ekkehard the younger (called also the fourth, to distinguish him from three other members of the cloister bearing the same name) continued till the end of the tenth century.

Whoever has painfully worked through the unedifying, dry-as-dust, pettifogging chronicles of other monasteries, will linger over these notes with real pleasure and inward delight. There one finds, in

spite of manifold prejudices and awkwardnesses, an abundance of graceful and interesting tales taken from the traditions of elder contemporaries and from accounts of eye-witnesses. Persons and events are drawn with rough but distinct lineaments, while a sort of unconscious poetry, a thoroughly honest and genuine view of life and the world, a naïve freshness, puts a stamp of genuineness on everything that is told, — even if persons and times are somewhat frivolously mixed together, and tangible anachronisms cause not the slightest uneasiness to the chronicler.

Quite unintentionally those sketches lead one far beyond the boundaries of the cloister-walls, painting the life and ways, the education and customs, of the *Alemannic* country * as it then was, with all the fidelity of a picture painted from nature.

It was a pleasant time then in the southwestern part of Germany, and every one who prefers a vigorous and healthy, though rough and imperfect, strength to a certain varnished finish, will enjoy it. The beginnings of Church and State amid a common people, rather rough but good-natured; the feudal spirit, so pernicious in all its later development, but harmless as yet in its first stage of existence; no supercilious, overbearing knighthood, no wanton, ignorant priest-

* The *Alemannic* land, or *Alemannia* as it was then called, consisted of part of the present Würtemberg, Baden, and Lothringen; where a dialect called "*Alemannisch*" has been preserved to the present day. [Hebel is its poet laureate.]

hood as yet, but rough, plain-spoken, honest fellows, whose social intercourse frequently consisted in an extended system of verbal and real injuries, but who, under their coarse husk, hid an excellent kernel; susceptible of all good and noble things; scholars who in the morning translate Aristotle into German, and go wolf-hunting in the evening; noble ladies, full of enthusiasm for the old classics; peasants in whose memory the old heathen beliefs of their forefathers still exist, unimpaired and side by side with the new creed, — everywhere primitive but vigorous conditions under which one feels inclined without contempt or rationalistic wrath to put up even with sprites and hobgoblins.

In spite of political discord and a certain indifference toward the empire, of which Saxony had become the central point, there was much gallant, manly courage to meet misfortunes, inspiring even monks in their cells to exchange the breviary for the sword and to resist the Hungarian invasion; and although there was abundant opportunity for relapsing into barbarism, still there was serious study, together with much enthusiasm for the classics, in the monastery-schools, overflowing with zealous disciples; and the humane principles taught there remind one of the best times in the sixteenth century. The plastic arts were beginning to show some signs of life, — occasional flashing up of eminent minds, frank pleasure in poetry amid the wilderness of learning, a cheerful

culture of national history, even though for the most part dressed up in outlandish garb.

No wonder, then, that the author of this book, when making other researches concerning the first stages of the Middle Ages, chancing to meet with those chronicles, felt like a man who, after long wanderings through a barren, unfertile land, comes suddenly upon a comfortable wayside inn, which, with excellent kitchen and cellar and a lovely view from the windows, offers all that heart can desire.

So he began to settle down in that cosey nook, and, by diligently exploring the surrounding land, to gain the best possible knowledge of the country and people who lived in it.

But the poet meets with a peculiar fate when trying to acquaint himself with the Past. Where others, into whose veins Nature has instilled some of the *aqua fortis* of learning, eat out many an abstract theory, and a quantity of instructive deductions, as the result of their labors, to him appear a host of figures, at first surrounded by floating mists, but gradually becoming clearer and clearer; and they look at him with pleading eyes, dance around his couch in midnight hours, and always whisper to him, "Put us into poetry."

Thus it was here. Out of the naïve Latin lines of those monastery tales arose the towers and walls of the monastery of St. Gall. Scores of gray-headed, venerable friars wandered up and down in the an-

cient corridors ; behind the old manuscripts sat those who had once written them ; the cloister-pupils played merrily in the courtyard ; from the choir rose the midnight chant, and from the tower the clear sound of the watchman's horn.

But clearer than all other forms stood out in dazzling beauty that noble, haughty lady who carried off the handsome young master from the quiet and peace of the cloister of St. Gall to spend a season in genial study of the classic poets in her rocky castle overlooking the Bodensee. The simple account given by the chronicler of that quiet life dedicated to Vergil is in itself a piece of poetry as beautiful and genuine as can be found anywhere.

But he who is beset by such apparitions can do naught else than conjure them and compel them. And I had not read in vain in the old stories how "Notker the stuttrer" once treated similar visions : he took a strong hazel stick and belabored the spectres with it until they revealed unto him their finest songs.*

And so I also took to my special weapon, — the steel pen, — and one morning said good-bye to the old folios which had been the sources of all these visionary fancies, and I betook myself to the ground which had once been trodden by the Duchess Hadwig and her contemporaries, and I sat in the venerable

* Ekkehardi IV. "Casus S. Galli, c. 3, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 98.

library of S. Gallus, and took long rows in my little rocking boat over the Bodensee, and I found a nest for myself under the old linden-tree that overhangs the precipice of the Hohentwiel, where at the present time a worthy Suabian bailiff has charge of the ruins of the ancient fortress, and finally I climbed the airy Alpine heights of the Säntis, where the *Wildkirchlein* looks down like an eagle's eyry over the green valley of Appenzell. There, in the domain of the "*Suabian Sea*," mind and soul filled with the life of bygone generations, the heart refreshed by warm sunshine and spicy mountain air, I first sketched and then completed the greater part of this story.

That not much has been said therein which is not founded on conscientious historical studies can be boldly asserted, though persons and dates have sometimes been treated with some freedom. The poet, in order to enhance the inward harmony of his work, may occasionally take liberties which would be most blameworthy if indulged in by the strict historian. And yet the incomparable historian Macaulay himself says: "I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors."

Following the advice of some competent friends, I have given in an appendix some proofs and references to the authorities from which I have taken my

materials, in order to satisfy those who might otherwise be inclined to treat the subject as a mere fable or idle invention. Those, however, who do not require these same proofs to believe in the genuineness of the matter, are requested not to trouble themselves further with the notes, as they are otherwise of little import, and would be quite superfluous if this book did not go out into the world in the garb of a novel, which is somewhat open to the suspicion of playing carelessly with facts and truths.

The attacks of the critics will be received with perfect imperturbability. "A tale of the tenth century?" they will exclaim. "Who rideth so late through night and wind?" And has it not been printed in the last manual of our national literature, in the chapter treating of the national novel:—

"If we ask which epoch in German history might be best suited to combine local with national interests, we must begin by excluding the Middle Ages. Even the times of the Hohenstaufen can be treated only in a lyrical style, as all efforts in other directions are sure to turn out utter failures."*

All the scruples and objections of those who prefer anatomizing criticism to harmless enjoyment, and who spread all their canvas trying to make the German spirit sail back into an Alexandrine or Byzantine epoch, have already been well answered by a literary lady of the tenth century, the venerable

* *Düsseldorfsch.*

nun Hroswitha of Gandersheim. In the happy consciousness of her own work she wrote in the preface to her graceful comedies: *si enim alicui placet mea devotio, gaudebo. si autem pro mei abiectioe vel pro viciosi sermonis rusticitate nulli placet: memet ipsam tamen iuvat quod feci.* In English: "If anybody derive pleasure from my modest productions, I shall be glad; but if on account of my self-abnegation or of the crudeness of an imperfect style it please no one, then I myself shall take pleasure in what I have created."

J. v. SCHEFFEL.

HEIDELBERG, *February*, 1855.

EKKEHARD

CHAPTER I.

HADWIG, THE DUCHESS OF SUABIA.

IT was almost a thousand years ago. The world knew as yet nothing of gunpowder or the art of printing.

Over the Hegau there hung a gloomy leaden gray sky, corresponding to the mental darkness, which, according to general opinion; oppressed the whole time of the middle ages. From the lake of Constance white mists floated over the meads, covering up the whole country. Even the tower of the new church at Radolfszell was thickly enveloped, but the matin-bell had rung merrily through mist and fog, like the words of a sensible man piercing the cloudy atmosphere that fools create.

It is a lovely part of Germany which lies there, between the Black Forest and the Suabian lake. All those who are not too strict and particular with poetical similes, may be reminded of the following words of the poet:—

The land of Alemannia, its mountains white with snow,
Its crystal lake of Constance, a deep blue eye aglow,
Its yellow locks, the tasselled corn, that make its meadows fair, —
Unto an honest German face this land you may compare

— though the continuation of this allegory might tempt one to celebrate either of the Hegau mountains, as the nose on the face of this country.

Sternly the summit of the Hohentwiel, with its craggy points and pinnacles, rises into the air. Like monuments of the stormy Past of our old mother Earth rise those steep picturesque mountain-pyramids from the plains which were once covered by tossing waves, as the bed of the present lake is now. For the fish and the water-fowl it must have been a memorable day when the roaring and hissing began in the depths below and the fiery basaltic masses, forcing their way out of the very bowels of earth, rose above the surface of the waters.

But that was long, long ago. The grass is now growing above the sufferings of those who were pitilessly annihilated in that mighty revolution. Only the hills are there still to tell the weird tale. There they stand, unconnected with their neighbors; solitary and defiant as those who, with fiery glowing hearts, break through the bars and fetters of existing opinions, must always be. And their rocks ring as though they had still a recollection of the glorious time of their youth, when they for the first time greeted this beautiful upper world.

At the time when our story begins, the Hohentwiel already bore towers and walls — a strong fortress. Here had dwelt Herr Burkhard, duke of

Suabia. He had been a valiant knight, and done many a good day's fighting in his time. The Emperor's enemies were also his, and so there was always work to do. If everything was quiet in Italy, then the Normans became troublesome, and when these were fairly subdued, perhaps the Hungarian made an invasion, or some bishop grew insolent or some count refractory. In this way Herr Burkhard had spent more of his life in the saddle than in the easy-chair, and it was not to be wondered at that he had gained for himself a reputation for harshness.

In Suabia it was said that he reigned, as it were, like a tyrant; and in far off Saxony the monks wrote in their chronicles, that he had been an almost "intolerable warrior."¹

Before Herr Burkhard was gathered to his fathers, he had chosen a spouse for himself. This was the young Frau Hadwig, daughter of the duke of Bavaria. But the evening-glow of a declining life is but ill matched with the light of the morning-star. Such a union is against Nature's laws.² Therefore, Frau Hadwig had accepted the old duke of Suabia, merely to please her father. She had nursed and tended him well, as is due to gray hairs; but when the old man laid himself down to die, grief did not break her heart.

So she buried him in the vault of his ancestors, erected a monument of gray sandstone to his memory, placed an ever-burning lamp over his grave, and sometimes, but not too often, came down there to pray.

Then Frau Hadwig lived alone in the castle of Hohentwiel. She remained in possession of all the landed property of her husband's family, with the full authority to do with it as she pleased. Besides this she was lady patroness of the bishopric of Constance and all the monasteries around the lake, and the Emperor had given her a bill of feofment signed and sealed by his own hand, by which the regency of Suabia remained her own, so long as she kept true to her widowhood.

The young widow had very aristocratic feelings and unusual beauty. Her nose, however, was a trifle short, her lovely lips were a little inclined to pout, and in her boldly projecting chin, the graceful dimple so becoming to women was not to be found. All those whose features are thus formed, unite to a clear intellect a not over tender heart, and their disposition is more severe than charitable. For this reason the duchess, in spite of her soft beautiful complexion, inspired many of her subjects with a peculiar fear.³

On that misty day mentioned before, Frau Hadwig was standing at one of her chamber-windows, looking out into the distance. She wore a steel-gray undergarment, which fell down in graceful folds on her embroidered sandals; and over this a tight-fitting black tunic, reaching to the knees. In the girdle encircling her waist glittered a precious beryl. Her chestnut-brown hair was confined within a net of gold thread, but round her clear forehead some stray curls played unforbidden.

On a small marble table by the window stood a

fantastically-shaped vessel of dark green bronze, in which some foreign incense was burning, sending its fragrant white little cloudlets up to the ceiling. The walls were covered with many-colored finely woven tapestries.

There are days when one is discontented with everything, and if one were suddenly transported into paradise itself, even then all would be wrong. At such times the thoughts wander peevishly from this to that subject, not knowing on what to fix themselves,—out of every corner grins a distorted face, and he who is gifted with a very fine ear, may even hear the derisive laughter of the goblins. It is a belief in those parts that the perversity of such days generally arises from people having sprung out of bed left foot first; to do so is held to be in direct opposition to nature.

The duchess was under the spell of such a day. She wanted to look out of the window, and a sharp wind blew the mist right into her face; it annoyed her. She began to cough angrily. If the whole country had been bathed in sunshine, she would have found fault with that also.

Spazzo the chamberlain had come in and stood respectfully near the entrance. He threw a complacent look on his outward equipment, feeling sure to attract his mistress's eye to-day, for he had put on an embroidered shirt of finest linen and a sapphire-colored upper garment, with purple border, all in the latest fashion; the bishop's tailor at Constance had brought the articles over only the day before.⁴

The wolf-dog of the knight of Fridingen had killed

two lambs of the ducal herd; therefore Herr Spazzo intended to make his dutiful report and obtain Frau Hadwig's princely opinion, whether he should conclude a peaceful agreement with the dog's master, or whether he should bring in a suit at the next session of the tribunal, to have him fined and sentenced to pay damages.⁵ He began his speech, but before he had got to the end, he saw the duchess make a sign, the meaning of which could not remain unintelligible to a sensible man. She put her forefinger first up to her forehead, and then pointed with it to the door. So the chamberlain perceived that it was left to his own wits, not only to find the best expedient with regard to the lambs, — but also to take himself off as quickly as possible. He bowed and withdrew.

In clear tones Dame Hadwig called out now: "Praxedis!"

And when there were no sounds of footsteps hurrying up to the room, she repeated in sharper accents, "Praxedis!"

It was not long before the person thus called glided into the closet.

Praxedis was waiting-maid to the duchess of Suabia. She was a Greek and a living proof that the son of the Byzantine Emperor Basilius had once asked the fair Hadwig's hand in marriage.⁶ He had made a present of the clever child, well instructed in music and womanly accomplishments, together with many jewels and precious stones, to the German duke's daughter, and in return had received a refusal. At that time one could give away human beings, as

well as buy and sell them. Liberty was not everybody's birthright. But slavery such as the Greek child had to endure, in the ducal castle in Suabia, was not a very hard lot.

Praxedis had a small head with pale delicate features; out of which a pair of large dark eyes looked into the world, unspeakably sad one moment and in the next sparkling with merriment. Her hair was arranged over her forehead in heavy braids. She was beautiful.

"Praxedis, where is the starling?" asked Frau Hadwig.

"I will bring it," replied the Greek maid; and she went and fetched the black little fellow, who sat in his cage, with an important impudent air, as if his existence were filling up a vast gap in the universe. The starling had made his fortune at Hadwig's wedding-feast.⁷ An old fiddler and juggler had, with infinite pains, taught him to repeat a Latin wedding-speech, and great was the merriment, when at the banquet the cage was set on the table, and the bird said his lesson: "A new star has risen on the Suabian firmament; the star's name is Hadwig. Hail, all hail!" and so forth.

But this was not all the knowledge which the starling possessed. Besides these rhymes, he could also recite the Lord's prayer. The starling was also very obstinate, and had his caprices, as well as the duchess of Suabia.

On this particular day, some recollection of old times must have been flitting through her mind; she wanted the starling to deliver the wedding-speech.

But the starling was in one of his pious moods, and when Praxedis brought him into the chamber he called out solemnly: "Amen!" and when Frau Hadwig put a piece of gingerbread into his cage, and asked him in coaxing tones: "What was the name of the star on the Suabian firmament, my pretty one?" — he slowly responded: "Lead us not into temptation." But when she whispered to him, to brighten his memory: "The star's name is Hadwig, all hail!" — then the starling, continuing in his pious strain, said: "And deliver us from evil."

"What, even the birds become impudent these days," exclaimed Frau Hadwig. "Pussy, where art thou?" and she enticed toward her the black cat, to which the starling had long been a thorn in the flesh; it came creeping up with glittering eyes.

Frau Hadwig opened the cage, and left the bird to its mercy, but though the sharp claws were already ruffling his plumage and had pulled out some of his feathers, the starling seized a desperate chance and escaped out of the open window.

Soon he had become a black speck in the mist.

"Well, now really I might as well have kept him in the cage," said Frau Hadwig. "Praxedis, what dost thou think?"

"My mistress is always right, whatever she does," replied the Greek maiden.

"Praxedis," continued Frau Hadwig, "fetch me my jewels. I wish to put on a bracelet."

So Praxedis, the ever-willing, went away, and brought the duchess the casket of jewels. It was made of chased silver; on it a few figures had been

embossed in coarse unfinished workmanship: the Saviour as the good Shepherd, and Peter with the keys, and Paul with the sword, and around these, all sorts of leaf work and richly-interlaced ornamentation, as though it had served formerly for the keeping of relics. It had been brought home by Herr Burkhard, but he had not liked to speak about it; for he had returned about that time from a feud, in which he had vanquished and heavily thrown a Burgundian bishop.

When the duchess opened the casket, the rich jewels glimmered and glittered beautifully on the red velvet lining. As one looks at such tokens of remembrance, all sorts of old memories come flocking back.

Amongst other things there lay also the miniature of the Greek Prince Constantine, painted by the Byzantine master on a background of gold, in a delicate, pretty and spiritless manner.

“Praxedis,” said Frau Hadwig, “how would it have been, if I had given my hand to that yellow-cheeked, peak-nosed prince of yours?”

“My liege Lady,” was the answer, “I am sure that it would have been well.”

“There now,” continued Frau Hadwig, “tell me something about your stupid home. I should like to know what my entrance into Constantinopolis would have been like.”

“Oh, Princess,” said Praxedis, “my home is beautiful,” — and wistfully her dark eyes gazed into the misty distance, — “and such a dreary sky, at least, would have been forever spared you on the Sea of Marmora.

Even you would have uttered a cry of surprise, as we approached on the proud galley:— After you pass the Seven Towers, then first the dark masses, the palaces, cupolas, churches, all of dazzling white marble, arise from behind the island of Prokonnesos. Proudly from the blue background the stately lily of the Mediterranean lifts her snowy petals; here a grove of dark cypress trees, there the gigantic cupola of the *Hagia Sophia*; on one side the long-stretched promontory of the Golden Horn, and opposite, on the Asiatic shore, another magnificent city. And like a golden blue girdle, the sea, freighted with its innumerable ships, encircles this magic sight, — oh, my mistress, even in my dreams far away here in the Suabian land, I cannot realize the splendor of that view.

“ And then, when the sun has sunk down, and the night steals over the glittering waves, then everything is bathed in blue Greek fire, in honor of the royal bride. Now we enter the port. The big chain which usually bars it, drops down before the bridal ship. Torches burn on the shore. There stand the emperor’s body-guard, the Warangians with their two-edged battle-axes, and the blue-eyed Normans; there the patriarch with innumerable priests; everywhere, music and shouts of joy, and the imperial prince in the bloom of youth, welcomes his betrothed, and the festal train direct their steps towards the palace of Blacharnae . . . ”

“ And all this splendor I have missed,” sneered Frau Hadwig. “ Praxedis, thy picture is not complete, for on the following day, comes the patriarch,

and puts the western Christian through a sharp and severe course of instruction in all the heresies which flourish on the barren, arid soil of your religion, like deadly nightshade and henbane, — and in the monkish pictures and the decrees of the Councils of Chalcedon and Nicæa. After him comes the mistress of the ceremonies, to teach the laws of etiquette and court-manners; what expression to wear on my face, and how to manage my train; when to prostrate myself before the emperor and when to embrace my mother-in-law; how to treat this favorite with courtesy, and to use this or that colossal form of speech, in addressing some monster: ‘If it please your Eminence, your Highness, your sublime and adorable Greatness!’ — Whatever can be called originality and natural strength is nipped in the bud, and my Lord and Master turns out to be a painted doll like the rest. Some fine morning the enemy appears before the gates, or the successor is not to the liking of the Blues and Greens of the Circus; revolution rages through the streets, and the German duke’s daughter is put into a convent bereft of her eyesight . . . what good does it do her then, that her children were addressed as their Highnesses when still in the cradle? Praxedis, I know why I did not go to Constantinopolis!”

“The emperor is the Master of the universe, and his will is forever just,” said the Greek, “so I have been taught to believe.”

“Hast thou ever reflected that it is a very precious boon for a man to be his own master?”

“No,” said Praxedis.

The turn which the conversation had taken pleased the duchess.

“What account of me did your Byzantine painter, who was sent to take my likeness, carry home, I wonder?”

The Greek maid seemed not to have heard the question. She had risen from her seat and gone to the window.

“Praxedis,” said the duchess with asperity, “answer me.”

Thus questioned, Praxedis turned round, and faintly smiling said: “That was a pretty long time ago, but Master Michael Thallelaios did not speak over well of you. He told us that he had prepared his finest colors and gold leaves, and that you were a lovely child, when you were brought before him to be painted, and that a thrill of awe had come over him, making him feel as if he must do his very utmost, as when he painted God’s holy mother for the monastery of Athos. But the Princess Hadwig had been pleased to distort her eyes; and when he had ventured to raise a modest objection, her Grace put out her tongue, held two open-spread hands to her nose, and said in very graceful broken Greek that that was the right position to be painted in. The imperial court-painter profited by the occasion to express his opinion about the want of manners and education in German lands, and vowed that never, so long as he lived, would he paint a German Fräulein. And the Emperor Basilius, on hearing this account, growled fiercely through his beard . . . ”⁸

“Let his Majesty growl,” said the duchess, “and

pray God to bestow on all others the patience which I then lacked. I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing a monkey, but according to all that is told about them by trustworthy men, Master Michael's pedigree must extend back to those members of creation."

Meanwhile she had put on the bracelet. It represented two serpents twisted together and kissing each other. On the head of each rested a tiny crown.⁹ From the mass of jewelry a heavy silver arrow had got into her hands and it also exchanged its prison in the casket for a fairer abode. It was drawn through the meshes of the golden-threaded net.

As if to try the effect of the ornaments, Frau Hadwig now walked with stately steps through the chamber. Her attitude seemed to challenge admiration, but the hall was empty; even the cat had slunk away. There were no mirrors on the walls. The arrangements for domestic comfort at that time left much to be desired.

Praxedis's thoughts were still busy with the subject just discussed. "My gracious Mistress," said she, "I nevertheless felt very sorry for him."

"Sorry for whom?"

"For the emperor's son. He said that you had appeared to him in a dream, and that all his happiness depended upon you. He even shed tears . . ."

"Let the dead rest," said Dame Hadwig testily. "I had rather that you took your lute and sang me the Greek ditty:

"Constantine, thou foolish fellow,
Constantine, leave off thy weeping!"

“It is broken, and all the strings spoilt, since my Lady Duchess pleased to . . .”

“To throw it at the head of Count Boso of Burgundy,” said Dame Hadwig. “He well deserved it; it was not necessary for him to come uninvited to Herr Burkhard’s funeral, and to preach consolation to me, as if he were a saint. — Have the lute mended, and meanwhile, my Greek treasure, canst thou tell me why I have donned these glittering ornaments to-day?”

“God is all-knowing,” said the Greek maid. “I cannot tell.”

She was silent. So was Frau Hadwig. Then ensued one of those long significant pauses generally preceding self-knowledge. At last the duchess said:

“I myself do not know!”

She fixed her eyes gloomily on the floor, and added: “I believe I did it from ennui. But then the top of our Hohentwiel is but a dreary nest, — especially for a widow. Praxedis, dost thou know a remedy against ennui?”

“I once heard from a wise preacher,” said Praxedis, “that there are several remedies. Sleeping, drinking and travelling — but that the best is fasting and praying.”

Then Frau Hadwig rested her head on her lily-white hand, and looking sharply at the quick-witted Greek, she said:

“To morrow we will go on a journey.”

CHAPTER II.

THE DISCIPLES OF ST. GALLUS.

THE next day the duchess, accompanied by Praxedis and a numerous train, was on her way across the Bodensee in the early glow of the morning sun. The lake was beautifully blue; the flags floated gayly in the air, and there was much merriment on board the vessel. And who could be melancholy, when gliding over the clear, crystal waters; past the forest-girdled shores with their many towers and castles; snowy peaks rising in the distance; and the reflection of the white sails, trembling and breaking in the playful waves?

No one knew where the end of the journey was to be. But then they were accustomed to obey without questioning.

As they approached the bay of Rorschach,¹⁰ the duchess commanded them to run in. So the prow was turned to the shore, and soon after she crossed the shaky plank and stepped on land. Here the toll-gatherer, who received the duty from all those who travelled to Italy, and the market-master, and all the others who held any official position, greeted their sovereign with a lusty "Heil Herro!" "Heil Liebo!"¹¹ and waved mighty fir-branches over their

heads. Acknowledging their salutations she walked through the ranks, and ordered her chamberlain to distribute some silver coins;—but not much time was spent in tarrying. Already the horses which had been secretly sent on before, in the night, stood ready waiting, and when all were in the saddle, Frau Hadwig gave the word of command: “To St. Gallus.” Then her servants looked at each other with wondering eyes, as if asking, “What can this pilgrimage mean?” But there was no time for an answer, as the cavalcade was already cantering over the hilly ground toward the monastery.

St. Benedict and his disciples knew very well where to build their monasteries. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever you find a large building, which, like a fortress, commands a whole tract of land, the key to a valley, the central point of crossing highways, the repository of the most exquisite vintage—there the passing tourist,—until the contrary has been proved to him—may boldly advance the assertion, that the house in question belongs, or rather belonged formerly to the order of St. Benedict, for in our days monasteries have become scarcer and inns more plentiful, a phenomenon which may be ascribed to the progress of civilization.

The Irish saint Gallus had also chosen a lovely spot, when, pining for forest air,¹² he settled down in this Helvetian wilderness: In a high mountain-glen, separated by steep hills from the milder shores of the Bodensee, with wild torrents rushing by, while on the other side the gigantic rocks of the Alpstein,

the snow-capped peaks of which disappear in the clouds, rise as a sheltering wall.

It was a strange impulse which led those apostles of Albion and Erin into the German continent, but if one examines the matter closely their merit is not so very great.

*"The taste for visiting foreign lands is so deeply rooted in the minds of Britons, that it cannot be eradicated,"*¹³ thus wrote an impartial Suabian, as early as in the times of Charlemagne. They were simply the predecessors and ancestors of the present British tourists, and might be recognized even at a distance by the foreign, curious shape of their grip-sacks.¹⁴ Now and then one of them would settle down and never go home, although the honest natives of the soil looked on him as a very unnecessary intruder. Still their greater pertinacity, the inheritance of all Britons, their cleverness in adapting themselves to conditions, and the mystic awe which all that is foreign inspires in the lower classes made their missionary endeavors rather successful.

With other times, other customs! The descendants of those saints are now building railroads for the Swiss, for good Helvetian money.¹⁵

The simple cell near the Steinach where the Hibernian hermit had met his adventures with thorns, with bears, and goblin water-witches had grown into a spacious monastery. Above the shingle-covered roofs of the dwelling majestically rose the octagonal church-tower; school-houses and granaries, cellars and sheds, abounded also, and even a clacking mill-wheel might be heard, for all the necessaries

of life had to be prepared within the precincts of the cloister, so that the monks need not go too far beyond the boundaries, thereby endangering their souls. A strong wall, with watch-tower and gate, surrounded the whole; less for ornament than for security, since there was many a powerful knight in those times who little heeded the commandment, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods."

It was past the dinner-hour; a deep calm lay over the valley. The rules of St. Benedict prescribe that at that hour every one should seek his couch, and though the relaxing heat of an Italian sun which forces men and beasts into the arms of Morpheus is rarely felt on that side of the Alps, the pious monks nevertheless followed this rule to the letter.¹⁶

Only the guard on the watch-tower stood upright and faithful as ever, in the little chamber with the flies buzzing about him.

The name of the watchman was Romeias, and he was keeping a sharp look-out. Suddenly he heard the tramp of horses' feet in the neighboring firwood; he pricked up his ears and listened intently. "Eight or ten horsemen," he muttered, and quickly dropped down the portcullis from the gate, drew up the little bridge leading over the moat, and took down his horn from a nail in the wall. Finding that some spiders had been weaving their cob-webs in it, he gave it a good rubbing.

By that time the out-riders of the cavalcade were visible on the outskirts of the forest. Romeias rubbed his right hand over his forehead and eyed the approaching party with a very puzzled look. The

ultimate result of his investigation was one word: "Womenfolk!" He spoke half questioning, half exclaiming, but there was neither pleasure nor edification in his tone.

He seized his horn and blew three times into it. They were uncouth, bull-like notes that he produced, and one might safely conclude from his horn-playing that neither the Muses nor the Graces had surrounded the cradle of Romeias at Villingen in the Black Forest.

Any one who has looked about in a wood must have observed the life in an ant-hill. There everything is well organized and goes on in its ordinary way with harmony reigning in all the movement. Now if you put your stick into it and frighten the foremost ants, instantly there is wild confusion, and a disorderly running hither and thither ensues. And all this commotion is brought about by one single blow. Thus and not otherwise did the horn of Romeias blow discord into the silent monastery.

The windows of the great hall in the school-house were filled with inquisitive young faces. Many a lovely dream vanished out of the solitary cells, without ever coming to an end, many a profound meditation of half-awake thinkers as well. The wicked Sindolt, who at this hour as he lay on his couch used to investigate the forbidden books of Ovid's "Art of Love," rolled hastily up the parchment leaves and hid them carefully in his straw mattress.

The Abbot Cralo, heavy with sleep, jumped up from his easy chair; stretched his arms toward the ceiling of his room. A magnificent silver basin ¹⁷

stood before him on a stone table; he dipped his forefinger into it and wetted his eyes to drive away the drowsiness that was still lingering there. Then he limped to the open bow-window and looked out, and he was as unpleasantly surprised as if a walnut had dropped on his head.

“St. Benedict save us! my cousin the duchess!”

He quickly adjusted his cowl, brushed up the scanty tuft of hair¹⁸ which on the very top of his bald pate grew upwards like a stately pine-tree in a sandy desert; put on his golden chain with the cloister seal on it, took his applewood crozier adorned with its richly carved ivory handle, and descended into the courtyard.

“Can’t you hasten?” shouted one of the party outside. Then the abbot bade the watchman ask them what they demanded. Romeias obeyed.

Now there came a blast from a horn outside; the chamberlain Spazzo, in the capacity of herald, rode up close to the gate, and called in a deep bass voice:—

“The duchess and reigning sovereign of Suabia presents her compliments to St. Gallus. Open to her.”

The abbot sighed gently. He climbed up to Romeias’s watch-tower; leaning on his staff, he gave his blessing to those standing outside and spoke thus:—

“In the name of St. Gallus, the most unworthy of his disciples returns his thanks for the gracious greeting. But his monastery is no Noah’s ark, into which every species of living thing, pure and impure,

male and female, may enter. Therefore, although my heart is filled with regret, it is an impossibility to sanction your entrance. On the day of judgment the abbot must render an account for the souls intrusted to his keeping. The presence of a woman, although the noblest in the land, and the frivolous speech of the children of this world would be too great a temptation for those who are bound to strive first after the kingdom of Heaven and his righteousness. Trouble not the conscience of the shepherd who anxiously watches over his flock. The canonical laws bar the gate. The gracious duchess will find at Trogen or Rorschach a house belonging to the monastery, at her entire disposal."

Frau Hadwig had been for some time sitting impatiently in her saddle; she now struck her white palfrey with her riding-whip, making it rear, and called out laughingly:—

"Spare yourself all your fine words, Cousin Cralo, for I will see the cloister."

In doleful accents the abbot began: "'Woe unto him by whom offence cometh. It were better for him that a mill-stone . . .'"

But he did not finish his warning speech. Frau Hadwig changed the tone of her voice: "Sir Abbot, the duchess of Suabia *must* see the monastery," said she in a sharp tone.

Then the much-afflicted man perceived that further opposition could scarcely be offered without damaging the future prospects of the monastery. Yet his conscience still resisted.

When one is in a doubtful position, and is uncer-

tain how to act, it is a great comfort to the vacillating mind to ask the advice of others; it lessens the responsibility, and covers retreat.

Therefore Cralo now called down: "As you insist so peremptorily, I must put the case first before the assembled brotherhood. Until then, pray have patience."

He walked back through the courtyard, inwardly wishing that a flood might come from heaven and destroy the highway which had brought such unwelcome guests. His limping gait was hurried and excited, and there is nothing remarkable in the chronicler's report that he fluttered up and down the cloister-walk, at that critical moment, like a swallow before a thunder-storm.¹⁹

Five times the little bell of St. Othmar's chapel, near the great church, now rang out, calling the brothers to the chapter-house. The solitary corridor became animated with hurrying figures; the place of assembly, opposite the hexagonal extension was a simple gray hall, with arches supported by columns, where the waters of a fountain pleasantly tinkled into a metal basin.

On a raised tile-floor, stood the abbot's marble chair, adorned with two roughly-carved lions' heads. Steps led up to it. With a very pleasurable sensation the eye looked out from under these dark arches and pillars on the greenness of the little garden in the inner court. Roses and hollyhocks flourished and bloomed in it; for kindly Nature smiles even on those who have turned their backs on her.

The white cowls and dark-colored mantles contrasted well with the stone gray walls; noiselessly they entered one after the other. A hasty bend of the head was the mutual greeting. The morning sun, warm and cheering, came slanting in through the narrow windows.

They were tried men; a holy senate, well pleasing in God's sight.²⁰

He with the shrunk figure and sharp features, pale from much fasting and many night-vigils, was Notker the stutterer. A melancholy smile played about his lips. The long practice of asceticism had removed his spirit from the present. In former times he had composed very beautiful melodies; but now he had taken a more gloomy tendency, and in the stillness of the night hunted after demons to fight with them. In the crypt of St. Gallus he had lately encountered the Devil himself, and beaten him so heartily that the fiend hid himself in a corner, dismally howling, and envious tongues said that Notker's melancholy song of "*Media vita*" had also a dark origin; that the Evil One had revealed it to him as a ransom when he lay ignominiously conquered, on the ground, under Notker's strong foot.

Close to him, a good-natured honest face smiled out of an iron-gray beard. This was the mighty Tutilo, who loved best to sit before the turning-lathe and carve exquisitely fine images of ivory. Some proofs of his skill even now exist, such as the diptychon with the Virgin Mary's ascension and the bear of St. Gallus. But when he found his back beginning to grow crooked under the burden of his

labor, singing, he would go out wolf-hunting, or engage in an honest boxing-match, by way of recreation; he preferred fighting with wicked men to wrestling with midnight ghosts, and often said confidentially to his friend Notker:—

“He who, like myself, has imprinted his mark on many a Christian as well as heathen back, can well do without battling demons.”

Then came Ratpert the long-trying teacher of the school, who always showed his reluctance when the little chapter-house bell called him away from his history books. He carried his head somewhat high; he and the other two, though so different in character, were one heart and one soul; a three-leaved cloister clover.²¹ As he was one of the last to enter the hall, Ratpert had to stand near his antagonist, the evil Sindolt, who pretended not to see him, and whispered something to his neighbor. This was a little man with a face like a shrew-mouse, who puckered up his lips, for Sindolt's whispered remark had been that in the large dictionary by Bishop Salomon,²² beside the words “*Rabulista* signifies any one who insists upon disputing about everything in the world,” some unknown hand had added the gloss, “like Radolt our great thinker.”

In the dim background towered the tall figure of Sintram the indefatigable calligraphist, whose manuscripts were then the wonder of the whole Cisalpine world;²³ but the tallest of St. Gallus's disciples were the Scotchmen, who had taken their stand close to the entrance, Fortegian and Failan, Dubslan and Brendan and the rest, inseparable compatriots,

grumbling over what they considered the neglect shown them. In their number was also the red-bearded Dubduin, who, in spite of his heavy iron penitential chain, had not been elected prior. As a punishment for the biting satirical verses which he had composed on his German brothers, he had been sentenced to water the dead peach-tree in the garden for three years.

And Notker, the physician, was present also in the assembly. He had but lately prescribed the great remedy for the abbot's lame leg; namely, that it should be rubbed with fish-brains, and wrapped up in the fresh skin of a wolf, so that the warmth of it might stretch out the contracted sinews.²⁴ His nickname was Peppercorn, on account of the strictness with which he maintained the monastic discipline. Then there were Wolo, who could not bear to look at a woman or a ripe apple,²⁵ and Engelbert the founder of the menagerie, and Gerhard the preacher, and Folkard the painter. Who knows them all, those excellent masters, at the mention of whose names the next generation of monks confessed with regret that such men were becoming scarcer every day?

Now, the abbot mounted his stone chair, and they took counsel as to what should be done. The case was very difficult.

Ratpert spoke first, and demonstrated from history in what way the Emperor Charlemagne had once been enabled to enter the monastery.²⁶

"In that instance," he said, "it was assumed that he was a member of the order, as long as he was

within our precincts, and all pretended not to know who he was. Not a word was spoken of imperial dignity, or deeds of war, or humble homage. He walked about among us like any other monk, and that he was not offended thereby is proved by the letter of protection which he threw over the wall, when departing."

But the great difficulty — the person asking for admittance being a woman — could not be avoided in this way. The stricter ones amongst the brotherhood grumbled, and Notker, the Peppercorn, said: —

"She is the widow of that destroyer of countries, and ravager of monasteries, who once carried off our most precious chalice as a war-contribution,²⁷ saying the derisive words: 'God neither eats nor drinks, so what good to him are golden vessels?' Let the gate remained closed."

This advice did not suit the abbot; he wished to find a compromise. The debate became very stormy, one saying this, the other that. Brother Wolo, on hearing that the discussion was about a woman, softly slunk out and locked himself up in his cell.

Then one of the younger men rose and requested to be heard.

"Speak, Brother Ekkehard!"²⁸ called out the abbot.

And the noisy tumult was hushed; all liked to hear Ekkehard speak. He was still young in years, of a very handsome figure, and he captivated every one who looked at him, by his graceful mien and pleasing expression. Besides this, he was both wise and eloquent, an excellent counsellor and a most

learned scholar. At the cloister-school he taught Vergil, and though the rule prescribed that none but a wise and hoary man, whose age would guard him from frivolities, and who by his experience would be discriminating in his reception of applicants, should be made doorkeeper, yet the brothers had agreed that Ekkehard united in himself all the necessary requirements, and consequently had intrusted him with that office.

A scarcely perceptible smile had played around his lips, while the old men were disputing. He now raised his voice and spoke thus : —

“The duchess of Suabia is the protectress of the monastery, and in such capacity is equal to a man, and even though our monastic rules strictly forbid that a woman shall set foot on the cloister threshold, she may easily be carried over.”

Upon this the faces of the old men brightened up, as if a great load had been taken off their minds. The cowls nodded in approbation; even the abbot was not unmoved by the wise counsel : —

“Verily, the Lord often reveals himself, even unto a younger brother! ²⁹ Brother Ekkehard, you are guileless like the dove, and prudent like the serpent. So you shall carry out your own advice. We give you herewith the necessary dispensation.” The red blood rushed into Ekkehard’s cheeks, but he bowed his head in token of obedience.

“And what about the female attendants of the duchess?” asked the abbot.

Here the assembly unanimously decided that even the most liberal interpretation of the monastic laws

could not grant them admittance. The evil Sindolt, however, said: "Let them meanwhile pay a visit to the nuns on Erin Hill; if the monastery of St. Gallus was afflicted by a visitation, it is only fair that the pious Wiborad should bear her share of it."

After holding a whispered consultation with Gerold the steward about the supper, the abbot descended from his throne, and, accompanied by the brotherhood, went out to meet his guests, who had thrice ridden round the monastery-walls, banishing the ennui of waiting by merry jests and laughter.

The chant "*Fustus germinavit*," the hymn in praise of St. Benedict, now came in heavy monotonous cadences, as the monks approached from the monastery court. The heavy gate opened creaking on its hinges, and out came the abbot at the head of the procession of friars, who, slowly marching two and two, chanted antiphonally.

Then the abbot gave a sign to stop the singing.

"How do you do, Cousin Cralo?" flippantly cried the duchess from her saddle. "I have not seen you for an age! Are you still limping?"

Cralo, however, replied with dignity: "It is better that the shepherd should limp than the flock. ⁸⁰ Be pleased to hear the monastery's decree."

And he explained the condition on which she was to enter.

Then Frau Hadwig replied smilingly:—

"During all the time that I have wielded the sceptre in Suabia, such a proposition has never been made to me. But the laws of your order shall be respected.

Which of the brothers have you chosen to carry the sovereign over the threshold?"

She cast her sparkling eyes over the ranks of the spiritual champions, and when she beheld the dark fanatical face of Notker the stutterer, she whispered to Praxedis:—

"Maybe we shall turn back at once."

Then said the abbot: "It is the doorkeeper's duty. There he stands."

Frau Hadwig turned her eyes in the direction which the abbot's forefinger pointed. Ekkehard was standing with bowed head; she beheld the handsome figure and noble countenance, glowing with youth and health. It was a long gaze with which she studied his intellectual features and the waving golden hair and the broad tonsure.

"We shall not turn back," she said, nodding to Praxedis; and before the short-necked chamberlain, who was generally willing enough but too slow, had dismounted from his nag and approached her palfrey, she sprang gracefully from the stirrup, approached the doorkeeper and said:—

"Now, then, perform your office."

Ekkehard had been trying to compose an address, and meant to apologize in faultless Latin for the strange liberty he was about to take; but when she stood before him, proud and commanding, his voice failed him, and the speech remained where it had been conceived,—in his thoughts. But his courage was undaunted, and with strong arm he lifted the duchess, who rested her right hand on her bearer's shoulder, and clung to him well pleased.

Cheerfully he stepped with his burden over the threshold which no woman's foot might touch; the abbot walked by his side, the chamberlain and vassals followed. The acolytes swung their censers high into the air, and the monks, marching behind in a double file as before, sung the last verses of their hymn of praise.

It was a wonderful spectacle, such as never occurred either before or after in the history of the monastery, and as regards the monk carrying the duchess, those prone to useless moralizing might well indulge in edifying observation on the relation of Church and State in those times, and the changes which have occurred since. . . .

Natural philosophers say that at the meeting of animate objects invisible powers begin to act, streaming forth and passing from one to the other, thus creating strange affinities. This was proved true at least with regard to the duchess and the doorkeeper; while she was cradled in his arms she thought inwardly: "Indeed, never did the St. Benedict's cowl cover a more graceful head than this one;"³¹ and when Ekkehard with shy deference put down his burden in the cool monastery corridor, he was struck by the thought that the distance from the gate had never before seemed to him so short.

"I suppose that you found me very heavy?" said the duchess.

"My liege Lady, you may boldly say of yourself as it is written, 'My yoke is easy and my burden is light,'" was his reply.

"I should not have expected that you would turn

the words of Scripture into a flattering speech. What is your name?"

He replied, "They call me Ekkehard."

"Ekkehard, I thank you," said the duchess with a graceful wave of her hand.

He stepped back to an oriel window in the corridor, and looked out into the little garden. Was it mere chance that the thought of St. Christopher came into his mind? He also considered his burden light when he began to carry the child-stranger across the stream on his strong shoulder; but heavier and heavier the burden weighed on his back, and pressed him downwards into the roaring flood, deep, deep, so that his courage was well-nigh turned into despair. . . .

The abbot had ordered a magnificent jug to be brought: he himself went with it to the well, filled it, and returning to the duchess, said, "It was the duty of the abbot to bring water to strangers for them to wash their hands, as well as their feet and . . ."

"No, thank you," said the duchess, interrupting him. She spoke in a decided tone.

Meanwhile two of the brothers had brought down a chest, which now stood open in the passage. Out of this the abbot drew a monk's habit, brand new and said:—

"Thus I create the illustrious patron of our monastery a member of our brotherhood, and in token thereof adorn him with the garb of our order."⁸²

Frau Hadwig submitted. She lightly bent her knee, as she received the cowl from his hands; she put on the unaccustomed garment, and it fitted her

well, for it was ample, and fell in folds, in accordance with the rule, which says:—

“The abbot is to keep a strict look-out that the garments shall not be too scanty, but well fitted to their wearers.”

The beautiful rosy countenance looked lovely in the brown hood.

“And you also must do the same,” said the abbot to the followers of the duchess. Then the evil Sindolt had his sport in helping Herr Spazzo to don the garb.

“Do you know,” he whispered into his ear, “what obligations this cowl imposes upon you? That on your oath you renounce the lusts of this world, and promise to lead henceforth a sober, chaste, and self-denying life.”

Herr Spazzo, who had already put his right arm into the ample gown of the order, pulled it out again hastily. “Hold on!” he exclaimed in vexation, “I protest against this!” Sindolt burst into a loud guffaw, and then the chamberlain perceived that he was not quite in earnest, and said: “Brother, you are a wag.”

Soon the vassals were also adorned with the garb of the order, but the beards of some of the newly created monks descended to the girdle, contrary to the rules, and also they were not quite canonical as regarded the modest casting down of their eyes.³³

The abbot first led his guests into the church.

CHAPTER III.

WIBORADA RECLUSA.

ONE of those who were least delighted by the unexpected visitation was Romeias the watchman at the gate. He knew pretty well yet not fully what was before him. While the abbot was receiving the duchess, Gerold the steward came up to him and said: —

“Romeias, prepare to go on an errand. You are to tell the people on the neighboring farms to send before evening the fowls that are due,³⁴ as they will be wanted at the feast, and besides you are to procure a good supply of game.”

This order pleased Romeias well. It was not the first time that he had been to ask for fowls, and the farmers and tavern-keepers held him in great respect, for he had a commanding manner of speaking. Hunting was at all times the delight of his heart, and so Romeias took his spear, hung the cross-bow over his shoulder, and was just going to call out a pack of hounds, when Gerold the steward pulled his sleeve and said: —

“Romeias, one thing more! You are to escort the duchess’s waiting-women, who have been forbidden to enter the monastery, up to the Schwarza-

Thal, and present them to the pious Wiborad, who is to entertain them until evening. And you are to be very civil, Romeias; there is a Greek maid among them with very dark eyes . . .”

Then three deep lines darkened Romeias's brow, and he flung his hunting-spear on the ground with a clatter. “Escort womenfolk?” he exclaimed. “That is not the business of the watchman of St. Gallus.”

But Gerold nodded toward him significantly and said:—

“Romeias, you must try. It has happened that watchmen, who have faithfully performed their tasks, have found an ample jug of monastery wine in their room of an evening,—eh, Romeias?”

The discontented face brightened up, and he went down into the courtyard to let out the hounds. The blood-hound and the beagle jumped up on him, and the little beaver-puppy also set up a joyous bark, and wanted to go with the rest;³⁵ but with a contemptuous kick it was sent back, for the hunter had nothing to do with fish-ponds and their inhabitants. Surrounded by his noisy pack of hounds, Romeias strode out of the gate.

Praxedis and the duchess's other serving-women had dismounted from their horses and were sitting on a sunny sward, chatting away about monks and cowls and beards, and the strange caprices of their mistress. Then Romeias suddenly appeared before them and said: “Come on!”

Praxedis looked at the rough sportsman, and was not quite certain what to make of him; in a pert

tone of voice she asked: "Where to, my good friend?"

Romeias raised his spear and pointed with it to a neighboring hill behind the woods, but said nothing.

Then Praxedis called out: "Are words so costly here in St. Gall, that you can't give any other answer?"

The serving-women laughed.

Then Romeias said solemnly: "May a thunderbolt strike you all seven fathom underground!"

Praxedis replied: "We thank you, good friend." This formed the appropriate introduction to a conversation. Romeias explained his commission and the women followed him willingly enough.

Romeias gradually found that it was not the hardest work to accompany such guests, and when the Greek maid asked him particularly about his duties as a watchman, and the business of hunting, his tongue was loosened, and he even related his great adventure with the terrible wild boar, into whose side he had thrown his spear and yet could not kill it, for one of its feet would have loaded a cart, and its bristles stood up as high as a pine-tree, and its tusks were twelve yards long at the least ⁸⁶

After this he grew still more civil, for when the Greek once stopped to listen to the warbling of a thrush, he also waited patiently, though a song-bird was far too miserable a piece of game for him to honor with much notice; and when Praxedis bent down for a pretty golden-beetle crawling about in the reddish moss, Romeias politely tried to push the beetle toward her with his heavy boot, and if in doing so he crushed it instead, it was certainly not intentionally.

They climbed up a wild, steep wood-path, beside which the Schwarza-brook ran over jagged conglomerate rocks. On that slope St. Gallus had once fallen among thorns, and had said to his companion, who wanted to lift him up: "Here let me lie, for here shall be my resting-place and my abode for all time."³⁷

They had not walked very far up the mountain-side, before they came to a clearing in the fir-wood, where, leaning against the sheltering rocks, stood a simple chapel in the shape of a cross. Close to it a square hut was built, also backing against the rock. It apparently had only one tiny window with a wooden shutter. It had no door or other mode of entrance, and it was a problem how a person could obtain admittance into such a building unless by climbing down from the side of the crag and entering through a hole in the roof. Opposite stood another hut exactly like it, having also but one little window.

It was customary at that time for those who inclined to the monastic life, and who, as St. Benedict says,³⁸ felt strong enough to fight with the Devil without the assistance of pious companions, to have themselves immured in such a den as that. They were called "Reclausi" (recluses, hermits), and their usefulness and aim in life might be well compared to that of the Pillarists in Egypt. Sharp winter winds, and the deep snows on this side of the Alps rendered their exposure in the open air impossible, but the longing for an anchorite's life was no less strong.³⁹

Within those four narrow walls on Erin Hill lived the Sister Wiborad,⁴⁰ a far-famed recluse of her time.

She came from Klingnau in Aargau, and had been a proud and prudish virgin, skilled in many arts; and she had learned from her brother Hitto to recite all the Psalms in Latin, and formerly she had not been disinclined to sweeten the life of some man or other, provided she could find the right one, but the flower of the youth at Aargau found no grace in her eyes, and one day she set out on a pilgrimage to Rome. There in the holy city her restless mind must have undergone some great shock, but none of her contemporaries ever knew in what way. For three entire days her brother Hitto ran up and down the Forum through the halls of the Colosseum, and the triumphal arch of Constantine, to the four-faced Janus near the Tiber, seeking for his sister and not finding her; on the morning of the fourth day, she walked in at the Salarian gate, and she carried her head high, and her eyes gleamed strangely, and she said that things would not be right in the world until the due amount of veneration was shown unto St. Martin.

And when she returned to her home, she transferred all her wealth to the bishop's church at Constance, on condition that the priests should hold a special festival in honor of St. Martin every year on the 11th of November. She herself went to live in a small house, the former hermitage of the holy Zilia; and there led a conventual life. But as it never agreed with her there she betook herself to

the valley of St. Gallus. The bishop himself escorted her to the Erin Hill, put the black veil on her head, and led her into the cell, and pronounced the benediction ; it was he who laid the first stone with which the entrance was closed up, and he imprinted his seal four times on the lead with which the stones were soldered, setting her apart from the world, and the monks chanted sad solemn strains, as if it were a burial.

The people thereabout held the recluse in high honor. They called her a "hard-forged teacher,"⁴¹ and on many a Sunday they flocked to the meadow before her cell, and Wiborad stood at her window, and preached to them, and other women went to live in her neighborhood to be instructed by her in all the virtues.

"We have reached our destination," said Romeias. Then Praxedis and her companions looked around. Not a human being was to be seen. Belated butterflies and beetles buzzed in the sunshine and the cricket chirped merrily in the grass. The shutter at Wiborad's window was almost closed, so that but a scanty ray of sunshine could penetrate. The monotonous hollow half-nasal tones of a person chanting psalms broke the silence.

Romeias knocked on the shutter with his spear, but it remained closed as before ; the chanting went on. Then the watchman said : "We must rouse her some other way."

Romeias was rather a rough sort of man, or he would not have done as he now did.

He began singing a song, such as he often sang

to amuse the monastery pupils, when they stole off into his watch-tower to pull his beard or play on his big horn. It was one of those ditties which, ever since there was a German tongue, have been sung by the thousand, on hillsides and highways, on cross-roads and in woody dells, and the wind has carried them on and spread them further. It ran as follows:

“ I know all oak-tree decked with green,
That stands amid a grove ;
There calls and coos from morn till e'en
A beauteous cushat-dove.

“ I know a noisy noisome crag
With screams and croaking frightful :
There nests a dun-gray shapeless hag :—
A barn-owl * hoarse and spiteful.

“ The huntsman's horn rings clear and sweet,
His arrow death will cherish :
The cushat-dove with song I greet,
The owl I doom to perish.”

Romeias's song had about the same effect as if he had thrown a heavy stone against Wiborad's shutter. Instantly there appeared a figure at the little square window ; above the scrawny neck rose the pale ghastly face of a woman whose mouth had assumed a hostile relation toward the nose. Hidden by a dark veil, she bent out of the little window as far as she could, and her eyes flashed ominously :

“ Art thou come back, Satanas ? ” she cried.

* German : *Schleiereule*, the syllable *Schleier* meaning “ a veil,” hence the covert sting.

Romeias then advanced a few steps and said complacently:—

“Nay, the Evil One knows no such fine songs as Romeias the monastery watchman does. Calm yourself, Sister Wiborad; I bring you some dainty damsels whom the abbot warmly recommends to your kind reception.”

“Take yourselves off, ye deceiving phantoms!” screamed the recluse. “I know the snares of the Tempter. Hence, begone!”

But Praxedis now approached the window, and humbly dropping a low courtesy to the old hag, explained to her that she came not from hell but from the Hohentwiel. The Greek maiden could be just a little deceitful, for though up to that time she had known nothing about the cell and its inhabitant, she added that she had already heard so much of Sister Wiborad’s edifying life that she had availed herself of the first opportunity of paying her a visit.

Then it seemed as if some of the wrinkles on Wiborad’s forehead began to disappear. “Give me thy hand, stranger,” said she, stretching out her arm, which, as the sleeve fell back a little, could be seen in all its skinny leanness.

Praxedis held up her right hand, and as the recluse touched with her dry fingers the soft warm hand with its throbbing pulses, she became slowly convinced that the young girl was a being of flesh and blood.

Romeias perceived this change for the better and rolled some big stones under the window of the cell.

“In two hours I shall be back to fetch you;—

God bless you, virgins all," he said aloud, and then added in a whisper to the Greek maid, "and don't be frightened if she should fall into one of her trances."

Whistling to his dogs he strode toward the forest. The first thirty steps or so he met no impediment: then he turned his shaggy head round, and then his whole body; leaning on his spear he gazed intently at the spot before the cell as if he had lost something. Yet he had forgotten nothing.

Praxedis smiled and kissed her hand to the rudest of all watchmen. Then Romeias quickly turned round again, tried to shoulder his spear, dropped it, picked it up again, stumbled, saved himself, and finally vanished at a swift pace behind the moss-grown stems.

"Oh, thou child of the world, groping in darkness," scolded the recluse, "what meant that movement of thy hand?"

"A mere jest," replied Praxedis, artlessly.

"A sin," cried Wiborad in harsh accents. Praxedis was startled. "Oh, the Devil's works and delusions!" continued the other with her sermon. "There you cast your eyes slyly about until they enter a man's heart like lightning, and kiss your hands to him as if that were nothing! Is it nothing that he gazes back who ought to gaze forwards? No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.⁴² 'A jest?' Oh, give me hyssop to take away your sin, and snow to wash you clean!"

"I did not think of that," admitted Praxedis, blushing.

“There are so many things of which you do not think.” She looked critically at Praxedis from head to foot. “And you do not think that you are wearing this day a bright green garment, and all such flaring colors are an abomination unto those who have banished all worldly thoughts; and that thy girdle is tied so loosely and negligently round thy waist, as if thou wert a public dancer. Watch and pray!”

The recluse disappeared for a few moments, then returned and held out a coarsely twisted cord.

“I pity thee, poor turtle-dove,” * she said. “Tear off thy embroidered silken finery and take the girdle of self-denial from Wiborad’s own hand; let it be a warning to thee to have done with all vain talkings and doings. And if thou shouldst again feel the temptation of an idle heart to kiss thy hand to a watchman, turn thy head toward the east and chant the psalm, “Make haste, oh God, to deliver me;” and if even then peace will not come to thee, then light a wax candle, and hold thy fore-finger over the flame, and thou wilt be saved; ⁴³ for fire alone cures fire.”

Praxedis cast down her eyes.

“Your words are bitter,” she said.

“Bitter!” exclaimed the recluse. “Praised be the Lord that no sweet taste dwells on my lips! The mouth of saints must be bitter. When Pachomius sat in the desert, the angel of the Lord came unto him, took the leaves from a laurel-tree, and

* German; *Lachtaube*, i. e., “laughing dove;” a common name also for a merry girl.

writing some holy words of prayer on them gave them to Pachomius and said: 'Swallow these leaves, they will be as bitter as gall in thy mouth, but they will make thy heart overflow with true wisdom.' And Pachomius took the leaves and ate them, and from that moment his tongue became bitter, but his heart was filled with sweetness, and he praised the Lord." 44

Praxedis said nothing, and there ensued a silence which was not interrupted for some time. The duchess's other maids had all vanished, for when the recluse had handed out her girdle, they nudged each other and quietly glided round the hut. They were now gathering bunches of heather and autumnal flowers, giggling at what they had witnessed.

"Shall we also put on such a belt?" asked one of them.

"Yes, when the sun rises black," replied the other.

Praxedis had put the cord into the grass.

"I do not like robbing you of your girdle," she now said shyly.

"Oh, the simplicity!" exclaimed Wiborad. "The girdle that we wear is no toy like the one that I gave thee. Wiborad's girdle is an iron hoop with blunted spikes; it clinks like a chain and cuts into the flesh, — thou wouldst shudder at the mere sight of it." 45

Praxedis took several steps in the direction of the wood, as if to see whether Romeias was not yet to be seen returning. The recluse probably noticed that her guest was not enjoying herself particularly, and she held out to her a board, on which lay half-a-dozen reddish-green apples.

“Does time pass slowly for thee, child of the world?” she asked. “There, take these, if words of grace do not satisfy thee. Cakes and sweet-meats have I none, but these apples are fair in the sight of the Lord. They are the nourishment of the poor.”

The Greek maid knew what politeness required. But they were crab-apples! When she had half eaten one, her pretty mouth looked awry, and involuntary tears started into her eyes.

“How do they taste?” cried the recluse.

Then Praxedis pretended that the remaining half fell by chance from her hand.

“If the Creator had made all apples as sour as these,” she said with a bitter-sweet smile, “Eve would never have eaten of the apple.”

Wiborad was offended. “’Tis well,” said she, “that thou dost not forget the story of Eve. She had the same tastes as thou, and therefore sin came into the world.”⁴⁶

The Greek maid looked up at the sky, but not from emotion. A solitary hawk was flying in circles over Wiborad’s hut. “Oh that I could fly with thee, over the Bodensee!” she thought. Then she shook her head.

“What must I do,” she inquired, “to become as perfect as you are?”

“Entirely to renounce the world,” replied Wiborad, “is a grace from above; man cannot acquire it by himself. Fasting, drinking of pure water, castigating the flesh and reciting of psalms, — all these are mere preparations. The most important thing is a good patron-saint. We women are but frail

creatures, but fervent prayer brings the champions of God to our side to assist us. Look at this little window: here he often stands in lonely nights, — he, the chosen of my heart, the valiant Bishop Martin, and holds out his lance and shield, to protect me from the raging devils. An aureole of blue flames crowns his head, flashing through the darkness like summer lightning, and as soon as he appears the demons fly away shrieking. And when the battle is over, then he enters into friendly communion with me. I tell him all that weighs on my poor heart; — all the grief the women who are neighbors cause me, and the wrong which I suffer from the monastery folk; and the saint nods to me and shakes his curly head, and all that I tell him he carries to heaven and repeats it to his friend the Archangel Michael, who keeps watch every Monday, before the throne of God Almighty.⁴⁷ There it comes to the right spot, and Wiborad the last of the least in the service of the High-enthroned is not forgotten. . . .”

“Then I also will choose St. Martin to become my patron-saint,” exclaimed Praxedis.

But this had not been the aim of Wiborad’s praises. She threw a contemptuous jealous look on the young rosy girl’s cheeks.

“The Lord pardon you your presumption!” cried she, with folded hands. “Do you believe that this can be done with a flippant word and smooth face? Indeed! Many long years have I striven and borne on my brow the wrinkles of self-mortification like scars, — and he did not favor me even with

one single look! He is a high and mighty saint, a valiant soldier of the Lord, and he looks only on those of us who have fulfilled the tests and won the battle."

"He will not rudely shut his ears against my prayers," interrupted Praxedis.

"But you shall not pray to him," cried Wiborad, angrily. "Don't you dare pray to him! What has he to do with you? For such as you there are other patron-saints. I will name you one. Choose the pious Father Pachomius for your patron."

"I do not know him," said Praxedis.

"Bad enough; then it is high time for you to know him. He was a venerable hermit who lived in the Theban desert, and ate roots and locusts. He was so pious that even in his life-time he heard the music of the spheres and planets and often said: 'If all men could hear what has been vouchsafed my ears to hear, they would forsake houses and lands, and he who had put on the right shoe would leave the left one behind and hasten to the East.' Now in Alexandria there was a maid whose name was Thaïs, and no one could tell which was greater, her beauty or her frivolity. Then said Pachomius: 'Such a woman is a plague for the whole land of Egypt,' and he arose, cut his beard, anointed himself, and mounted a crocodile which by prayer he had made subservient to himself, and on its scaly back he was carried down the Nile; and he went to Thaïs as if he were a lover. His big palm-tree stick he had taken with him, and he shook the sinner's heart so that she burnt up her silken robes as well as her

finery, and followed Pachomius as a lamb does the shepherd. And he shut her up in a rock tomb, leaving only a tiny window in it, and he instructed her in prayer, and after five years her purification was completed, and four angels carried her soul up to heaven.”⁴⁸

But Praxedis was not much edified.

“The old hermit with his rough beard and bitter lips is not distinguished enough for her,” she thought, “and so I am to take him for myself,” but she dared not to say so.

Now the vesper bell at the monastery below the pine woods began to ring. The recluse stepped back from the window and closed her shutter. The hollow sound of psalm-chanting was heard again, accompanied by the noise like falling strokes. She was flagellating herself.

Meanwhile Romeias had begun his sport in the distant forest, and thrown his spear—but he had mistaken an oak stump for a young deer. Angrily he pulled out his weapon from the tenacious wood; it was the first time in his life that such a thing had happened to him.

Before Wiborad’s cell silence reigned for a time. Then her voice was again heard, but quite altered; the tones full and vibrating with passion:—

“Come down, holy Martin; valiant champion of God; thou consolation of my solitude; star in the darkness of time. Descend! My soul is ready to behold thee; mine eyes thirst for thee.”⁴⁹

And again it was still in the clearing. Then Praxedis started with terror. A hollow shriek rang

out from within the cell. She sprang to the window and looked in. The recluse was prostrate on her knees, her arms were extended beseechingly, her eyes had a fixed, stony expression. Beside her lay the scourge, the instrument of her penance.

“For God’s sake,” cried Praxedis, “what is the matter with you?”

Wiborad jumped up, and pressed the Greek maiden’s hand convulsively. “Child of Earth,” said she in broken accents, “who hast been deemed worthy to witness the agonies of Wiborad, strike thy bosom; for a token has been given. He, the elect of my soul, did not come; he is offended that his name has been profaned by unholy lips; but the holy Gallus appeared to my soul’s eye, — he who never before deigned to visit my cell, — and his countenance was that of a sufferer, and his garments were torn and burnt. His monastery is threatened by disaster. We must pray that his disciples stumble not in the path of righteousness.”

She leaned out of the narrow window, and called out to the neighboring hermitage: —

“Sister Wendelgard!”

Then the shutter opposite was opened, and an aged face appeared. It was the excellent Frau Wendelgard, who in that fashion was mourning for her spouse, who had never returned from the last wars.

“Sister Wendelgard,” said Wiborad, “let us sing three times, ‘Be merciful unto us, O Lord!’”

But the Sister Wendelgard had just been thinking with ecstatic yearning of her husband. She had

firm trust in God, and knew that some day he would return from the land of the Huns, and she would have liked best there and then to kick open the door of her cell, to march out into the free air and meet him.

“It is not the time for psalm-singing,” she replied.

“So much the more acceptable is voluntary devotion rising up to Heaven,” said Wiborad; and with her rough voice she intoned the psalm. But the expected response did not come.

“Why dost thou not join me in singing David’s song?”

“Because I don’t wish to do so,” was Sister Wendelgard’s unceremonious reply.

The fact was that she had at last grown weary of her long seclusion. Many thousand psalms had she sung at Wiborad’s bidding, in order to induce St. Martin to deliver her husband from the power of the infidels; but the sun rose and the sun set daily, —and yet he never came. And so she was disgusted with her gaunt neighbor, with her visions and phantasms.

Wiborad, however, turned her eyes steadily upwards, like one who thinks to discover a comet in clear daylight.

“Oh, thou vessel full of disobedience and wickedness,” she cried, “I will pray for thee, that the evil spirits may be driven out of thee. Thine eye is blind, thy mind is dark.”

But the other quietly replied: —

“Judge not that ye be not judged. My eyes are as clear as they were a year ago, when, one moon-

light night, they saw you getting out of your window and going away Heaven knows where; and my mind still refuses to believe that prayers coming from such a mouth can work miracles."

Then Wiborad's pale face became distorted as if she had bitten a pebble.

"Woe to thee whom the Devil has deluded!" she screamed, and a flood of scolding words streamed from her lips; but her neighbor knew well how to answer her in kind.

Quicker and quicker the words came, confusing and mixing themselves together, while the rocky walls threw back inharmonious echoes, and frightened a pair of little owlets, which left their cranny nest and flew away screeching. When the two queens* were scolding each other in the portal of the Cathedral at Worms, it was amiability compared to this.

In mute astonishment, Praxedis listened to the noise; she felt moved to interfere and make peace; but a soft thing fares ill between two sharp ones.

But now the cheering notes of a hunting-horn and the loud barking of dogs were heard from the wood; leisurely came the tall figure of Romeias striding along.

When he threw his spear the second time, it hit not a stump, but a magnificent stag of ten antlers. It hung down over his shoulder; and he carried fastened to his belt six hares which the monastery farmer of Tablatt had caught in snares.

And when the huntsman beheld the recluses quar-

* Chriemhilde and Brunhilde.

relling his heart rejoiced. Without saying a word, he loosened two of the living hares, and swinging one in each hand, he threw them so dexterously into the narrow little windows, that Wiborad, as she felt the soft fur brushing past her head like an electric shock, started back with a loud scream. The worthy Wendelgard's black habit had loosened itself in the heat of the discussion, and the hare, suddenly getting entangled between her bosom and her cowl, and vainly trying to discover an outlet, caused her no small fright. So both stopped their scolding, closed the shutters, and there was silence again on Erin Hill.⁵⁰

"We'll go home," said Romeias to the Greek maid, "for it is getting late." Praxedis was not so highly edified, either by the quarrel or by Romeias's way of making peace, that she cared to stay any longer. Her companions, following their own inclinations, were already on their way back.

"Hares cannot be worth much here, as you throw them about so unceremoniously," she said to the watchman.

"Not much," laughed Romeias, "yet the present deserved thanks, at least."

That instant the skylight in Wiborad's roof was thrown open; about half of her gaunt lean figure became visible, and a stone of some weight flew over Romeias's head, without hitting him. That was her way of thanking him for the hare.

From this can be seen that the forms of social intercourse differed widely from those of to-day.

Praxedis expressed her astonishment.

“Oh, such things happen about once a fortnight,” explained Romeias. “A moderate supply of venom and wrath gives new strength to such old hags, and and it is a good work to stir them up.”

“But she is a saint,” said Praxedis, shyly.

At that Romeias muttered some unintelligible words in his beard. “Well,” said he, “she ought to be happy if she is one. I am not going to tear off her garb of sanctity.⁵¹ But since I was at Constance on a visit to my aunts, I have heard all sorts of things that seem not quite as they ought to be. It has not yet been forgotten in those parts how she had to defend herself before the bishop on account of this thing and that thing which is none of my business; and the Constance merchants will tell you, without your asking them, that the recluses near the cathedral lend them, at usurious interest, the money given to them by pious pilgrims.⁵² It was not my fault that once, when I was a boy, I found in a quarry a strange big pebble. When I hammered it to pieces there was a toad in the middle, looking very much astonished. Since then I know what a recluse is like. Snip-snap — trari-trara!”

Romeias accompanied his new friend to the house which lay beyond the cloister walls, and which was destined to receive her. Before it the other maids were standing, and the posy of wild flowers they had gathered lay on a stone table before the door.

“We must say good-bye,” said the watchman.

“Farewell,” said Praxedis.

So he went away. After going thirty steps he suddenly turned round, — but the sun does not rise

twice in one day; least of all for the watchman of a monastery-gate! No one now was kissing her hand to him. Praxedis had entered the house.

Then Romeias slowly walked back, and without troubling himself to ask leave, hastily took up the flowers from the stone table, and went away. The stag and four hares he brought to the kitchen. After this he toiled up to his room in the watch-tower, nailed the nosegay to the wall, and with a piece of charcoal, drew a heart under it, which had two eyes, a long stroke in lieu of a nose, and a cross-line for a mouth.

The cloister-pupil Burkhard came up to have some sport with him. Romeias seized him with a powerful grasp, held out the charcoal, and placing him before the wall, said: "There, write the name under it!"

"What name?" asked the boy.

"Hers," commanded Romeias.

"What do I know about her, and her name," testily replied the pupil.

"There, one can see again what the good of studying is!" grumbled Romeias. "Every day the boy sits for eight hours behind his asses'-skins, and does not know the name of a foreign damsel!"

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE MONASTERY.

FRAU HADWIG had meanwhile been performing her devotions at the tomb of St. Gallus. Then the abbot was intending to propose a walk in the shady cloister-garden, but she asked him first of all to show her the treasures of the church. The mind of woman, however intellectual, always delights in ornaments, jewels, and fine garments. The abbot invented some excuse to dissuade her from this wish, saying that theirs was but a poor little monastery, and that his cousin must have seen far better things on her travels, or at the emperor's court; it was all in vain.

So they went to the sacristy.

He had the cupboards opened first. Here there was much to admire in the way of purple chasubles and embroidered priest's garments, and worked pictures representing sacred history. Here and there was also some piece strongly reminding one of Roman heathenism, such, for instance, as the marriage of Mercury with Philology.

Then large chests were opened, revealing a dazzling array of precious metals: silver lamps and crowns; finely wrought frames of beaten gold for the holy books; and ornaments for the altar.⁵³ Monks, fastening them round their knees, had safely brought

these things from Italy, over dangerous alpine paths : costly vessels in all sorts of curious forms ; candlesticks in the shape of dolphins ; drinking-cups resting on pillars like lighthouses ; censers, and many other beautiful articles, a rich treasure. There was also a chalice, made of a single piece of amber, which glistened exquisitely when held to the light. A small piece was broken off from the edge.

“When my predecessor Hartmuth was dying,” said the abbot, “that little bit was pulverized and given to him, mixed with wine and honey, to calm the fever.”

In the middle of the amber was a tiny fly, as well preserved as if it had but just settled down there. Probably the little insect, sitting contentedly on its blade of grass, in antediluvian times, when the liquid resin streamed over it, little dreamed that it would thus be bequeathed to far-off generations.

But such dumb testimonials of Nature’s powers were little heeded at that time. At least the chamberlain Spazzo, who was surveying and examining everything with a careful eye, was occupied with very different ideas. He was thinking how much pleasanter it would be to be on war-terms with these pious monks, and instead of enjoying their hospitality as guests, to enter by storm, and carry all the treasures away. Having witnessed in his time many a reversal of friendship between the high-born, he was inwardly speculating on this possibility, and keenly eyeing the entrance to the sacristy, he murmured to himself : “Coming from the choir, ’t is the first door to the right !”

The abbot, who probably thought likewise that prolonged examination of gold and silver produced a hankering for possession, omitted opening the last box, which contained the most magnificent things of all, and urgently proposed going into the open air.

So the party directed their steps toward the garden, which was spacious, and produced much vegetable and fruit for the kitchen, as well as useful herbs for medicines.

In the orchard a large portion was divided off and reserved for wild beasts and birds, such as were to be found in the neighboring Alps, or had been sent as presents by foreign guests.⁵⁵

Frau Hadwig took great pleasure in looking at the rough uncouth bears, which were funny enough, climbing up and down on the tree in their prison. Close to these a pug-nosed ape and a long-tailed monkey, chained together, played their merry gambols, — two creatures, neither of which, says a poet of that time, can show a single trace of the faculty of making itself useful, whereby to establish a claim to existence.⁵⁶

There was an old chamois in a narrow enclosure : this native of the upper Alps let his head droop, and stood immovable and humiliated. Since he had been deprived of the keen atmosphere of the glaciers, he had become blind ; for not every creature thrives on the low lands where men dwell.

In another cage a large family of thick-skinned badgers was established. On passing them the evil Sindolt exclaimed laughingly : —

“Hullo, you miserable little beasts, chosen game of the monastery menials!”

Then in another direction were heard shrill whistles: a troop of marmots quickly scuttled off to hide themselves in the chinks and crevices of the artificial rockery. Frau Hadwig had never beheld such amusing little creatures before. The abbot told her of their mode of life.

“They sleep more than any other creatures,” said he; “and even when they are awake they must have their wonderful dreams, for when winter approaches, they gather up grass and hay wherever they find it, and one of them lies down on its back, and sticks up its four feet, while the others put on it everything they have scraped together, and then seize it by the tail, and drag it like a loaded cart into their holes.⁵⁷”

Then said Sindolt to the stout chamberlain Spazzo: “What a pity that you are not a marmot; that would have been a charming occupation for you.”

When the abbot had gone on, the evil Sindolt began to give a new sort of explanation: “That is our Tutilo,” said he, — pointing to a bear which had just thrown down one of its companions, — “that the blind Thieto,” — pointing to the chamois; and he was on the point of honoring the abbot with some flattering comparison, when the duchess interrupted him by saying: “As you are so clever in finding comparisons, have you one for me also?”

Sindolt became embarrassed. Luckily a beautiful silver-pheasant happened to be standing near the

cranes and herons, preening its shining pearly gray feathers in the sunshine.

“There!” said Sindolt.

But the duchess turned to Ekkehard, who was dreamily gazing at the swarm of living creatures.

“Do you agree with him?” asked she.

He started up. “Oh, mistress!” said he, in soft tones, “who is so audacious as to compare you to anything that flies or crawls here?”

“But if we desire it?” . . .

“Then I only know of one bird,” said Ekkehard. “We have not got it, nor has any one; in star-lit midnights it flies high over our heads, brushing the sky with its wings. The bird’s name is Caradrion; and when its pinions touch the earth a sick man is healed. Then the bird, inclining toward the man, opens its beak over his mouth, and taking the man’s sickness unto itself, journeys to the sun, and purifies itself in the eternal light; and the man is saved.”⁵⁸

The abbot’s return put a stop to further comparisons. One of the serving brothers was sitting in an apple-tree, picking the apples, and putting them into baskets. When the duchess came into the shadow of the tree, he started to descend, but she made him a sign to stop where he was.

Then sounds like the singing of sweet boyish voices were heard in the lower part of the garden. The younger pupils of the monastery home schools were on their way to do homage to the duchess. Children though they were, the little fellows already wore the cowl, and several even had the tonsure

on their eleven-year-old heads. When the procession of little rosy-cheeked future abbots came in sight, with down-cast eyes fixed on the ground and singing their sequences so seriously, a slight mocking smile played round Frau Hadwig's lips, and with strong foot she upset the nearest of the baskets, so that the apples rolled about merrily on the ground in the midst of the boys. But undistracted they proceeded on their way; only one of the youngest started to pick up the tempting fruit, but his little companion held him firmly by the girdle.⁵⁹

Much pleased, the abbot witnessed the young folks' excellent behavior, and said, "Discipline distinguishes human beings from animals,⁶⁰ and if you were to throw the apples of the Hesperides among them, they would remain steadfast."

Frau Hadwig was touched. "Are all your pupils so well trained?" she asked.

"If you like to be convinced," said the abbot, "you will see that the elder ones in the day school know quite as well the meaning of obedience and submission."

The duchess nodded assent. Then the abbot led her into the outer monastery school, in which the sons of noblemen, and those who intended to join the secular clergy, were educated.

They entered the upper class. On the lecturer's platform stood Ratpert the learned, who was training his pupils in Aristotle's logic. The young scholars sat poring over their parchments, scarcely lifting their eyes to look at the party now entering. The teacher thought this an opportunity to gather

some laurels. "Notker Labeo!" he called out. This was the pearl amongst his pupils, the hope of science, who on a weakly body carried a powerful head, with an under-lip critically protruding, the symbol of great determination and perseverance on the stony roads of investigation, and the cause of his surname.

"He will get on," whispered the abbot. "When he was only eleven he said that the world was a book, and that the monasteries were the classical passages in it."⁶¹

The young man in question let his wise little eyes glide over the Greek text, and then translated with impressive gravity the profundity of the Stagirite philosophy:—

*If on a stone or piece of wood you find a straight line running through, that is the common line of demarcation of the parts that are in contact. If the stone or wood split along that line, then we behold two intersections near the visible line of cleavage, where there was only one line before. And moreover, we see two new surfaces which are as broad as the object was thick, where just before one could see no new surface at all. From this it appears that this object was coherent.*⁶²

But when this concept of the Coherent had been happily called out, some of the young logicians put their heads together, and began to whisper, and the whispers became louder and louder;—even the monastery-pupil Hepidan, who, unmoved by Notker's capital translation, had been employing all his skill in carving on the bench before him a devil with a

double pair of wings, and a long curling tail, stopped in his work. Then the teacher addressed the next boy, with the question: "But how does the surface become a mutual line of demarcation?" The youth read the Greek text, but the commotion among the school-benches became louder still; there was a buzzing and booming like distant alarm-bells; the translation ceased altogether. Suddenly, with a wild onslaught, all Ratpert's pupils rushed up noisily toward the duchess, tore her from between the abbot and the chamberlain, shouting, "Captured, captured!" and while making barricades with the benches, they repeated their cries: "Captured! the duchess of Suabia is our prisoner! What shall be her ransom?"

Frau Hadwig, in the course of her life, had found herself in various situations; but that she could ever become the prisoner of schoolboys had certainly never entered her head. But as this had the charm of novelty, she submitted.

Ratpert the teacher took out of his cupboard a mighty rod, and swinging it threateningly over his head, like a second Neptune, he recited, in a thundering voice, the verses of Vergil:—

*tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri?
iam caelum terramque, meo sine numine, venti,
miscere, et tantas audetis tollere moles?
quos ego —*

"Can, oh, ye winds, vain trust in your headstrong tribe so mislead
you

That, without waiting my will, ye dare to raise such a tumult,
Mingling the waves of the sea and the clouds of the sky in
confusion,

Whom I ought —"

A renewed shout was the answer. The room was already divided by a wall of benches and stools. Herr Spazzo was meditating an assault and vigorous blows on the ring-leaders. The abbot was speechless; this audacity had paralyzed his faculties. The highborn prisoner stood at the farther end of the schoolroom, in recess of a window, surrounded by her fifteen-years-old captors.

"What is the meaning of all this, ye wicked boys?" she asked with a smile.

Then one of the rebels advanced, bent his knee before her, and humbly said: "He who comes as a stranger is without protection or peace; and unpeaceable people are kept prisoners, until they have paid a ransom for their liberty." ⁶³

"Do you learn that also out of your Greek books?"

"No, mistress; that is German law."

"Very well, then; I will ransom myself," said Frau Hadwig. And laughing merrily, she seized the red-cheeked logician and drew him toward her to kiss him; but he tore himself away, and joined the noisy ranks of his companions, crying:—

"That coin we do not recognize!"

"What ransom then do you exact?" asked the duchess, who was fast getting impatient.

"The Bishop Salomo of Constance was also our prisoner," replied the pupil, "and he obtained for us three extra holidays in the year, as well as a feast of bread and meat, and furthermore secured this to us in his will." ⁶⁴

"Oh, gluttonous youth!" said Frau Hadwig.

“Then I must at least do as much for you as the bishop. Have you ever tasted the felchen from the Bodensee?”

“No!” shouted the boys.

“Then you shall receive six felchen a year to remember me by. This fish is good for young beaks.”

“Do you secure this to us with your name and seal?”

“If it must be so, yes.”

“Long life to the duchess of Suabia! Hurrah!” was now shouted on all sides. “Hurrah! she is free.” The school-benches were quickly put back in order and the passage was cleared; jumping and shouting triumphantly they led back their prisoner.

In the background the parchment leaves of Aristotle flew up into the air, as outward signs of joy. Even the corners of Notker Labeo’s mouth were curved in a broad grin, and Frau Hadwig said:—

“The young gentlemen were very gracious. Please put the rod back into the cupboard, Herr professor.”

Any further elucidation of Aristotle was out of the question for that day. Was not the uproarious outbreak of the pupils closely connected with their study of logic? Seriousness is often a very hollow, dry, and leafless trunk; else folly would scarcely find room to wind her wanton green-leaved tendrils around it. . .

When the duchess, with her escort, had left the schoolroom, the abbot said: “There is nothing left now to show you but the library of the monastery,

the dispensary for souls hungry after knowledge, the armory with its weapons of science."

But Frau Hadwig was tired; she declined.

"I must keep my word," said she, "and put the donation to your schoolboys in writing. Will you be pleased to have the bond got ready, so that we may provide it with signature and seal?"

Herr Cralo conducted his guest to his apartments. As they walked along the corridor, they passed a small room, the door of which was open. Close to the bare wall stood a low pillar, from which, at the height of a man's waist, hung a chain. Over the portal, in faded colors, was painted a figure which held a rod in its lean hand.

*For whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth,
And scourgeth every son whom he receiveth*

(Heb. xii. 6)

was written under it in capital letters.

Frau Hadwig cast an inquiring look at the abbot.

"The scourging-room!"⁶⁵ replied he.

"Is none of the brothers just now liable to punishment?" asked she; "it might be a warning example." . . .

Then the evil Sindolt's right foot twitched as if he had trodden on a thorn. He turned round, pretending that he heard a voice in that direction calling to him, exclaimed, "I am coming," and quickly vanished in the darkness of the passage.

He knew why.

Notker the stutterer, after the labor of years,

had at last completed a psalm-book, decorated with dainty pen-and-ink drawings. This book the envious Sindolt had destroyed at night, cutting it to pieces and upsetting a jug of wine over it. On account of this he had been sentenced to be flogged three times, and the last instalment was still due. He well knew the room, and the instruments of penance on the walls, ranging from the nine-tailed "scorpion" down to the simple "wasp."

The abbot urged them to hurry on. His rooms of state were decorated with flowers. Frau Hadwig threw herself into the primitive arm-chair, to rest from the fatigue of all the sight-seeing. She had received many new impressions within a few hours. There was still half an hour left before supper.

Whoever, during this interval, had visited all the cloister-cells, would have been satisfied that not a single inhabitant of the institution was unaffected by the influence of the distinguished visitor. Even those who pass their lives in the deepest seclusion feel that homage is due to woman.

The hoary Tutilo had remembered with a pang, on the arrival of the duchess, that the left sleeve of his cowl was adorned with a hole. Ordinarily the sleeve would have remained unpatched until the next great festival; but now no postponement availed. Armed with needle and thread, he was sitting on his couch, busily mending the rent. And because he had his hand in, he also seized the opportunity to put new soles to his sandals, fastening them with nails, and humming a tune to speed the work.

Radolt, the little thinker, was walking up and down in his cell with a deep frown on his forehead, hoping that he would have a chance to praise the virtues of the high-born guest in an improvised speech. In order to heighten the effect of the spontaneous effusion, he was studying it beforehand. He intended to take the following lines of Tacitus, "on the Germans,"⁶⁶ for a text:—

They believe also, that there is something holy about women, and that they have the gift of seeing into the future. Therefore they never disdain the advice given by them, and often follow their warnings.

This was about all that he knew from hearsay of the other sex; but he winked his squirrel-eyes, and was sure that he would find some way, from amid his spiteful criticism on his brethren, to introduce a panegyric on the duchess. Unfortunately the opportunity to bring on his speech failed him, for he did not know how to seize it.

In another cell six of the brothers sat under the huge ivory comb,⁶⁷ which was suspended by an iron chain from the ceiling. This was a very useful institution established by Abbot Hartmuth. Murmuring the prescribed prayers, they assisted one another in the careful arrangement of their hair. Many an overgrown tonsure was restored to a shining smoothness at that time.

In the kitchen an activity that left nothing to be desired was developed under the superintendence of Gerold the steward.

Now resounded the bell, the tone of which was not heard even by the most pious of the brethren

without a pleasurable sensation ; it was the summons to the evening meal. Abbot Cralo led the duchess into the refectory. The cheerful room was divided off by seven pillars, and around fourteen tables stood the members of the monastery, priests and deacons assembled like champions of the Church Militant. They, however, paid no special attention to the noble guest.

Ekkehard the door-keeper had the duty of reader ⁶⁸ before the meals to fulfil that week. In honor of the duchess he had chosen the 45th psalm. He arose and began : “ *O Lord, open thou my lips, that my mouth may show forth thy praise ;* ” and all repeated these words in a low murmur, as a blessing on his reading.

Then he lifted his voice and began reciting the psalm, which Scripture itself calls “ a lovely song ” :

My heart is inditing of a good matter ; I speak of the things which I have made unto the King.

My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

Thou art fairer than the children of men ; full of grace are thy lips, because God hath blessed thee for ever.

Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou Most Mighty, according to thy worship and renown.

Good luck have thou with thine honor : ride on. Because of the word of truth, of meekness and righteousness ; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

Thy arrows are very sharp, and the people shall be subdued unto thee, even in the midst among the King's enemies.

Thy seat, O God, endureth forever ; the sceptre of thy Kingdom is a right sceptre. Thou has loved righteousness and hated iniquity ; wherefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

*All thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and casia ; out of the ivory palaces whereby they have made thee glad. . . .*⁶⁹

The duchess seemed to understand the homage : as if she herself were addressed in the words of the psalm, she fixed her eyes on Ekkehard. But this did not escape the abbot's notice, and he made a sign to interrupt the reading ; thus the psalm remained unfinished, and all sat down to supper.

Herr Cralo could not, however, prevent Frau Hadwig from ordering the zealous reader to take his place by her side. According to rank this seat on her left side had been destined for the old dean Gozbert ; but he for the last few minutes had felt as if he were doomed to sit on hot coals ; for he had once indulged in a very rough-spoken dispute with Frau Hadwig's late husband, at the time when the latter carried off the precious chalice, as an enforced war-contribution ; and from that time he had borne a grudge against the duchess also. No sooner did he remark her intention, than he gladly moved downwards, and pushed the doorkeeper into the dean's seat. Next to Ekkehard came Spazzo the duchess's chamberlain, and after him the monk Sindolt.

The meal began. The steward, well knowing that the arrival of stranger guests sanctioned an enlargement of the accustomed frugal monastery

fare, had not restricted himself to the ordinary mush.⁷⁰ Neither was the late Abbot Hartmuth's strict bill of fare followed.⁷¹

To be sure, there appeared at first a steaming dish of millet-porridge, so that those who preferred strictly to adhere to the prescribed rule might satisfy their hunger; but after that, one delicacy followed another in quick succession. Side by side with the haunch of venison stood the bear's ham; even the beaver of the upper pond had been robbed of its life in honor of the occasion. Pheasants, partridges, turtle-doves, and a rich store of smaller birds came in turn; likewise an endless choice of fish; so that finally every species of animal such as wade, crawl, fly, or swim, was represented on the table.

And many a monk fought a fierce battle within the depths of his heart on that day; even Gozbert the old dean. He had stilled the craving of hunger with millet-porridge, and had pushed aside (with a tremendous scowl) the roast venison and bear's ham as if it were a temptation of the Evil One; but when a beautifully roasted moor-hen was put down before him, he felt the odor thereof rise temptingly into his nostrils, and with the savory smell the memories of his youth came back: how he himself had been a great sportsman forty years before, and how he used to go out in the early morning mist to shoot the mating black-cock, and then he recalled the story of the gamekeeper's bright-eyed daughter; and twice he resisted the movement of his arm, but the third time it was no use, — half of the bird lay before him, and was hastily despatched.

Spazzo the chamberlain had watched with an approving nod the appearance of the many dishes. A large Rhine-trout,⁷² one of the best of fish, had quickly disappeared under his hands; and as he was looking for something to drink, Sindolt, his neighbor, seized a small stone jug, filled from it a metal cup, and handing it to him, said: "Your health in the choicest wine of the monastery."

Herr Spazzo intended to take a copious draught, but something like a fit of ague shook him, and putting down the cup, he exclaimed, "Now let the Devil be a monk!"

The evil Sindolt had given him a sour cider, made of crab-apples, and mixed with blackberry-juice. But as Herr Spazzo looked ready to requite him with a blow, he fetched a jug of the dark red "Valtelliner," so as to soften his ire. The "Valtelliner" is a capital wine, in which aforetime the Emperor Augustus drowned his grief over the defeat of Varus.⁷³ By degrees Herr Spazzo's good humor returned, so that, without knowing anything about him, he even drained his beaker to the health of the Bishop of Chur, to whom the monastery was indebted for this wine, and Sindolt did not fail to pledge his health like a boon companion.

"What says your patron to such drinking?" asked the chamberlain.

"St. Benedict was a wise man," replied Sindolt; "therefore he wrote in his law:—

"Although it has been ordained that wine is not on the whole a suitable drink for monks, yet as not a single person at the present day can be persuaded of

*the justice of this decree, and since we must take into consideration the weakness of the human mind, we allow every one a bottle a day. No one, however, is to drink to satiety; for wine will make even the wisest swerve from the path of wisdom." . . .*⁷⁴

"Good," said Spazzo, and drained his beaker.

"But on the other hand," asked Sindolt, "do you know what is prescribed for those of the brotherhood in whose district little or no wine grows? They must praise the Lord and not complain!"

"That's good, too," said Spazzo; and again he drained his beaker.

Meanwhile the abbot was doing his best to entertain his distinguished cousin. He first began to eulogize the virtues of Herr Burkhard; but Frau Hadwig's responses were but scanty and monosyllabic. Then the abbot made the discovery that everything has its time; especially a widow's love for her late spouse. So he changed the conversation, and asked her how the cloister-schools had pleased her.

"I feel sorry for the poor boys who are obliged to learn so much in their young days," said the duchess. "Do you not impose on them a burden under which they must crouch all their lives?"

"Pardon me, noble cousin," replied the abbot, "if, both as friend and relation, I beg you not to indulge in such thoughtless speech. The study of science is no burdensome obligation for the young; it is like strawberries to them: the more they eat the more they want."

"But what can the heathenish art of logic have

to do with the study of theology?" asked Frau Hadwig.

"In proper hands it becomes a weapon to protect God's church," said the abbot. "With such arts many of the heretics used to attack believers, but now we fight them with their own arms; and believe me, good Greek or Latin is a much finer weapon than our native language, which even in the hands of the ablest is but an unwieldy bludgeon."

"Indeed," said the duchess, "must we still learn from you what is to be admired? I have existed until now without speaking Latin, Sir Cousin."

"It would not harm you if you were even now to learn it," said the abbot; "and when the first euphonious sounds of the Latin tongue shall have gladdened your ear, you will admit that our mother tongue is a young bear, which can neither stand nor walk before it has been licked by a classical tongue. . . .⁷⁵ Besides, the mouths of the old Romans teach much wisdom. Just ask the man on your left."

"Is it true?" asked Frau Hadwig, turning toward Ekkehard, who had been silently listening to the foregoing conversation.

"It would be true, liege Lady," said he, warmly, "if you needed to learn wisdom."

Frau Hadwig archly held up her forefinger. "Have you yourself got recreation from those old parchments?"

"Both recreation and happiness," exclaimed Ekkehard, with beaming eyes. "Believe me, mistress, it is well in all positions of life to come to the

classics for advice. Does not Cicero teach us how to walk safely in the intricate paths of worldly wisdom? Do we not gather confidence and courage from Sallust and Livy, the conception of imperishable beauty from the songs of Vergil? The gospel is the guiding-star of our faith; but the old classics have left a light behind them, like the glow of the evening sun, which, even after it has set, sends refreshment and joy into the hearts of men." . . .

Ekkehard spoke with emotion. Since the day on which the old Duke Burkhard had asked her hand in marriage, the duchess had not seen any one who showed enthusiasm for anything. She was endowed with a high intellect, which readily turned even to things foreign. She had learned Greek very rapidly, in the days of her youth, on account of the Byzantine proposal. Latin inspired her with a sort of awe, because it was strange to her. Unknown things easily impress us; knowledge leads us to judge things according to their real worth, which generally is much less than we had expected. The name of Vergil, besides, had a certain connection with the idea of magic. . . .

In that hour the resolution was formed in Hadwig's heart to learn Latin. She had plenty of time for this, and after having cast another look on her neighbor Ekkehard, she knew who was to be her teacher. . . .

The dainty dessert, consisting of peaches, melons, and dried figs, had vanished also, and the lively conversation at the different tables told of the diligent circulation of the wine-jug.

After the meal, in accordance with the rules of the order, a chapter out of the Scriptures, or else the lives of the holy fathers, had to be read for the general edification. Ekkehard had begun, on the day before, a description of the life of St. Benedict, written by Pope Gregory. The brothers drew the tables closer together; the wine-jug came to a dead stop, and all conversation was hushed. Ekkehard continued with the second chapter:⁷⁶ —

One day when he was alone, the Tempter approached him; for a small black bird, commonly called a crow, began to fly around his head, and kept attacking him, approaching so that the holy man might have captured it with his hand if he had so desired.

But he made the sign of the cross, and the bird flew away.

No sooner, however, had the bird flown away, than the fiercest temptation which the holy man had ever yet experienced assailed him. A considerable time before he had beheld a certain woman. This woman the Evil One now caused to appear before his mental eyes, and her beauty inflamed the heart of God's servant to such a degree that a devouring love began to glow in his heart, and he almost resolved to leave his hermit-life, so strong was the longing and desire within him.

But suddenly the Grace of God shed down upon him such a light that he returned to his better self. And he beheld on one side a hedge of brambles and nettles, and he undressed and threw himself naked into the thorns and stinging nettles, so that

when he went from that place his whole body was lacerated.

And thus by means of the wounds of the skin he healed the wound of the spirit, and having conquered sin, he was saved. . . .

Frau Hadwig was not greatly edified by this reading. So she let her eyes wander about in the hall in search of something to divert her thoughts. The chamberlain Spazzo,—had the choice of the chapter seemed to him also infelicitous, or had the Valtelliner got into his head?—with a sudden impulse closed the book in the reader's hands so vehemently that the wooden covers clapped together, and held up his beaker to him, saying, "To the health of St. Benedict."

Ekkehard turned a reproachful look on him, but the younger members of the brotherhood regarded the toast as appropriate, and were already echoing it noisily. Here and there they were striking up a hymn in praise of the holy man; this time to the tune of a merry drinking-song, and loud joyous voices rang through the hall.

While Abbot Cralo was looking about with a somewhat dubious expression, and Herr Spazzo was still busily engaged, with the younger clergy, drinking to the health of their patron saint, Frau Hadwig leaned toward Ekkehard and asked him, in a half whisper:—

"Would you teach me Latin, young admirer of antiquity, if I felt inclined to learn it?" 77

Then Ekkehard heard in his heart something like an echo of what he had read: "Throw thyself into the

thorns and nettles, and say No!" — but he replied, "Command, and I obey."

The duchess once more gazed on the young monk, with a peculiar, fleeting glance, then turned to the abbot, and talked of indifferent things.

The cloister brothers displayed as yet no inclination to forego this day's unusual opportunity. In the abbot's eyes shone a soft and lenient light, and the cellarer also did not attempt to push the bolt when the brothers descended with their empty wine-jugs into the vaults below.

At the fourth table the old Tutilo began to get jolly, and was telling the inevitable story of his adventure with the two robbers.⁷⁸ Louder and louder his powerful voice rang through the hall: —

"One of them turned to fly, — I after him with my oaken stick; he throws away spear and shield to the ground, — I seize him by the throat, force the spear into his hand: 'Thou knave of a robber, why art thou in the world? Thou shalt fight with me!'" . . .

But they had been obliged to hear it too often already: how he had split open the skull of his enforced antagonist; so they pulled at him and urged him to sing some fine song, and when at last he gave an assenting nod, some of them rushed out, presently to return with their instruments. One of them brought a lute, another a little violin with only one string, a third a sort of dulcimer with metal pegs which were manipulated with a tuning-key, and a fourth a small ten-stringed harp. This last curious-looking instrument was called a psalter,

and its three-cornered shape was held to be a symbol of the Trinity.⁷⁹

Then they gave him his bâton of ebony. The hoary artist rose smilingly from his seat, and gave them the signal to play a piece of music, which he himself had composed in his younger days. Gladly the others listened; ⁸⁰ only Gerold the steward became rather melancholy on hearing the melodious sounds; he counted the dishes as they were carried away empty, and the stone jugs, and like a text to the melody the words vibrated through his mind, "How much this one day has swallowed up in goods and money?" ⁸¹ Softly he beat time with his sandal-clad foot, until the last note had died away.

At the foot of the table sat a silent guest, with a pale olive complexion and black curly hair. He came from Italy, and had accompanied the mules, loaded with chestnuts and oil, from the monastery estates across the Alps in Lombardy. In melancholy silence, he let the floods of song pass over him.

"Well, Master Giovanni," said Folkard the painter, "has the fine Italian ear been satisfied? The Emperor Julianus once compared the singing of our forefathers to the screeching of wild birds; but since that time we have made progress. Did it not sound lovelier in your ears than the singing of swans?" ⁸²

"Lovelier — than the singing of swans" — repeated the stranger in dreamy accents. Then he arose, and quietly stole away. No one in the

monastery ever read what he wrote down in his journal that evening.

“These men on the other side of the Alps,” he wrote, “when they let the thunder of their voices rise rumbling up to heaven, never can attain to the sweetness of an artistic modulation. Truly barbarous is the roughness of their wine-guzzling throats; and whenever they attempt, by sinking and then raising their voices, to attain a melodious softness, Nature shudders, for it resembles the creaking of cart-wheels over frozen ground.” . . . ⁸³

Herr Spazzo bethought him to end praiseworthy what he had begun so praiseworthy: he stole quietly across the courtyard to the building where Praxedis and her companions were, and said, “You are to come to the duchess, and that at once.”

At first the maidens laughed at his cowl; then they followed him into the hall, as there was no one to keep them out; and as soon as the maids became visible at the entrance of the refectory, a buzzing and murmuring and a turning of heads began, as if a dancing and jumping were now to take place such as these walls had never before experienced.

Herr Cralo the abbot, however, looked at the duchess, and exclaimed: “My Lady Cousin!” and he said it with such a touching, woe-begone expression that she started up from her revery. And suddenly she looked with different eyes than before on her chamberlain and herself, in their monk’s habits, and on the rows of carousing men. The faces of the more distant ones were hidden by their

projecting hoods, so that it seemed as if the wine were pouring down into empty cowls; and the boisterous music rang in her ears as if it were a part of a mad masquerade, that had already lasted too long. . . .

So she said: "It is time to go to bed," and went with her suite over to the school-house, where she was to rest that night.

"Do you know what would have been the reward of dancing?" asked Sindolt of one of his fellow monks, who seemed extremely sorry at this turn of affairs. The monk stared at him. Then Sindolt made a gesture which unmistakably meant, "Scourging."

CHAPTER V.

EKKEHARD'S DEPARTURE.

EARLY the next morning the duchess and her attendants mounted their steeds to ride homewards; and when she forbade all parting ceremonies, the abbot did not urge her. Therefore perfect quiet reigned in the monastery, even while the horses were neighing impatiently. Only Herr Cralo came over, knowing well what good manners demanded.

Two of the brothers accompanied him. One of them carried a handsome crystal cup with a finely wrought silver foot and cover in which was set many a pretty bit of onyx and emerald. The other carried a small jug of wine. The abbot, pouring out some into the cup, wished good speed to his noble cousin, and begged her to drink the parting draught with him, and to keep the cup as a friendly remembrance.⁸⁴

In case the gift should not be deemed sufficient, he had in the background still another curious article, which, though made of silver, had a very insignificant appearance, as it bore close resemblance to an ordinary loaf of bread. Inside, this was filled to the brim with gold-pieces.⁸⁵ The abbot did not intend to mention this prematurely, but kept it carefully hidden under his cowl.

Frau Hadwig took the proffered cup, pretended to sip a little, and then handed it back, saying: —

“Pardon me, dear cousin; what shall a woman do with that drinking-vessel! I claim another parting gift. Did you not speak of the wells of wisdom yesterday? Give me a Vergil out of your library!”

“Always jesting,” said Herr Cralo, who had expected a more momentous demand. “What good can Vergil do you? You do not know the language.”

“Of course you must give me the teacher with it,” seriously replied the duchess.

But the abbot shook his head dubiously. “Since when are the disciples of St. Gallus given away as parting gifts?”

But the duchess said: “Now, really, you understand me. The fair-haired doorkeeper shall be my teacher; and three days hence, at the latest, he and the volume of Vergil shall make their appearance at my castle! Take notice! the settlement of the disputed land in the Rhine valley, and the confirmation of the monastery’s privileges in Suabia, are in my hands; and I am not disinclined to erect a small cloister for the disciples of St. Gallus on the rocks of the Hohentwiel. . . . Farewell, cousin!”

Then Herr Cralo, with a melancholy look, signed to the serving-monk to carry the chalice back to the the treasury. Frau Hadwig gracefully extended her right hand to him, the steeds pawed the ground, Herr Spazzo waved his hat, and the cavalcade, at an easy gallop, rode away from the monastery, homewards.

From the window of the watch-tower an im-

mense nosegay was thrown after the parting guests ; in the midst of it there shone at least half a dozen sun-flowers, not to mention innumerable asters ; but nobody picked it up, and the horses' hoofs passed over it. . . .

In the dry moat outside the gate the day-scholars of the monastery had hidden themselves. "Long life to the duchess of Suabia! Hail! hail!—and she must not forget to send us the felchen!" was loudly shouted after her as a parting salutation.

"He who, as reward for his bad behavior, obtains three holidays and the best fish of the lake, may well shout," said Herr Spazzo.

Slowly the abbot went back to the monastery, and, sending for Ekkehard the doorkeeper, said to him :

"A summons has come for you. You are to take a Vergil to the Duchess Hadwig, and become her teacher. 'The old song of Maro may soften the Scythian customs by their lovely melody,' is written in Sidonius. I know that it is not your wish . . ."

Ekkehard cast down his eyes, with a heightened color.

"But we must not offend the mighty ones of this earth. To-morrow you will start. 'T is with regret that I let you go, for you are one of the best and most dutiful here. St. Gallus will not forget the service which you are rendering his foundation. Don't omit to cut out of the Vergil the title-page, on which is written the curse on him who takes the book away from the monastery."⁸⁶ . . .

What our hearts desire we gladly suffer to be put on us as a duty.

“The vow of obedience,” said Ekkehard, “obliges me to do the will of my superior, without fear or delay, without regret or murmur.”

He bent his knee before the abbot, and then went to his cell. It seemed to him as if he had been dreaming. Since the day before, almost too much had happened to him. It is often so with men. During a long time life flows monotonously; but when the turning-point of Fate comes, one change follows another. He prepared himself for the journey.

What thou hast begun, leave unfinished; withdraw thy hand from the work it was employed on, and go away in the path of obedience. He scarcely needed to remind himself of this portion of the rules.

In his cell lay the parchment-leaves of a psalm-book,⁸⁷ which had been written and illustrated by Folkard's masterly hand. Ekkehard had been commissioned to finish up all the initials with the precious gold-color which the abbot had lately bought from a Venetian merchant; and by adding delicate golden lines to the crowns, sceptres, and swords, as well as to the borders of the mantles, to give the last touch to the figures.

He took up parchment and colors, and brought them over to his companion, that he might finish the work himself. Folkard was engaged in composing a new picture,—David playing the lute and dancing before the ark of the Covenant. He did not look up, and Ekkehard silently left the studio again.

After this he went to the library to get the Vergil; and, as he stood all alone in the high-arched hall,

among the silent parchments, a feeling of melancholy came over him. Even lifeless things, when we are about to take leave of them, seem to possess a soul, and to share some of the feelings which are stirring our own hearts.

The books were his best friends. He knew them all, and knew who had copied them. Some of the manuscripts reminded him of companions whom death had already gathered.

“What will the new life, which begins to-morrow, bring to me?” he asked himself. A tear stood in his eye. At that moment his gaze fell on the small metal-bound glossary, in which St. Gallus, not knowing the language spoken by the people around the Bodensee, had caused the parson at Arbon to write down a translation into German of the most necessary words.⁸⁸ Then Ekkehard recalled with how little help and preparation the founder of the monastery had once set out, a stranger, into heathen lands; and how his God and his courageous heart had kept him safe in all dangers and sorrows.

His spirits rose; he kissed the little book, took the Vergil from the book-case, and turned to go.

Whoever carries away this book shall receive a thousand lashes of the scourge; may palsy and leprosy attack him! This was written on the title-page. Ekkehard cut it out.

Once more he looked around, as if the books on the shelves and in the cases were bidding him farewell. At that moment a rustling was heard on the wall, and there fell from the nail that held it the

large plan⁸⁹ which the architect Gerung had once drawn on a piece of leather three feet long for Abbot Hartmuth when he had wanted a new building to be added to the monastery. A great cloud of dust arose.

Ekkehard paid no heed to this.

As he walked along the passage of the upper story, he passed an open chamber. This was the old men's corner. The blind Thieto,⁹⁰ who had once been abbot, until his waning eye-sight had forced him to resign, was sitting there. A window was open so that the old man could enjoy the warm sunny air. With him Ekkehard had spent many an hour in friendly converse. The blind man recognized his step, and called him in.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Downstairs, — and to-morrow I am going far away. Give me your hand; I am going to the Hohentwiel."

"Bad, — very bad," muttered the old man.

"Why, Father Thieto?"

"The service of women is an evil thing for him who wishes to remain good. Court service is worse still. What, then, are both together?"

"It is my fate," said Ekkehard.

"St. Gallus keep you and bless you! I will pray for you. Give me my stick."

Ekkehard offered his arm, but he refused it. He rose, and went to a niche in the wall, from which he took a small vial and gave it to Ekkehard.

"It's water from the river Jordan, which I myself got. When the dust covers your face, and

your eyes grow dim, then bathe them with it. It does not help mine any more. Farewell."

On the evening of that same day Ekkehard was climbing the little hill which rose behind the monastery. This had long been his favorite walk. The dark fir-trees were reflected in the fish-ponds which had been artificially made there to supply fish for the fast-days. A gentle breeze ruffled the surface of the water; the fish were swimming briskly about. With a smile he stood by them, thinking, "When shall I taste one of you again?"

In the fir-wood on the top of the Freudenberg there was solemn silence. There he stopped. An extensive view spread before him.

At his feet lay the monastery, with all its buildings and walls. Here in the courtyard was the well-known fountain; there the garden was full of autumnal flowers; and in one long row were the windows of the cloister cells. He knew each one, and saw also his own:—

"May God protect thee, peaceful abode!"

The spot where the days of strenuous youth have been spent acts like a loadstone on the heart, which requires so little to feel attracted. Only he is poor to whom the mighty bustling life of this world has not granted time to find a quiet resting-place—a real home—for body and mind.

Ekkehard raised his eyes. Far away in the distance, like the fair prospect of the future, gleamed the Bodensee's placid mirror. The line of the opposite shore, and the peaks of the heights behind, were hidden in a vague haze; only here

and there a bright light, and its reflection in the water, indicated the dwelling-places of human beings.

“But what means the darkness behind me?” He turned round and beheld the Säntis rising with its horns and pinnacles behind the fir-clad hills. On the weatherbeaten crags flickered the warm sunbeams, as they contended with the clouds and lighted up the masses of old snow, which, in its caves and crevices, lay awaiting the new winter. . . Over the Kamor hung a heavy cloud; it grew higher and bigger; soon the sun was obscured; a wan gray hue veiled the mountain-peaks; it began to lighten. . .

“Is that meant as a warning for me?” said Ekkehard. “I do not understand it. My way is not toward the Säntis.”

Full of thoughts, he descended to the valley again.

In the night he prayed at the grave of St. Gallus. Early in the morning he took his departure. The Vergil and Thieto's vial were packed up in his knapsack, which also held the few other things that he possessed.

He who has not even his own person, his wishes and his desires at his free disposal, can still less have any worldly possessions and goods.

The abbot gave him two gold-pieces and some silver coins, as a travelling-penny.

In one of the monastery grain ships he crossed the lake, a favorable wind filling the sail, and courage and the joy of travel swelling his bosom.

At dinner-time the castle of Constance and the cathedral and its towers became more and more distinct. With a joyous bound, Ekkehard sprang on shore.

In Constance he might have stopped and claimed the hospitality of the bishop. He did not do so. The place was disagreeable to him; he hated it from the bottom of his heart, — not for its position or any lack of beauty (in that respect it is the open rival of any town on the lake), but on account of the memory of a man whom he detested.

This was Bishop Salomo, who had been lately buried with great pomp in the cathedral. Ekkehard was a simple-minded, straightforward, pious man. To become proud and overbearing in the service of the church seemed to him very wrong; to combine this with worldly tricks and knavery highly blamable; and to remain famous, in spite of wickedness of heart, most extraordinary. Such, however, had been the Bishop Salomo's career.

Ekkehard well remembered hearing from older companions how the young nobleman had forced his way into the monastery and acted as spy; how he had managed to represent himself as indispensable to the emperor, until the mitre of an abbot of St. Gall, together with that of a bishop of Constance, was placed on his brow.

And the children in the streets sang of the fate which had befallen the messengers of the exchequer. The intriguing prelate had provoked and insulted them till they had recourse to feudal law, and made him prisoner; but though Herr Erchanger's wife Berchta

tended and nursed him like her lord during his captivity, and begged him for the kiss of peace, and ate out of the same plate with him, his spirit of vengeance was not appeased until the emperor's law court at Adingen laid the heads of his fierce enemies at his feet.

And the daughter whom he had begotten in the gay days of his student-life was even then abbess in the cathedral at Zurich.⁹¹

All this was known to Ekkehard: he did not like to pray in the church where that man was buried.

It may be unjust to transfer the hatred which is felt for men to the place where they have lived and died, but it is comprehensible.

He shook the dust of Constance from his feet, and strode out of the city-gate, keeping on the left of the stripling Rhine where it had but just issued from the lake.

He cut for himself a strong walking-stick from a hazel-bush. "As the rod of Aaron which budded in the temple of God distinguished his race from that of the degenerate Jews, so may this staff, blessed by the abundance of God's grace, be my protection against the evil ones on my path," he said, in the words of an old blessing on walking-sticks.⁹²

His heart beat with pleasure as he walked on his solitary way.

How full of hope and joy is he who in the days of his youth goes out on unknown paths to meet an unknown future, with the wide world before him, a blue sky over-head, and the heart fresh and trusting, as if his pilgrim-staff, wherever he plants it in

the ground, must produce leaves and blossoms, and bring forth good fortune like golden apples on its boughs. Walk briskly on! The day will come when thou also wilt drag thyself wearily along on the dusty highway, when thy staff will be but a dry withered stick, when thy face will be pale and worn, and the children will be pointing their fingers at thee, laughing and asking, "Where are the golden apples?" . . .

Ekkehard was truly light-hearted and content. To sing merry songs was not becoming for a man of his calling; it was the song of David which he now began:—

The Lord is my shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing. He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort; and this may have been registered in heaven in the same book in which the guardian-angels of youth put down the merry songs of wandering scholars and 'prentice lads.

His path took him through meadows and past marshes filled with tall reeds. A long and narrow island called Reichenau — Rich Meadow — stretched out in the lake. The towers and walls of the monastery were mirrored in the placid waters; vineyards, meadows, and orchards testified to the industry of the inhabitants.

Two hundred years previously the "Meadow" was only a barren waste, a damp morass, the dwelling-place of hideous crawling things and poisonous snakes. But the Austrian Governor Sintlaz invited over the itinerant Bishop Pirminius, who pronounced a solemn blessing on the island. Then the snakes

and scorpions went away in great masses,—myriapods as skirmishers in the van, together with earwigs and scorpions and all other crawling things in carefully arranged columns, while toads and salamanders brought up the rear. Nothing could resist the curse which the bishop had pronounced over them. The swarm directed its course down to the shore, to the spot where afterwards the castle Schopfeln was built, and thence they fell into the green waters of the lake; and the fish had a good meal on that day. . . .

From that time the monastery founded by St. Pirmin had flourished,—a greenhouse of monastic discipline, of good repute in German lands.

Reichenau, island of verdure, how far above all art thou favored!

Rich in treasures of knowledge and rich in thy virtuous people,

Rich in the fruits of thy orchards, the swelling grapes of thy vineyards,

Ever thy lily bloom, in the mirror-like lake is reflected:

Far thy fame is spread to the misty land of the Britons!

Thus, as early as in the days of Ludwig the German, sang the learned monk Ermenrich⁹⁸ when in his abbey of Ellwangen a longing for the glittering waters of the Bodensee came over him.

Ekkehard resolved to pay a visit to this rival of his monastery. On the white sandy shore of Ermingen a fisherman was standing in his boat, baling out water. Ekkehard pointed with his staff toward the island and said, "Row me over there, my good friend."

The monastic dress in those days gave weight to all demands.

But the fisherman peevishly shook his head and said: "I will not take any more of you over, since you fined me a shilling, at the last session-day."

"Why did they fine you?"

"On account of the Kreuzmann!"

"And who is the Kreuzmann?"

"The Allmann."

"He likewise is unknown to me," said Ekkehard. "What does he look like?"

"He is made of metal," grumbled the fisherman, "two spans high, and holds three water-lilies in his hand. He was standing in the old willow-tree at Allmannsdorf, and it was a good thing that he stood there; but at the last session they cut him out of the tree, and carried him into their monastery. So now he stands on that Italian bishop's grave at Niederzell. What good does he do there? — Does he help dead saints to catch fish?"⁹⁴

Then Ekkehard perceived that the fisherman's Christian faith was as yet not very strong, and now he knew why the bronze idol had cost him a shilling's fine. He had sacrificed a kid to it at night-time, in order that his draught of fishes might be well blessed with felchen, trout, and perch; and the authorities had punished such heathenish backsliding according to the imperial laws.

"Be sensible, old friend," said Ekkehard, "and forget the Allmann. I will give you a good part of your shilling, if you will set me across."

"What I say," replied the old man, "shall not

be turned round like a ring on a finger. I will take none of you over. My boy may do it if he likes."

He whistled through his fingers, and this brought his boy, a tall boatman, who rowed him across.

When the boat touched shore Ekkehard walked toward the monastery, which stands in the middle of the island hidden among fruit-trees and vineyards.

The autumn was already advanced, and both old and young were occupied with the vintage. Here and there the hood of a serving-brother stood out dark against the red and yellow vine-leaves. On the watch-tower the fathers of the monastery stood together in a group, enjoying the spectacle of the busy crowd of grape-gatherers below. They had just been receiving the benediction of the new wine,⁹⁵ which was brought in a large marble vase, believed to be one of the identical vessels used at the marriage at Cana. Joyous greetings and distant shouts of merriment were heard in all the vineyards.

Unobserved, Ekkehard reached the monastery; but not until he was within a few steps of it did he perceive the clumsy tower with its porches, the arches of which are ornamented alternately with red and gray sandstone.

In the court all was hushed and silent. A large dog wagged its tail at the stranger, without giving a single growl; it never barked at any one wearing a cowl. The beautiful autumn day had enticed all the brotherhood into the open air.⁹⁶

Ekkehard now entered the vaulted reception room near the entrance. Even the doorkeeper's chamber,

next to it, was empty. Open casks were standing about; some already filled with the newly pressed wine. Behind these, against the wall, was a stone bench; Ekkehard was tired from his long walk, and the lake breeze had been blowing freshly about his head; he suddenly felt sleepy: so he put his staff against the wall, stretched himself out on the bench, and fell asleep.

Shortly after, a slow step approached the cool room. This was the worthy brother Rudimann, the cellarer. He carried a small stone jug in his right hand, and had come to fulfil his duty by tasting the new wine. The smile of a man contented with himself and with the world was on his lips; and his belly had thriven well, like the household of an industrious man. Over it he wore a white apron, and at his left side jingled a ponderous bunch of keys.

*As cellarer shall be chosen a wise man, of ripe judgment, sober and no glutton, no quarreller or fault-finder, no idler and no spendthrift; but a pious man, who shall be to the whole brotherhood like a father*⁹⁷: and, so far as the weakness of the flesh allowed, Rudimann strove to unite in himself such qualities as were requisite for the cellarer. At the same time he had to perform the unpleasant duty of inflicting the punishments; and, whenever one of the brothers became liable to a flogging, it was he who tied him to the pillar, and no one could then complain of the weakness of his arm. That he, moreover, sometimes uttered malicious speeches with a malicious tongue, and tried to entertain the

abbot with insinuations against his fellow-monks, — like the squirrel Ratatöskr in the Edda,⁹⁸ which ran up and down the ash-tree Yggdrasil, and repeated the eagle's angry speeches at the top of the tree to Nidhögg the dragon at the bottom, — this was not required of him: he did it of his own free will.

To-day, however, he wore a very benign and mild expression, for which the excellent vintage was responsible; and he dipped his drinking-vessel into an open cask, held it toward the window, and then slowly sipped the thick liquid. He did not observe the sleeping guest.

“This also is sweet,” said he, “though it comes from the northern side of the hill. Praised be the Lord, who has taken into due consideration the necessities of his servants on this island, and, after so many meagre years, has given us a fat one, free from acid!”

Meanwhile Kerhildis the upper maid-servant, passed the door, carrying a tub full of grapes to the press.

“Kerhildis,” whispered the cellarer, “most trustworthy of all maids, take my jug, and fill it with new wine from the Wartberg, — which you will find over there by the press, — that I may compare it with this one.”

Kerhildis the upper maid-servant put down her load and went away, and, speedily returning, stood before Rudimann with the jug in her hand. Archly looking up at him, for he was a head taller than she was, she said, “To your health.”

Rudimann took a long, pious, comparative draught,

so that the new wine might melt on his lips like snow in the morning sun.

“It will all be sweet and good,” said he, lifting his eyes with emotion; and that they then fell on the maid-servant’s beaming countenance was scarcely the cellarer’s fault, as she had had plenty of time in which to retire.

So he continued with unction: “But when I look at you, Kerhildis, my heart becomes doubly glad; for you also thrive as the cloister-wine does this autumn, and your cheeks are red like pomegranates waiting to be plucked. Rejoice with me over the goodness of this year, most faithful of all maids.”

And the cellarer put his arm round the waist of the dark-eyed maid,⁹⁹ who did not resist very strenuously, — for what is a kiss at vintage time? and, besides, she knew Rudimann to be a man of sober character, who did everything in moderation, as befitted a cellarer.

The sleeper started up from his slumbers on the stone bench. A peculiar noise, such as could be caused by nothing else except by a well-meant and well-applied kiss, struck his ear; and looking through the opening between the casks, he saw the cellarer’s garments, and flowing tresses which did not belong to that habit.

He started up: ungovernable rage took possession of him; for Ekkehard was young and zealous, and accustomed to the strict discipline of St. Gall, and he had never before dreamed that it was possible for a man in the holy garb of the order to kiss a woman.

His stout hazel-staff still lay in his arm: he sprang forward, and with it struck the cellarer a vigorous blow, which extended from the right shoulder to the left hip, and which fitted like a coat made according to measure; and before Rudimann had recovered from the first shock, there followed a second and third blow of the same description. He dropped his pitcher, which was shattered to pieces on the stone floor; Kerhildis fled.

“In the name of the pitcher at the marriage at Cana!” cried Rudimann, “what is the meaning of this!” and turned round on his assailant; then, for the first time, the two looked into each other’s faces.

“’T is a present which St. Gallus sends to St. Pirmin,”¹⁰⁰ replied Ekkehard, fiercely, again raising his stick.

“I might have guessed as much,” roared the cellarer, — “St. Gall’s crab-apples! You may be recognized by your fruits. Rough ground, rough faith, and rougher people!¹⁰¹ Wait for the return present!”

He looked about for some weapon: a good-sized broom stood in the corner; he armed himself with it, and was just about to attack the disturber of his peace, when a commanding voice called out from the gate: —

“Stop! Peace be with you!” and a second voice, with a foreign accent, exclaimed, “What Holofernes has sprung out of the ground here?”

It was the Abbot Wazmann, who, with his friend Simon Bardo, the former *protospathar*¹⁰² of the

Greek emperor, was returning from blessing the new wine. The noise of the quarrel had interrupted a very learned exegesis by the Greek of the siege of the town of Hai by Joshua, and the strategic mistakes of the king of Hai when he went out at the head of his army toward the desert. The old Greek commander — who had left his home so as not to lose his strength of body and mind in the peaceful state of Byzantium — employed his leisure hours very zealously in the study of tactics; and he was jestingly called “the Captain of Capernaum,” although he had adopted the garb of the order.

“Let them have the fight out,” cried Simon Bardo, who had witnessed with regret the interruption of the combat by the abbot. “In my dreams last night I saw a rain of fiery sparks. That means fighting.”

But the abbot — in whose eyes the self-assumed power of younger brothers was most obnoxious — commanded peace, and desired to hear the cause of the quarrel before him, that he might settle it.

Then Rudimann began to tell the story, and kept back nothing.

“A slight misbehavior,” murmured the abbot. “Chapter forty-six: concerning misbehavior during work-time, while gardening or fishing, in the kitchen or cellar. Allemannic law: concerning that which is done to maids. . . . Let the antagonist speak.”

Then Ekkehard also told what he had witnessed, and how he had acted on the impulse of a righteous indignation.

“This is complicated,” murmured the abbot.

“Chapter seventy: no brother shall dare to strike a fellow-brother, without the abbot's sanction. Chapter seventy-two: concerning that which is becoming in a monk; and which leads to eternal life. . . . How old are you?”

“Twenty-three.”

Then the abbot seriously resumed. “The quarrel is ended. You, brother cellarer, may look on the blows you received as just retribution for your forgetfulness; and you, stranger from St. Gall, I might well bid to continue your journey, for the laws say: *Whenever a stranger monk from distant provinces enters a monastery, he shall be satisfied with everything he finds there, allowing himself only to reprove mildly, and not making himself officious in any way.* In consideration of your youth, however, as well as the blameless motive of your action, you shall be allowed to pass an hour in devotion at the chief altar of our church, in expiation of your rashness; and after that you will be welcome as the guest of the monastery.”

The abbot with his sentence fared as many an impartial judge has fared before. Neither of the adversaries was satisfied. They obeyed, but they were not reconciled. While Ekkehard was performing his expiatory prayers in the church, many thoughts concerning good-will, timely zeal, and criticising other people thereon, crossed his mind. It was one of the first lessons he learned from contact with other men. He returned to the monastery by a little side-door.

What Kerhildis the upper-maid servant related

that evening to her companions in the sewing-room at Oberzell — where they had to make a dozen new monks' habits by the flickering light of the pine-wood — was couched in such very insulting terms regarding the disciples of the holy Gallus that it had better not be repeated here! . . .

CHAPTER VI.

MOENGAL.

AT the very time that Ekkehard was performing his compulsory devotions in the monastery church at Reichenau, Frau Hadwig was on the balcony of the Hohentwiel looking out into the distance; but not toward the sunset, for the sun was going down to his rest at her back, behind the dark hills of the Black Forest: Frau Hadwig was looking with eager, expectant eyes toward the lake, and the path which led from it up to the Hohentwiel. The view, however, did not appear to satisfy her; when the twilight faded into darkness she went in, rather discontentedly,¹⁰⁸ ordered her chamberlain to come, and conversed a long time with him. . . .

Early the next morning Ekkehard stood at the threshold of the monastery, ready to continue his journey. The abbot was also up betimes, and was taking a walk in the garden. The serious look of the judge was no longer visible on his face. Ekkehard bade him good-bye. Then the abbot, with a meaning smile, whispered in his ear, "Happy man, who has to teach grammar to such a fair pupil!" These words cut Ekkehard to the heart. An old story rose in his memory; for even within cloister walls there are evil tongues, and

traditional stories which go round from mouth to mouth.

“You are probably thinking of the time, Holy Sir,” replied he, tauntingly, “when you were instructing the nun Clotildis in the art of dialectics.”¹⁰⁴

Whereupon he went down to his boat. The abbot would much rather have taken a pot of pepper for his breakfast than have had that fact called up to his mind. “A happy journey!” he called out after his departing guest.

From that time Ekkehard had to endure the enmity of the monks at Reichenau. This, however, he little heeded; and was rowed down the lake by the same boatman of Ermatingen.

Dreamily he gazed from his boat into the distance. Under the transparent mist of the morning undulated the lake; on the left arose the slender turrets of Egino's cloister, Niedertzell; on the other side the island stretched out its farthest points. A large stone-built castle could be seen through the willow-bushes, but Ekkehard's eyes were fixed on a more distant point toward which he was sailing. Proud and grand, in steep, bold outlines, a rocky mountain-peak rose above the hills on the shore, like the thought of a mighty spirit, which, ponderous and pregnant with action, towers above the dead level around. The morning sun was casting bright gleams of light on the rocky edges and steep walls. Far to the right several lower hills of the same shape stood modestly like advance guards posted there by the Mighty One.

“The Hohentwiel,” said the boat-man to Ekke-

hard. The young monk had never before beheld the place of his destination, but he did not need the boatman's information. "Such must be the mountain which she has chosen for her residence." An earnest mood took possession of Ekkehard. Mountain-peaks, wide ranges of water and sky, splendid landscapes, always produce seriousness. It is only the actions of men that bring a smile to the lips of the spectator. He recalled the apostle John, and how he went to the rocky Isle of Patmos, and what a revelation had come to him there. . . .

The boatman rowed steadily onwards. They were already approaching the precipitous cape on which Radolfzell and a few scattered houses were situated, when, suddenly, a strange little canoe put into the lake. It was made of the hollow trunk of a tree, but roofed over and quite covered up with green boughs and water-rushes, so that the one who directed it was invisible. The wind was drifting it toward a thick plantation of water-reeds and bulrushes near the shore.

Ekkehard ordered his boatman to stop this curious little craft, and in obedience he pushed his oar into the green covering.

"Pestilence and leprosy befall you!" called out a deep bass voice from the inside; "*oleum et operam perdidit!* All my labor's lost! Wild geese and teal are gone to the Devil!"

A covey of water-fowl, which, hoarsely shrieking, rose up from the rushes and flew inland, corroborated the truth of this exclamation.

There was a rustling and pushing among the

leafy boughs, and a brown, weather-beaten, and deeply furrowed countenance peered out. Its owner was clad in a faded stole, which had been cut off at the knees by a knife in an unskilled hand, and hung down in a ragged fringe. At the girdle, instead of a rosary, was a quiver full of arrows; while the strung bow lay at the bow of the boat.

“Pestilence and leprosy” — once more began the occupant of the canoe; but when he beheld Ekkehard’s tonsure and Benedictine garment, he quickly changed his tone: “Hoiho! *salve confrater!* By the beard of St. Patrick of Armagh! If your inquisitiveness had left me unmolested another quarter of an hour, I might have invited you to a goodly repast of the game of our lake.” With emotion he gazed at the covey of wild ducks vanishing in the distance.

“Ekkehard smilingly lifted his fore-finger: “*Nē clericus venationi incumbat!* No consecrated servant of God shall be a sportsman!”¹⁰⁵

“Your book-wisdom does not do for us at the Untersee,” exclaimed the other. “Are you sent hither, perchance, to hold a church inspection for the parish-priest of Radolfszell?”

“The parish-priest of Radolfszell?” inquired Ekkehard in his turn. “Do I verily see the brother Marcellus?”

He cast a side-look on the sportsman’s right arm, from which the sleeve was turned back, and there beheld, tatoored in rough outlines, a picture of our Saviour, encircled by a serpent, over which stood the words, “*Christus vindex.*”¹⁰⁶

“Brother Marcellus?” laughed the other, pushing his hair back from his forehead, “*fuimus Troes!* welcome in Moengal’s realm!”

He stepped out from his hollow tree into Ekkehard’s boat; and, kissing him on cheek and forehead, said: “Health to St. Gallus! And now let us land together; you are my guest, even if we have no wild ducks.”

“I had conceived a very different idea of you,” said Ekkehard, — and this was not strange.

Nothing gives a more erroneous idea of men than to come to the places where they once lived and worked; to see fragmentary relics of their activity; and from the remarks of those left behind to form our impression of those that are gone. That which is deepest and most characteristic of a man is frequently unnoticed by others, even though it be open to the day; and in tradition it disappears entirely.

When Ekkehard joined the monastery, the brother Marcellus had already left it to assume the priest’s office at Radolfzell. Some neatly written manuscripts, such as Cicero’s “*De Officiis*,” and a Latin Priscian with Irish characters between the lines, still kept up the remembrance of him. His name, too, was held in great veneration in the inner monastery-school, where he had been one of the most distinguished teachers; his life had been blameless; but since then nothing had been heard of him at St. Gall. Therefore Ekkehard had expected to find a serious, lean, pale-faced scholar instead of the lively sportsman of the lake.

The shores of Radolfszell were soon reached. A thin silver coin, stamped on one side only, satisfied the boatman.¹⁰⁷ They stepped on shore. A few houses and rude fishermen's huts surrounded the little church which holds the remains of St. Radolf.

"We have reached Moengal's dwelling," said the old man. "Come in. It is to be hoped that you will not carry tales about my house to the bishop of Constance, like the deacon of Rheinau, who pretended that he found the jugs and drinking-horns of a size that ought to have been objectionable in any century."¹⁰⁸

They entered into a wainscoted hall. Stag-antlers and bison-horns hung over the entrance; hunting-spears, lime-twigs, and fishing-tackle of every description ornamented the walls in picturesque confusion. Close to an upturned cask in one corner stood a dice-box. Had it not been the abode of the parish-priest, it might have been imagined that the imperial gamekeeper dwelt there.

In a moment a jug of somewhat sour wine was placed on the oak table; bread and butter was fetched out of the storeroom; and when the priest returned from an expedition to the kitchen, he held up his habit like a filled apron, and poured down a shower of smoked fish before his guest.

"*Heu! quod anseres fugasti antvogelosque et horotumblum!* Alas that you should have frightened away the wild geese, as well as the ducks and the bittern!"¹⁰⁹ said he; "but when a person has to choose between smoked fish and nothing, he always chooses the former."

Members of the same confraternity quickly become friends. A lively conversation was kept up during the meal. But the old man had more questions to ask than Ekkehard could answer. Of many a one of his former brothers nothing else was to be told than that his coffin had been laid in the vault with the others; a cross on the wall and an entry in the death-register being the sole traces left that he had ever lived. The stories, jokes, and quarrels which had been told thirty years before had been replaced by new ones, and all that had happened since did not much interest him. Only when Ekkehard told him about the end and aim of his journey he exclaimed: "Hoiho, confrater! how could you cry out against all sport, when you yourself aim at such a noble deer!"

But Ekkehard turned the subject by asking: "Have you never felt any longing for the quiet and study within the monastery walls?"

At that question the parish-priest's eyes flashed: "Was Catilina ever tortured by any longing for the wooden benches of the Roman senate, after it was said of him, *excessit, evasit, erupit*? — Young men cannot understand that. The flesh-pots of Egypt! *ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes . . .* said the dog to the kennel in which he had lain seven years."

"No, I certainly do not understand you," replied Ekkehard. "What was it that brought about such a change in your views?"

He cast a side-glance at the sporting implements.

"Time," replied the priest, beating his fish on the table to make it tender, "time and growing

experience. But this you need not repeat to your abbot. I also was once such a youth as you are now; for Ireland produces pious people, as is well known here. *Eheu!* what a blameless being I was when I returned with Uncle Marcus from our pilgrimage to Rome.¹¹⁰ You should have seen the young Moengal then! The whole world was not worth a gudgeon to him, while psalm-singing, vigils, and spiritual exercises were his heart's delight. Thus we entered the monastery of St. Gallus, — for in honor of a countryman an honest Irishman does not mind going a few miles out of his way, — and finally I stayed there altogether. Clothes, books, money, and knowledge, — the whole man became the monastery's own, and the Irish Moengal was called Marcellus, and threw his uncle's silver and gold coins out of the window, so that the bridge leading back to the world might be broken down. Those were fine times, I tell you; for I fasted and prayed and studied to my heart's content.

“But too much sitting is injurious to a man, and much knowledge makes superfluous work. Many an evening I have dug like a book-worm, and disputed like a magpie; for there was nothing that could not be proved: Where the head of St. John the baptist was buried, and in what language the serpent had spoken to Adam, — all was clearly demonstrated; while such ideas as that human beings come into the world with bones and flesh and blood were never taken into consideration at all. *Hoiho, confrater!* then there came evil hours for me, such as I hope may be spared you. My

head grew heavy and my hands restless. Neither at the writing-desk nor in the church could I find rest or peace; 'Hence! hence! and away,' was the inward cry of my heart. I once said to the old Thieto that I had made a discovery. 'What discovery?' quoth he. That outside the cloister-walls there was fresh air . . . Then they forbade me to go out; but many a night did I steal up to the belfry¹¹¹ and looked out and envied the bats, that could fly over into the pine-woods . . . *Confrater*, against such a state there is no help in fasting and prayer, for what is in human nature must come out.

"The late abbot at last took pity on me, and sent me here for a year; but the brother Marcellus never returned. When I cut down a pine-tree in the sweat of my brow, and made myself a boat out of it, and struck down the bird flying in the air, then I began to understand what it meant to be healthy. Hunting and fishing drive away morbid fancies. In this way I have performed the priest's duties at Radolfszell for thirty years, *rusticitate quadam imbutus*, — somewhat after the manner of a peasant, but what does it matter? 'I am like the pelican in the wilderness, and, like the owl, I have built my nest amidst ruins,' says the Psalmist; but I am fresh and strong, and old Moengal does not intend to become a dead man yet awhile, and he knows that he is at least secure against *one* evil . . ."

"And what evil is that?" inquired Ekkehard.

"That St. Peter will not one day give me a crack on the forehead with the heavenly door-key, saying,

‘Off with you, who have meddled with vain and idle philosophy!’”

Ekkehard did not try further to elicit Moengal’s heart-confidences. “I suppose,” said he, “that you have pretty hard work with your ecclesiastical duties. Hardened hearts, heathendom, and heresy. . . .”

“’Tis not so bad as they make it out to be,” said the old man. “To be sure, in the mouths of bishops and chamberlains and in the reports of the session and the synod, it seems terrifying enough when they describe the heathenish delusions, and threaten them with punishment. Here we have simply the old faith, — tracing the Godhead in tree and river and on breezy mountain-heights. Every one in this world must have his apocalypse, and the people of the Hegau find theirs in the open air . . . and really one may have his thoughts when, early in the morning, one stands in the water-reeds and sees the glorious sun arise. . . . Nevertheless, they come to me on the Lord’s day and chant the mass; and if the authorities did not so frequently snatch the shilling out of their bags as a fine, they would far more readily open their hearts to the gospel. A bumper, *confrater*, to the fresh air!”

“Allow me,” said Ekkehard, with delicate tact. “I will drink to the health of Marcellus, the teacher at the cloister-school, and the author of the Irish translation of Priscian.”

“Very well,” laughed Moengal. “But with regard to the Irish translation, I am afraid there is a catch in it!”¹¹²

Ekkehard felt a great longing to reach his Ho-

hentwiel; for any one who is close to the end of a journey is loath to tarry long. "The mountain stands fast enough," said Moengal; "it will never run away from you."

But Moengal's wine, and his discourse about fresh air, had nothing very tempting for one who was about to go to a duchess! So he started to go.

"I will accompany you to the borders of my district," said the priest, "for to-day you may still walk by my side, in spite of my faded garments; but when you are once settled on yonder mountain, you will believe yourself transfigured, and you will become a grand lord; and on the day when at Frau Hadwig's side you pass Radolfszell on horseback, and old Moengal is standing on the threshold, then, perhaps, you will hardly deign to wave your hand to him,—that is the way of the world. When the 'heuerling' grows big, then it is called 'felchen,' and devours the small ones of its own race."

"It is not fair to say such things," said Ekkehard, and he kissed his Irish brother.

Then they set out together, and Moengal took his lime-twigs with him, therewith to ensnare birds on his return. It was a long way through the pine-wood, long and still.

Where the trees were less crowded together, they could see the dark mass of the Hohentwiel throwing its shadow over them. Moengal with keen eyes looked searchingly along the forest path, and muttered, "There's something coming through the clearing."

They had gone a few steps farther when Moengal seized his companion's arm, and, pointing forward, said, "These are neither wild ducks nor animals of the forest!"

A sound like the neighing of a horse was heard in the distance. . . . Moengal sprang aside, glided a long distance through the young sapling trees, and, lying down on the ground, listened intently.

"Sportsman's folly," muttered Ekkehard to himself, and waited for him. Moengal came back: "Brother," he asked, "is St. Gallus having a feud with any of the mighty ones in the land?"

"No."

"Have you offended some one?"

"No."

"Strange," said the old man, "for three armed men are coming toward us."

"Most likely they are messengers sent by the duchess to receive me," said Ekkehard, with a proud smile.

"Hoiho!" muttered Moengal, "you've missed it. That is not the livery of the duchess's vassals. The helmet has no distinguishing mark, and no one on the Hohentwiel wears a gray mantle!"

He stood still now.

"Forward!" said Ekkehard. "He whose conscience is clear is protected by the angels of the Lord."

"Not always in the Hegau," replied the old man. There was no more time for further dialogue, for the tramp of horses' hoofs and the clattering of arms were heard, and three horsemen,

with closed visors and drawn swords, came galloping up. . . .

“Follow me!” cried the priest, “*maturate fugam!*” He threw his lime-twigs on the ground, and tried to drag Ekkehard to one side; but when he resisted, Moengal sprang into the bushes alone. The thorns added new rents to the old ones in his well-worn garments; but, tearing himself free, he escaped into the thicket with the agility of a squirrel. He knew the tricks!

“It is he!” cried the foremost of the riders; whereupon the others sprang down from their horses. Ekkehard stood proudly waiting for them. “What do you want?” — no answer. He seized the crucifix suspended from his girdle, and was just beginning with, “In the name of the Crucified”. . . when he found himself thrown on the ground. Rough, strong hands held him as in a vice; a cord was twisted round his arms, which were then tied behind his back; a white handkerchief was bound tightly over his eyes, so that he could see nothing, and then the command, “Forward!” was given.

Surprise and consternation took the strength out of his knees so that he tottered. Then they took him up and carried him to the entrance of the forest, where four men were waiting with a litter, into which they threw their victim; and then they proceeded along the level ground, — Ekkehard noticed by the tramp of the horses’ feet that his captors remained at his side.

Whilst Moengal was fleeing through the wood,

the blackbirds and linnets flew about so confidently from bough to bough, and the thrushes' clear notes sounded so tempting that he forgot the danger, and his heart upbraided him for having dropped the lime-twigs.

But when the quail also now sang out its "Quakkara! quakkara!"¹¹³ it sounded like a challenge, and he turned his steps back toward the spot where he had left his companion. Everything was quiet there, as if nothing had happened. In the distance he could see the knights departing. Their helmets glittered.

"Many that are first shall be last," said he, shaking his head and bending down to pick up his lime-twigs. "He expected to go to a princess's castle, and a prison opens to receive him. Holy Gallus, pray for us!"

Moengal did not bother his brains any further about the matter. Such deeds of violence were as plentiful as primroses in spring-time.

Once a fish was swimming about in the Bodensee a fathom deep, and could not understand what brought the cormorant down on it; the black diver had it already in its beak, and was flying away with it, and still the fish could not understand it.

So it was with Ekkehard, lying bound in the litter,—the more he reflected about this sudden change in his fate, the less could he comprehend it.

Now the idea rose menacingly within him that some friend or blood relation of those messengers of the exchequer might live in the Hegau, and be taking vengeance on the innocent disciple of St.

Gallus; for Salomo, who had occasioned their shameful execution, had once been abbot of St. Gall. In that case, Ekkehard had to prepare himself for the worst; as he well knew that neither tonsure nor monk's habit would be any protection against having his eyes burnt out, or hands cut off, if it was a question of revenge.

He thought of death. With his conscience he was at peace, and death itself had no terror for him; but yet in his heart there arose the faint murmur, "Why not a year later, after my foot had been set on the Hohentwiel?"

Now his bearers were moving more slowly, as if they were walking uphill. Into which of the robber's nests of that land were they carrying him? They had been climbing for about half an hour when the tramp of the horses' hoofs made a hollow sound, as if they were going over a wooden bridge. Still everything was quiet; no watchman's call. The decisive moment must be close at hand. Then Ekkehard felt new confidence rising: the words of the psalm came into his mind:—

God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea.

Though the waters thereof rage and swell, and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same. . . . The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah. . . .

Another bridge was crossed, a gate opened, the

litter was put down; then they took out their prisoner. His foot touched the ground; he felt grass, and heard a whispering, as if there were many people around him. The cords were loosened from his arms.

“Take off the bandage from your eyes,” said one of his escorts. He obeyed, and — oh, heart, do not exult! — he was standing in the courtyard on the Hohentwiel.

There was a gay rustling in the boughs of the old linden-tree; a tent-like linen cloth was fastened to it; garlands of smallage and vine-leaves were hanging from it. All the inhabitants of the fortress were assembled, and on a stone bench in the midst sat the duchess. From her shoulders the princely mantle of dark purple descended in heavy folds; a sweet smile softened her haughty features, and now the stately figure rose, and advanced toward Ekkehard: —

“Welcome to Hadwig’s domains!”

Ekkehard had as yet scarcely realized what had happened to him. He was about to kneel before her; but she graciously raised him to his feet and beckoned with her hand to the Chamberlain Spazzo, who, throwing aside his gray mantle, came forward and embraced Ekkehard like an old friend: —

“In the name of our gracious mistress, receive the kiss of peace.”

The thought that they were playing a trick upon him flashed through Ekkehard’s mind; but the duchess called out laughingly: —

“You are paid in your own coin. As you did not

allow the duchess of Suabia to cross the threshold of St. Gallus except by being carried, it was but fair that she should have the man from St. Gall also carried into her castle."

And Herr Spazzo again shook hands with him, and said:—

"I hope you are not angry; we did as we were commanded!"

He had first headed the attack, and was now helping to welcome Ekkehard, doing both with the same unalterably pompous air; for a chamberlain must be versatile, and even know how to reconcile contradictions.

Ekkehard smiled.

"For a mere jest," said he, "you have acted your part very seriously." He had especially in mind how one of the riders, when they threw him into the litter, had given him a good thrust between the ribs with the brass-bound but-end of his lance. This had certainly not been the duchess's order; but the lancer had been present, with Luitfried, the nephew of one of the *Kammerboten*, at the time when they overthrew the Bishop Salomo, and had from that time kept the erroneous notion that a good blow or kick was absolutely necessary when any one belonging to the church was to be overthrown.¹¹⁴

Frau Hadwig, now taking her guest by the hand, led him through the castle court and showed him her airy abode, and the splendid view of the Bodensee and the distant Alpine peaks, and all the people belonging to the castle asked for his blessing,—

amongst them also the lancers and the litter-bearers ; and he blessed them all.

The duchess accompanied him to the entrance of his chamber. A bath had been prepared for him,¹¹⁵ and new clothes awaited him ; she told him to rest himself from the fatigues of the journey, and Ekkehard felt happy and light-hearted after his strange adventure. . . .

The following night it came to pass in the monastery of St. Gall that Romeias the watchman, without any reason, started up from his couch and fiercely blew his horn ; so that the dogs in the courtyard barked loudly, and every one awoke and came running out. Yet there was no one asking admittance. The abbot concluded that it was the doing of evil spirits, but at the same time ordered Romeias's evening drink to be reduced to one half for six days, — a regulation which was based, however, on a very erroneous supposition.

CHAPTER VII.

VERGILIUS ON THE HOHENTWIEL.

AFTER one has accomplished a removal to a new residence, it is very pleasant and fascinating work, to make one's self comfortable.

It is by no means a matter of indifference in what place one lives and what one's surroundings are. He whose windows look out on a highway, where carts are constantly passing, and where they are pounding stone, is certainly oftener visited by gray, dusty thoughts, than by gay, many-colored fancies.

With regard to situation, Ekkehard might well be contented; for the ducal castle on the Twiel was airy and high, and lonely enough; but still he was not quite satisfied when, on the day after his arrival, Frau Hadwig showed him his domicile.

It was a great spacious chamber, with arched windows supported on pillars, and was entered from the same passage which led to the duchess's hall and chambers. The impressions which a man takes with him from his lonely cloister-cell are not to be shaken off in a single night; and Ekkehard reflected how he might often be disturbed in his meditations if the tread of armor-clad men and

the jingling of spurs, or the softer footsteps of serving-maids were to pass his door, or even if he heard the mistress of the castle on her way up and down. So without hesitation he addressed himself to Frau Hadwig, saying, "I have a favor to ask of you, my liege Lady."

"Speak," said she, mildly.

"Could you not give me, besides this room, a more distant and solitary little chamber, — even if it be under the roof, or in one of the watch-towers? Study, as well as the exercise of prayer, requires perfect quiet; you know the custom of the cloister!"

Then a slight frown overshadowed Frau Hadwig's brow: it was not a cloud, — only a cloudlet.

"Do you wish to be often alone?" she asked, with a satirical smile. "Why did you not stay at St. Gall?"

Ekkehard bowed his head and remained silent.

"Stay," cried Frau Hadwig; "your wish shall be fulfilled. You may look at the room in which Vincentius, our chaplain, lived till his blessed end. His taste was also that of a bird of prey, and he preferred being the highest on the Hohentwiel to being the most comfortable. Praxedis, get the large bunch of keys and accompany our guest."

Praxedis obeyed. The late chaplain's chamber was high in the square tower of the castle. Slowly she ascended the dark winding staircase, followed by Ekkehard. The key grated harshly in the long-unused lock. They entered, — but what a sight was before them!

When a learned man has lived in a place it takes some time to destroy all traces of him. This was a good-sized square room, with white-washed walls, and but little furniture; dust and cobwebs covered everything. On the oak table in the middle stood a small pot, once filled with ink; but it had long before dried up. In one corner stood a jug, in which wine had perhaps once sparkled. On a rough book-shelf were some books, and close by, some open parchments; but — oh, misery! — a storm had broken the little window, so that Vincentius's room, since his death, had been open to sunshine and rain, to insects and birds. A flock of pigeons, taking undisputed possession, had snugly settled down, among all the book-wisdom. They had built their nests on the Epistles of St. Paul and Julius Cæsar's Gallic Wars, and they looked with surprise at the intruders.

Opposite the door a verse was written with charcoal on the wall: *Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things.* Ekkehard read it, and asked his lovely guide, "Was that the late chaplain's last will?"

Praxedis laughed.

"The late Herr Vincentius was a sociable man," said she. "'Comfort is better than a talent of silver,'¹¹⁶ was what he often said. But my lady the duchess worried him a good deal, and pestered him with her questions: one day she wanted to know about the stars; the next, about herbs and medicine; the day after, about the Holy Bible and the traditions of the Church. 'What have you

studied for, if you cannot tell me anything?' she would say; and Herr Vincentius had a hard time of it."

Praxedis pointed archly to her forehead.

"'In the middle of Asia,' he often replied, 'there is a black marble stone; he who can lift it, knows everything, and need not ask any more questions.' Herr Vincentius was from Bavaria; he must have written the quotation from Scripture to console himself."

"Does the duchess ask so many questions?" said Ekkehard, absently.

"That you will soon find out for yourself," replied Praxedis."

Ekkehard examined the books on the shelves. "I am sorry for the pigeons; they will have to go."

"Why?"

"They have spoilt the whole of the first book of the Gallic War; and the Epistle to the Corinthians is hopelessly spotted. . ."

"Is that a great loss?" asked Praxedis.

"A very great loss!"

"Oh, you poor naughty doves!" said Praxedis, jestingly. "Come to me, before yonder pious man drives you out among the hawks and falcons!"

And she called the birds, which had unconcernedly remained in their niche; and when they did not come, she threw a ball of white worsted on the table; then the male dove flew over to it, believing that a new dove had come. With stately steps he approached the white ball, greeting it with

a gentle cooing. But Praxedis snatched it up, and the bird flew on her head.

Then she began to sing softly a Greek melody. It was the song of the old yet ever young singer of Teos* : —

*O whence, thou pretty cushat,
Whence, whence dost thou come flying ;
And whence the balmy fragrance
Breathes from thy snowy pinions
And drips upon the meadow?
Who art thou? and what wilt thou?*

Ekkehard started up from the codex in which he was reading, and threw an almost frightened look on the young girl. If his eye had been more accustomed to natural grace and beauty, it would probably have rested somewhat longer on the Greek maid. The dove had hopped upon her hand, and she held it up with a bended arm. Anakreon's old countryman, who created the Venus of Knidos out of a block of Parian marble, would have fixed the picture in his memory, if he had witnessed it.

"What are you singing?" asked Ekkehard. "It sounds like a foreign language."

"Why should it not sound so?"

"Greek?"

"And why should I not sing Greek," pertly rejoined Praxedis.

"By the lyre of Homer," exclaimed Ekkehard, full of surprise, "where in all the world did you learn that; the highest aim of our scholarship?"

* πόθεν φίλη πέλεια
πόθεν, πόθεν πετάσαι ;

“At home,” quietly replied Praxedis; and she let the dove fly back to his place.

Then Ekkehard looked at her again with shy respect and admiration. While reading Aristotle and Plato it had hardly occurred to him that any living persons still spoke the Greek tongue. The idea now dawned upon him that something was here embodied before him which, in spite of all his spiritual and worldly wisdom, was beyond his reach and understanding. . . .

“I thought I had come as a teacher to the Hohentwiel,” said he, in a melancholy tone, “and I find my master here. Would you not now and then deign to bestow a grain of your mother-tongue on me?”

“On condition that you will not drive the doves away from the room,” replied Praxedis. “You can easily have a grating put up before the niche, so that they will not fly about your head.”

“For the sake of pure Greek,” Ekkehard was beginning to say, but the door of the narrow hermitage was flung open, and Frau Hadwig’s sharp voice was heard:—

“What is the talk here about doves and pure Greek? Does it take so much time to look at these four walls? Well, Herr Ekkehard, does the den suit you?”

He bowed in the affirmative.

“Then it shall be cleaned and put in order,” continued Frau Hadwig. “Come, Praxedis, bestir yourself, and, to begin with, drive out these doves!”

Ekkehard ventured to put in a word on their behalf.

“Indeed!” said the duchess; “you desire to be alone, and yet to keep doves! Shall we not also hang a lute on the wall, and strew rose-leaves in your wine? Well, we will not drive them out; but this evening, roasted, they shall adorn our table.”

Praxedis appeared as if she heard nothing of all this.

“What was that about pure Greek?” inquired the duchess.

Ekkehard ingenuously told her the favor which he had asked of Praxedis. Then the frown returned to Frau Hadwig’s forehead.

“If you are so very anxious to learn,” said she, “you may ask me; for I also speak that language.” Ekkehard made no objection. There was apt to be in her speech a certain sharpness which cut short all replies.

The duchess was strict and punctual in everything. Almost immediately after Ekkehard’s arrival she laid out a plan in accordance with which she was to proceed in learning the Latin language, and it was settled that they should devote one hour each day to the grammar, and another to the reading of Vergil. Ekkehard looked forward to the readings with delighted anticipation. He intended to put his whole mind to it, and to summon up all his erudition and knowledge, in order to make the task easy to the duchess.

“It is certainly no useless work which the old poets accomplished,” said he. “How tiresome it

would be to learn a language, if it were bequeathed to us in a dictionary, like corn in a sack, which we should first hays to grind into flour, and then to make into bread. . . Now the poet puts everything in its right place; there is a finely elaborated plan and meaning, and the rhythm reminds one of the lovely melody of strings; what otherwise would prove hard and tough for our teeth, we can now drink in like virgin honey, and it tastes sweet."

Ekkehard could find no means to mitigate the bitterness of the grammar. Every day he wrote a task for the duchess on a leaf of parchment; she was eager to learn, and when the sun rose over the Bodensee, and cast its early rays on the Hohentwiel, she would be already standing at her window, learning whatever was assigned to her, — silently or aloud as the case might be. Once her monotonous reciting of *amo, amas, amat, amamus, etc.*, reached even Ekkehard's ear in his chamber.

Praxedis, however, was heavily afflicted. Frau Hadwig, to heighten her own zeal, commanded her always to learn the same amount of grammar that she had for a task, and it was a severe trial to her. The duchess, only a beginner herself, delighted in correcting her handmaiden, and was never more pleased than when Praxedis took a noun for an adjective, or conjugated an irregular verb as a regular one.

In the evening the duchess came over to Ekkehard's room. There everything had to be ready for the reading of Vergil. Praxedis accompanied her, and as no Latin dictionary was to be found among

the books which Vincentius had left behind, she was ordered to begin to make one; for in her young days she had learned the art of writing. Frau Hadwig was less experienced in that.

“What would be the use of priests and monks,” said she, “if every one knew the art belonging to their profession? Let blacksmiths forge, soldiers fight, and the writers write, and then no confusion will arise.”

She had, however, given much practice to writing her name, in capital letters, artistically entwined, so that she could affix it to all documents to which she put her seal as sovereign of the land.

Praxedis cut up a roll of parchment into small leaves, and drew two lines on each, so as to make three divisions. After each lesson she wrote down the Latin words they had learned in one, the German in the next, and the Greek equivalent in the third column. This was done by the duchess's desire, in order to prove to Ekkehard that without his aid they had already acquired some laudable knowledge.

Thus begun the lessons.¹¹⁷

Praxedis had left the door from Ekkehard's room into the passage wide open. He rose and was about to shut it; but the duchess prevented him, saying, “Do you not yet know the world?”

Ekkehard could not understand what she meant.

He now began to read to them the first book of Vergil's epic. Æneas the Trojan rose before their eyes; how Fate had tossed him about for seven years a wanderer on the Tyrian sea, and what un-

speakable pains it had cost him to become the founder of the Roman people. Then came Juno's anger, and how she went to entreat Aeolus to do her bidding, and promised the god of the winds the fairest of her nymphs if he would destroy the Trojan ships. — Thunder-storm, tempest, shipwreck, the shattering of the vessels; — the turbulent waves scatter weapons and armor, beams and timbers, and Trojan splendor over the boundless deep. And the roar of the waves reaches Neptune himself down in the watery depths; he mounts up and beholds the dire confusion. With insults and threats he drives home the winds of Aeolus; like a mob at the words of a man of mark, the rebellious waters are calmed, and the remaining ships anchor on the Lybian shores . . .

So far Ekkehard had read and translated. His voice was full and resonant, and vibrating with an agreeable sense of inward understanding. It was getting late; the lamp was flickering, when Frau Hadwig broke off the lesson.

“How does my gracious mistress like the tale of the heathen poet?” asked Ekkehard.

“I will tell you to-morrow,” was the reply.

She certainly might have told him then and there, for the impression of what she had heard was already firmly fixed in her mind; but she refrained from doing so, not liking to hurt his feelings.

“May you have pleasant dreams,” she called out as he was departing.

Ekkehard went up to Vincentius's tower room. It had been put into perfect order; all traces of the

doves had been removed. He wished to collect his thoughts for silent meditation, as had been his wont at the monastery: but his head began to burn, and before his soul stood the lofty figure of the duchess; and when he looked straight at her, then Praxedis's black eyes also gazed at him from over her mistress's shoulders. — What was to be the outcome of all this?

He went to the window: the cool autumn air blew in upon him; the dark infinite sky stretched out over the silent earth; the stars were brightly twinkling, — near, far off, brilliant, pale. Never before had the starry firmament seemed to him so vast; for, on mountain-peaks, the proportions of things change. Long he stood thus, until an uncanny feeling came over him, as if the stars were attracting him upwards, as if he must rise toward them as on wings . . .

He closed the window, crossed himself, and went to bed.

On the next day Frau Hadwig came with Praxedis to take her grammar lesson. She had learned many words and declensions, and knew her task well; but she seemed absent-minded.

“Did you have any dreams?” she asked her teacher, when the lesson was over.

“No.”

“Nor yesterday?”

“No.”

“’T is a pity; for it is said that there is an omen in what we dream the first night in a new abode. . . . Now confess,” she continued after a short pause, “are you not a very dull man?”

“I?” asked Ekkehard, greatly surprised.

“You go round with poets; why did you not invent some graceful dream, and tell it me? Poetry is so like a dream,—it would have given me pleasure.”

“If such is your command,” said Ekkehard, “I will do so the next time you ask me; even if I have dreamt nothing.”

Such things were entirely new and strange to Ekkehard.

“You have not yet told me your opinion of Vergil,” said he.

“Very well,” returned Frau Hadwig. “Listen! If I had been a queen in the Roman land, I do not know whether I should not have burnt the poem, and imposed eternal silence on the man . . .”

Ekkehard stared at her in perfect amazement.

“I mean what I say,” continued she; “do you know why?—because he speaks ill of the gods of his country. I paid close attention yesterday while you were reciting the speeches of Juno. The spouse of the chief of all the gods, and yet she feels a rankling in her mind because a Trojan shepherd lad does not declare her to be the most beautiful! And she is powerless to call up a tempest at her own will to destroy a few miserable ships, and must first bribe Aeolus by the offer of a nymph! . . . And Neptune calls himself the king of the seas, and yet allows strange winds to cause a tempest in his realm, and only notices it when it is well-nigh over!—What kind of beings are those?—As a duchess I tell you I should not like to wield the

sceptre in a country whose gods are thus abased and defamed!"

Ekkehard was embarrassed to find an answer. Whatever antiquity had handed down in the form of manuscripts was to him as stable and immovable as the mountains; he was content to become acquainted with their sense and significance, — and now such doubts!

"Pardon me, gracious lady," he said, "we have not read very far as yet; it is to be hoped that the human beings of the *Æneid* will find greater favor in your eyes. Please to remember that at the time when the Emperor Augustus was making a census of his subjects, the Light of the world began to dawn at Bethlehem. The legend says that a ray of that Light also fell on Vergil, and so the old gods could no longer appear to him so great." . . .

Frau Hadwig had spoken according to her first impression; she did not want to argue with her teacher.

"Praxedis," said she in a jesting tone, "what is thy opinion?"

"My powers of thought are not so great," said the Greek girl. "Everything seemed to me so very natural; and that made me like it. And what pleased me most was that Frau Juno gave Aeolus to one of her nymphs for a husband; even though he was somewhat elderly, still he was the king of the winds, and she must certainly have been well provided for." . . .

"Certainly," said Frau Hadwig, and made a sign to her to be silent. "Now we know how waiting-women read Vergil."

Ekkehard was provoked into greater zeal by the duchess's contradiction. With enthusiasm he read on the following evening how the pious Æneas goes out to investigate the Lybian land, and how he is met by his mother Venus, dressed in the habit and armor of a Spartan maiden, the light bow hanging over her shoulder, and her fair heaving bosom scarcely hidden by the looped-up garment; and how she directs her son's steps toward the Lybian princess. And further he read how Æneas recognizes his divine mother, but too late, — he calls after her in vain; but she wraps him up in a mist, so that, unseen, he may reach the new town where the Tyrian queen is building the splendid temple in honor of Juno. There he stands and gazes at the pictures of the battles before Troy, painted by the hand of the artist; and his soul gloats over the empty representation of past warfare.

Now Dido, the mistress of the land, herself approaches, urging on the workmen and performing her sovereign's duties:

*Then at the shrine of the goddess, under the vault of the temple,
Hedged by armed men, to the lofty throne she ascended;
Making laws for her people and dealing to all equal justice,
Lotting to each his share of the labor with judgment impartial.*

“Read that over again,” said the duchess. Ekkehard repeated it.

“Is it written so in the book?” asked she. “I should have made no objection if you had put in

these lines yourself. I almost fancied I heard a description of my own government. . . With your poet's human beings I am well satisfied."

"It must have been much easier to describe them than the gods," said Ekkehard. "There are so many men in this world . . ."

She made him a sign to continue. Then he read how the companions of Æneas came to implore the queen's protection, and how they sung their leader's praise, while he, hidden by the cloud, stood close by.

And Dido opens her town to the helpless ones; and the wish arises in her, "Would that Æneas your king, overwhelmed by the same tempest, might also be present!" so that the hero feels a great longing to break through the cloud . . .

But just as Ekkehard had begun with,

*Scarce had he spoken these words when the veiling cloud that
hung round them
Suddenly burst, . . .*

heavy steps were heard coming along the corridor. Herr Spazzo the chamberlain entered; he was anxious to inspect his mistress's new studies. Most likely he had been sitting over his wine; for his eyes were staring vacantly, and the salutation-speech died on his lips. It was not his fault; quite early in the morning he had felt his nose burn and itch, and that is an unmistakable prognostication of a tipsy evening.

"Stop where you are!" cried the duchess, "and you, Ekkehard, continue!"

He read on earnestly, impressively : —

*There stood Æneas himself, in the glory of light brightly
glowing,
Like a god in stature and face, for his parent divine had
Breathed on him beauty of flowing locks and the splendor of
manhood,
And, in his eyes, the glamour of radiant joy ever smiling: —
Grace such as ivory may through art receive, or when silver
Or the Parian marble with yellow gold is encircled.
Suddenly then addressing the queen, while all gazed in wonder,
Thus he spake: "Behold before you him you were seeking
I am Æneas of Troy, escaped from the Lybian billows."*

Herr Spazzo stood there in utter confusion. A repressed smile hovered over Praxedis's lips.

"When you next honor us with a visit," cried the duchess, "please choose a more suitable passage for your entrance; so that we are not tempted to imagine you to be 'Æneas of Troy escaped from the Lybian billows!'"

Herr Spazzo withdrew. "Æneas the Trojan!" he muttered. "Has another Rhinelandish adventurer forged a mythical pedigree for himself? Troy! veiling cloudburst!—Æneas the Trojan; we will break a lance together when we two meet! Death and damnation!"

CHAPTER VIII.

AUDIFAX.

AT that time there was also living on the Hohentwiel a boy, whose name was Audifax. He was the son of serfs; his father and mother were dead, so that he had grown up wild, and the people did not pay much heed to him. He belonged to the castle like the house-leek that grew on the roof, or the ivy which had fastened its tendrils to the walls. But he was put in charge of the goats. He faithfully drove them out and home again, and was shy and silent. He had a pale face, and short-cut fair hair, for only the free-born were allowed to wear long waving locks.¹¹⁸

In the spring, when trees and bushes put forth their new shoots, Audifax liked to sit in the open air and make himself bagpipes out of the young sprouts, and blow on them. It was a monotonous, melancholy music, and Frau Hadwig had once, for a whole forenoon, stood on her balcony listening to it, perhaps because the plaintive melody suited her mood; and when Audifax drove home his goats that evening she said to him, "Ask a favor for thyself."

Then he begged for a little bell for one of his favorite goats, called Blackfoot. Blackfoot got the little

bell. From that time nothing particular had happened in Audifax's life. But he was growing noticeably shyer, and the last spring he had even given up blowing on his pipe.

It was now a sunny day late in the autumn; he had been driving his goats down the rocky mountain slope, and was sitting on a rock, looking out into the distance. Behind the dark fir-trees gleamed the Bodensee. All around, the trees were already wearing their autumnal colors, the dry red leaves rustled in the wind. But Audifax sat and wept bitterly.

At that time a little girl whose name was Hadumoth tended the geese and ducks belonging to the castle poultry-yard. She was the daughter of an old maid-servant, and had never seen her father. Hadumoth was a good little girl, with red cheeks and blue eyes, and she wore her hair in two tresses falling down her back. She kept her geese in excellent order and training, and though they would often stick out their long necks and quack like foolish women, not one of them dared to disobey its mistress; and when she waved her stick, they all went quietly and 'decently along, and refrained from useless noise. They often fed in company with Audifax's goats; for Hadumoth rather liked the short-haired goat-herd, and often sat beside him and looked up with him at the blue sky; and the creatures noticed the friendly feelings between their guardians, and consequently were friendly also.

Now Hadumoth was likewise driving her geese down the hill, and when she heard the tinkling of

the goat-bell, she looked about for the driver. Then she beheld him as he wept, and she went up to him, sat down by his side, and said : —

“ Audifax, why dost thou weep ? ”

The boy made no answer. Then Hadumoth put her arm round his shoulders, drew his little smooth head toward her, and said sorrowfully : —

“ Audifax, if thou weapest, I too must weep.”

Then Audifax tried to dry his tears. “ Thou needest not weep,” said he, “ but I must. There is something within me that makes me weep.”

“ What is in thee that makes thee weep ? ” she asked.

Then he took one of the many stones which had fallen down from the rocky side of the Hohentwiel and threw it on the other stones. The stone was thin, and produced a ringing sound.

“ Didst thou hear it ? ”

“ I heard it,” replied Hadumoth; “ it sounded just as usual.”

“ But didst thou also understand the sound ? ”

“ No.”

“ Ah, but I understand it; and therefore I must weep,” said Audifax. “ It is now many weeks ago, I was sitting over yonder on a rock in the valley. There it first came to me, I can not tell thee how, but it must have come from the depths below; and since then I feel as if my eyes and ears were quite changed, and in my hands I sometimes see glittering sparks. Whenever I walk over the fields, I hear it murmuring under my feet, as if some hidden spring were there; and when I stand by the rocks, I see

through them, and there are many branching veins running in them; and down below I hear a hammering and pounding, and that must be the dwarfs, of which my grandfather has told me; and sometimes I even see a red glowing light shining through the earth. . . . Hadumoth, I must find some great treasure, and because I cannot find it, therefore I weep."

Hadumoth made the sign of the cross. "Thou must have been bewitched," said she. "Perhaps thou hast gone to sleep after sunset on the ground in the open air; and thus one of the goblins below has got power over thee. . . . Wait, I know something better than tears."

She ran up the mountain side, and was quickly back with a small cup full of water, and a bit of soap which Praxedis had once given her, as well as some straws. Then she made a good foam, took one of the straws, and gave another to Audifax, and said:—

"There! let us make soap-bubbles, as we used to do. Dost thou remember how we sat together and tried to see which would blow the largest, and how at last we did so well that they flew down the valley big and beautifully colored, glittering like the rainbow? And how we almost cried when they burst?" . . .

Audifax, without saying a word, took the straw; fresh as a dewdrop the soap-bubble hung at the end of the straw; he held it up into the air; the sun shone on it.

"Dost thou recollect, Audifax," continued the

girl, "what thou saidst to me once when we had used up all our soap-water, and it became night, and the stars all came out in the sky? — 'Those also are soap-bubbles,' thou saidst, 'and the good God is sitting on a high mountain blowing them, and he can do it better than we can.'" . . .

"No, I do not remember that," said Audifax.

He hung down his head, and again the tears began to flow. "What must I do to find the treasure?" sobbed he.

"Be sensible," said Hadumoth. "What wouldst thou do with the treasure, if thou couldst find it?"

"I should buy my liberty," said he, deliberately, "and thine also; and all the duchy from the duchess, the whole mountain and all that is on it; and I should have made for thee a golden crown, and for every goat a golden bell, and for myself a flute made of ebony and pure gold." . . .

"Of pure gold," laughed Hadumoth. "Dost thou know what gold looks like?"

Audifax pointed with his fingers to his lips.

"Canst thou keep a secret?"

She nodded in the affirmative.

"Give me your hand on it."

She gave him her hand.

"Well, then, I will show you how gold looks," said the boy; and diving into his breast-pocket, he pulled out a piece, — round, like a good-sized coin, but hollow like a cup, — and on it were engraven mystic, half-effaced characters. It glistened and shone brightly in the sun, and was really gold. Hadumoth balanced it on her forefinger.

“That I found in the field, far over yonder, after the thunder-storm,” said Audifax. “Whenever the many-colored rainbow descends to us in an arch, there where the ends approach the ground come two angels, who hold out a golden cup, so that it may not stand on the rough and rain-drenched ground; and when it vanishes again, they leave their cups on the fields, as they cannot use them twice, for fear of offending the rainbow. . . .”¹¹⁹

Hadumoth began to believe that her companion was really destined to obtain some great treasure. “Audifax,” said she, giving him back his rainbow cup, “all this will not help thee. He who wants to find a treasure, must know the spell. Down in the depth below, they keep a good watch over everything, and don’t give it up, unless they are forced to do it.”

“Oh, yes, the spell!” said Audifax, with tearful eyes. “If I only knew that!”

“Hast thou seen the holy man yet?” asked Hadumoth.

“No.”

“For some days there has been in the castle a holy man, who knows all spells. He has brought a great book with him, out of which he reads to our duchess; in it is written everything: how one conquers all the spirits in air, and in the earth, and in the water, and in the fire. The tall Friderun told the men-servants that the duchess had made him come that her power might be strengthened; and that she might remain young and beautiful, and live forever. . . .”

"I will go to the holy man then," said Audifax.

"They will beat you," said Hadumoth, warningly.

"They will not beat me," replied he. "I know something which I will offer him, if he tells me the spell. . . ."

It had become evening. The two children arose from their stony seat; goats and geese were collected; and then, in well organized ranks, like an army, were driven up the hill, and into their respective sheds.

That same evening Ekkehard read to the duchess the end of the first book of the *Æneid*, which Herr Spazzo had interrupted: How Sidonian Dido, greatly surprised by the hero's unexpected appearance, invites him and his companions into her hospitable halls;—and Frau Hadwig gave an approving nod at Dido's words:—

*I, by a similar fate, in many hard labors abounding,
Wearily tossed about, at last found a home in this country.
I am no stranger to grief; I have learnt to help the afflicted.*

Then *Æneas* sends Achates back to the ships, to carry the good news to Ascanius; for on him was centred all of his father's affectionate care. But Frau Venus conceives new cunning in her bosom; she wishes to enflame Dido's heart with love for *Æneas*. So she removes Ascanius to the distant Idalian groves and changes the god of love into his form; Cupid divests himself of his wings, and imitating the carriage and gait of Ascanius, follows the Trojans and appears before the queen in her palace at Carthago.

. . . *She with her soul in her eyes, gazing at him,
Cannot gaze her fill: to her breast she closely enfolds him,
Never dreaming, poor Queen, what a god is plotting against
her.*

*At his Acidalian parent's behest he effaces
From her heart little by little her husband Sicheus,
Striving to kindle a new and living love in her bosom,
Waking long-forgotten feelings and slumbering passion.*

“Stop,” said Frau Hadwig. “That again is very weakly conceived.”

“Weakly conceived?” asked Ekkehard.

“What need is there of the god Amor,” she said. “Could it not happen without using cunning and deceit, and without his interference, that the memory of her first husband could be effaced in a widow’s heart?”

“If the god himself makes the mischief,” said Ekkehard, “then Frau Dido’s behavior is excused, and, so to speak, justified; — that must have been the poet’s intention.”

Ekkehard probably thought this a clever remark, but Frau Hadwig rose. “Oh,” said she, pointedly, “that alters the matter! So she needed an excuse! — really that idea did not strike me! Good night.”

Proudly she stepped through the chamber; reproachfully rustled her long flowing garments.

“Strange!” thought Ekkehard, “but to read the dear Vergil with women has its difficulties.” Further his reflections did not go. . . .

The following day as he was crossing the courtyard Audifax the goat-herd came to him, caught up the hem of his garment, kissed it, and then looked into his face with beseeching eyes.

"What dost thou want?" asked Ekkehard.

"I should like to know the spell," replied Audifax, timidly.

"What spell?"

"To lift the treasure out of the deeps."

"That spell I also should like to know," said Ekkehard, laughing.

"Oh, you have it, holy man," cried the boy. "Have you not the great book, out of which you read to our lady in the evening?"

Ekkehard looked at him sharply. He became suspicious, remembering the way in which he had been brought to the Hohentwiel. "Has anybody prompted thee thus to speak to me in this way?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

Then Audifax began to weep. "Hadumoth," said he.

Ekkehard did not understand him.

"Who is Hadumoth?"

"The goose-girl," said the boy, sobbing.

"Thou talkest nonsense; go away! . . ."

But Audifax did not go.

"You need not give it me for nothing," said he. "I will show you something pretty. There must be many treasures in the mountain. I know one, but it is not the right one; I want to find the right one!"

Ekkehard's attention was roused.

"Show me what thou knowest." Audifax pointed down the mountain. Then Ekkehard went with him out of the court-yard down the steps of the castle road. At the back of the mountain, where the

gaze sweeps up toward the fir-clad Hohenstoffeln and Hohenhöwen, Audifax left the road, and they struck into the underbrush. A bare wall of weather-beaten gray rocks rose before them high into the azure sky.

Audifax pushed aside a bush, and tearing away the moss, showed him a yellow vein, as broad as a finger, running through the gray volcanic stone which makes the substance of the mountain. The boy broke off a bit: like petrified drops the loosened fragments stuck round, bright gold-colored, in the chinks of the rock. In the reddish white mass were scattered opaline crystals.

Ekkehard closely examined the detached piece. He did not know what it was. It was no precious stone; learned men in later times gave it the name of natrolite.

“Do you see now that I know something?” said Audifax.

“What shall I do with it?” inquired Ekkehard.

“That you must know better than I. You can have them polished and adorn your great books with them. Will you now give me the spell?”

Ekkehard could not help laughing at the boy. “Thou oughtest to become a miner,” said he, turning to go.

But Audifax held him by his garment.

“Now you must teach me something out of your book.”

“What?”

“The most powerful charm.”

A gleam of fun came into Ekkehard's serious eyes. “Come with me,” said he, “thou shalt have the most powerful charm.”

Exultingly Audifax went with him. Then Ekkehard, laughing, told him the line from Vergil: —

*quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
auri sacra fames? ¹*

With stubborn patience Audifax repeated the strange words until he had fixed them in his memory.

“Please to write it down, that I may wear it on me,” he entreated.

Ekkehard, wishing to complete the joke, wrote the words for him on a thin strip of parchment; the boy hid it in his breast-pocket; his heart beat high; again he kissed Ekkehard’s garment; then he darted off with such leaps as the wildest of his goats could not rival.

“This child holds Vergil in greater honor than the duchess,” said Ekkehard to himself.

At noon-tide Audifax was again sitting on his boulder; but now no tears glistened in his timid eyes. For the first time for many days he had taken his old bagpipe with him; the wind carried its notes into the valley. His little friend Hadumoth was glad and came over.

“Shall we blow soap-bubbles again?” asked she.

“I shall make no more soap-bubbles,” said Audifax, and resumed playing on his pipe; but after a while he stood up, looked about carefully, and drew Hadumoth quite close to him: his eyes glittered strangely.

“I have been to see the holy man,” he whispered

¹ *Terrible hunger for gold, to what are the spirits of mortals
Not by thy power compelled?*

in her ear. "To-night we will get the treasure. Thou must go with me."

Hadumoth readily promised.

Supper in the servants' hall was finished ; they all at the same time rose from their benches and arranged themselves in a long file. At the bottom stood Audifax and Hadumoth ; the young shepherdess used to say the prayer before these rough people. This time her voice trembled. . . .

Before the table was cleared, two shadows glided out by the castle gate, which was yet unlocked. It was the two children ; Audifax led the way. "The night will be cold," he had said to his companion, and thrown a long-haired goat's skin over her.

On the southern side, where the mountain wall is steepest, there was an old rampart. Here Audifax stopped ; they were sheltered against the autumn wind. He stretched out his arm. "I think this must be the place," said he. "We have a long time to wait till midnight."

Hadumoth said nothing. The two children sat down close together. The moon had risen, and sent her trembling light through a half-transparent veil of cloud. In the castle above them a few windows were lighted ; they were again reading out of their Vergil. . . . Everything around on the mountain was quiet and motionless ; at rare intervals the hoarse shriek of an owl was heard. After a long while Hadumoth timidly asked : —

"How will it be, Audifax ?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "Some one will come and bring it ; or the earth will open, and we must descend ; or . . ."

“Hush, I am frightened.”

There was another long interval, during which Hadumoth had leaned her head on Audifax's bosom and fallen asleep. But the boy rubbed the sleep out of his eyes; at last he awakened his companion.

“Hadumoth,” said he, “the night is long; tell me a story.”

“An ugly story has come into my mind,” replied she. “Once there was a man who went out before sunrise to plough; and he ploughed the gold-dwarf out of the furrow. There it stood grinning at him, and said, ‘Take me with you. He who does not seek us shall have us; but if any one seeks us, we strangle him. . . .’ Audifax, I am frightened.”

“Give me thy hand,” said Audifax, “and have courage.”

The lights at the castle were all out. The hollow notes of the watchman's horn from the tower announced midnight. Then Audifax knelt down, and Hadumoth knelt beside him. He had taken off his wooden shoe from his right foot, so that his bare toes touched the dark earth. He held the parchment strip in his hand, and with a clear firm voice he pronounced the words, the meaning of which he did not understand,

*quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
auri sacra fames?*

He remembered them well. And there on their knees the two remained, waiting for whatever was to come. . . . But there came no dwarf and no giant, and the ground did not open either. The stars over their heads glittered cold and distant, chill blew the night

air. . . . Yet no one has a right to laugh at a faith so strong and deep as that of the two children, even if it cannot remove mountains or discover treasures.

Suddenly a strange light gleamed on the vaulted sky. A shooting star fell, marking its way by a phosphorescent trail; many others followed.

"It is coming from above," whispered Audifax, and he convulsively pressed the little maiden to his side. "*Auri sacra fames* . . ." he called out once more into the night. The flashing meteors crossed one another; one became extinguished, another became extinguished, again everything in the sky was calm as before.

Long and anxiously Audifax looked around; then he rose sorrowfully. "'T is nothing," he said in faltering tones; "they have fallen into the lake. They grant us nothing. We shall remain poor herdsmen."

"Hast thou said the words, which the holy man gave thee, quite right?"

"Exactly as he taught them to me."

"Then he did not tell thee the right spell. Probably he wants to find the treasure for himself. Perhaps he has put a net in the place where the stars fell down. . . ."

"No, I don't believe that," said Audifax. "His face is mild and good, and his lips are not deceitful."

Hadumoth was thoughtful.

"Perhaps he does not know the right words."

"Why not?"

"Because he has not the right God. He has the new God. The old gods were great and strong also."

Audifax pressed his fingers on his companion's lips. "Hold your tongue."

"I am no longer afraid," said Hadumoth. "I know some one else who knows all about spells and charms."

"Who?"

Hadumoth pointed in the direction where a steep dark mountain rose abruptly from the hemlock forest. "The forest woman," replied she.

"The forest woman?" repeated Audifax, aghast. "She who made the great thunder-storm, when hail-stones as big as pigeon's eggs fell into the fields; and who ate up the Zentgraf von Hilzingen, so that he never returned home?"

"Just for that reason. We will ask her. We are locked out of the castle now, and the night is cold."

The little goose-girl had become bold and adventurous; her sympathy with Audifax was great, and she wanted so much to help him to the fulfilment of his wishes.

"Come!" said she, eagerly. "If thou art frightened in the wood, then blow on thy pipe; the birds will answer thee, it will soon be dawn."

Audifax raised no further objection. So they walked on northward through the thick underbrush; it was a dark pine forest. They both knew the path. Not a human creature was stirring; there was only an old fox lying in ambush; he was as little satisfied with the appearance of the two children as they had been with the swiftly shooting stars.

Foxes also have to bear their disappointments in life; therefore it drew in its brush and slunk off.

The two children had gone on for about an hour, when they reached the Hohenkrähen. Hidden among trees stood a small stone hut; they stopped.

"The dog will bark," said Hadumoth. But no dog stirred. They approached nearer; the door was wide open.

"The forest woman is gone," they said. But on the very top of the rocky Hohenkrähen a small fire was faintly burning; dark forms were gliding about it. Then the children crept up the path leading to the rock.

The first gleam of the coming dawn was already showing behind the mountains beyond the Bodensee. The path was very steep; it was a projecting crag where the fire was burning; a mighty oak-tree spread out its dark branches. Audifax and Hadumoth cowered down behind a boulder and peeped round the corner. Some big animal had been killed. A head, apparently that of a horse, was nailed to the stem of the oak; spits were standing over the fire; great bones lay scattered about; there was blood in a vessel.

Around a roughly hewn piece of rock sat a number of men. On it stood a big kettle of beer,¹²⁰ out of which they filled and refilled their stone mugs.

At the foot of the oak crouched a woman. She was not so lovely as the Allemannic virgin Bissula who so stirred the heart of the Roman statesman Ausonius, in spite of his sixty years, that he went about in his prefecture making idyls and sang in her praise: "Her eyes are as blue as the sky, and like gold is her wavy hair. A child of the barbarians,

and yet she is superior to all the dolls of Latium; and he who wants to paint her must blend the rose with the lily." ¹²¹ The woman on the Hohenkrähen was old and haggard.

The men were looking at her; from moment to moment the dawn was growing brighter in the east. The mists hanging over the Bodensee began to stir; now the sun cast his first ray on the hills, burnishing their tops with gold. Soon the fiery ball itself rose on the horizon; then the woman leaped to her feet; the men stood up in silence. She swung a bunch of mistletoe and fir-tree branches over her head, and then dipping it into the vessel of blood three times sprinkled it toward the sun; three times also over the men; then she poured out the contents of the vessel at the foot of the oak.

The men had seized their mugs; they rubbed them in a monotonous way three times on the smooth surface of the rock, so that a strange humming noise was produced, lifted them together toward the sun, and then drained them at one draught. With simultaneous movement they put them down again so that it sounded like one single blow. After this every one put on his mantle, then silently they went down hill. ¹²²

It was the first night of November.

When all had become quiet again the children stepped out of their hiding-place intending to speak to the old woman. Audifax had taken out the slip of parchment, — but the hag snatched up a brand out of the fire and approached them with a threatening look.

Then the children fled down the hill.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WOMAN OF THE WOOD.

AUDIFAX and Hadumoth had returned to the castle on the Hohentwiel. No one noticed that they had been out all night. They did not speak of their adventures even to each other; Audifax brooded over them.

He grew negligent looking after his goats. One of his flock got lost in the hilly ground near where the Rhine flows out of the Bodensee. He went to look for it; after spending a whole day, he returned with the truant.

Hadumoth was delighted at his success, whereby her comrade was saved a whipping. By and by the winter came; the animals remained in their stalls. One day the two children were sitting before the fireplace in the servants' hall. They were alone.

"Dost thou still think of the treasure and the spell?" asked Hadumoth.

Then Audifax drew closer to her mysteriously. "The holy man has the right God after all," said he.

"Why so?" asked Hadumoth. He ran off to his chamber. In the straw of his mattress he had hidden all kinds of stones. He took out one of these and brought it to her.

“Look at this,” he said. It was a piece of smooth gray slate, containing a fossil fish; the delicate outlines of the head, fins, and skeleton were clearly imprinted in the slate.

“I found this at the foot of the Schiener mountain,¹²³ when I went to look for the goat. It must come from the great flood which Father Vincentius once preached about; and the Lord of Heaven and Earth sent this flood over the world, when he told Noah to build the big ship. The woman of the wood knows nothing about it.”

Hadumoth became thoughtful. “Then it must be her fault that the stars did not fall into our lap. We will go and complain of her to the holy man.”

So they went to Ekkehard and told him all that they had beheld that night on the Hohenkrähen. He listened indulgently to them. In the evening he told the duchess about it. Frau Hadwig smiled.

“My faithful subjects have a peculiar taste,” said she. “Everywhere handsome churches have been built for them and the Gospel is preached impressively. Fine church music, great festivals, and processions through the waving corn-fields and meadows with cross and flags, — and yet it does not satisfy them. So they must needs sit on their mountain-tops on cold nights, and they have not the least idea what they are doing, except that they drink beer. We know so much. What do you think of the matter, pious Ekkehard?”

“It is superstition,” replied he, “which the Evil One is always sowing in apostate hearts. I have read in our books about the doings of the heathen,

how they perform their magical rites in dark woods, by lonely cross-ways and wells, and even at the graves of their dead."

"They are no longer heathen," said Frau Hadwig. "They are all baptized and belong to some parish-church. But some of the old traditions still live among them; and though these have lost their meaning, they run through their thoughts and actions, as the Rhine does in winter, flowing noiselessly on under the icy cover of the Bodensee. What would you do with them?"

"Exterminate them," exclaimed Ekkehard. "He who forsakes his Christian faith and breaks the vows of his baptism shall be eternally damned."

"Not so fast, my young zealot!" said Frau Hadwig. "You have no right to deprive my good Hegau people of their heads, because on the first night of November they prefer sitting on the cold top of the Hohenkrähen to lying on their straw mattresses. For all that they do their duties well enough, and fought under Charlemagne against the heathenish Saxons, as if every one of them had been a chosen champion of the Church."

"With the Devil there can be no peace," cried Ekkehard, hotly. "Are you going to be lukewarm in your faith, noble mistress?"

"In reigning over a country," returned she in a tone of gentle banter, "one learns a good deal that is not written down in your books. Don't you know that a weak man is often more easily defeated by his own weakness than by the sharpness of the sword? When Saint Gallus one day visited the ruins of

Bregenz, he found the altar of St. Aurelia destroyed, and in its place three brass idols erected; and the men sat drinking around the great beer-kettle; which is never omitted when our Suabians wish to be pious in the old fashion. Saint Gall did not hurt a single man of them; but he broke up their idols, threw the pieces into the green waves of the lake, and made a large hole in their beer-kettle, and he preached the Gospel to them on the very spot; no fire fell down from the heavens to destroy him, and so they saw that their religion was no good, and were converted.¹²⁴ To be sensible is not to be lukewarm." . . .

"That was when . . ." began Ekkehard.

But Frau Hadwig interrupted him, saying:—

"And now the Church has been established from the source of the Rhine to the North Sea; stronger than the castles of the Romans, a chain of monasteries, fortresses of the Christian faith, runs through the land. The Gospel has penetrated even into the recesses of the Black Forest; so why would you wage such a fierce war against the stragglers of the olden times?"¹²⁵

"Then reward them," said Ekkehard, bitterly.

"Reward them?" quoth the duchess. "Between 'Either' and 'Or' runs many a road. We must put a stop to this nocturnal mischief. Why? No realm can allow two different creeds to exist, for that leads to internal warfare, which is folly, as long as there are plenty of outward enemies. The laws of the land have forbidden them these absurdities; they must find out that our ordinances and pro-

hibitions are not to be tampered with in that way."

Ekkehard did not seem to be satisfied with this reasoning; a shadow of displeasure still darkened his countenance.

"Tell me," continued the duchess, "what is your opinion of witchcraft in general?"

"Witchcraft," said Ekkehard, seriously, taking a deep breath, which seemed preliminary to a longer speech than usual — "witchcraft is a damnable art whereby men make use of the demons that inhabit and control the elements. Even in lifeless things living powers are concealed; we neither hear nor see them, but often careless and unguarded minds are tempted to wish to know more and to attain greater power than is granted to a faithful servant of God. That is the old sorcery of the Serpent; and the powers of darkness; whoever holds communion with them, may obtain part of their power, but he reigns over the Devils by Beelzebub himself, and comes into his control, when his time is at an end. Therefore witchcraft is as old as sin, and instead of there being the one true faith in the world and the one wholesome way of service, that is by worship of the triune God, fortune-tellers and interpreters of dreams and ballad-mongers and expounders of riddles still wander about; and the adherents of such arts are to be found above all among the daughters of Eve." . . .

"You are getting polite!" exclaimed Frau Hadwig, interrupting him.

"For the minds of women," continued Ekkehard, "have in all times been inquisitive and eager to

attain forbidden knowledge. As we proceed with our reading of Vergil, you will see the quintessence of witchcraft embodied in the woman Circe, who spends her days in singing, on an inaccessible headland. Chips of sweet-smelling cedar-wood light her dark chambers; with industrious shuttle she weaves beautiful tapestry; but outside in the yard is heard the melancholy roaring of lions and wolves and the grunting of swine. All of them were once men whom she has changed into brutes by her magic philters. . . .”

“You talk like a book,” said the duchess, pointedly. “You must extend your study of witchcraft. You shall ride over to the Hohenkrähen and investigate whether the woman of the wood is a Circe also. You shall act in our name; we are curious to see what your wisdom will decree.”

“I know not how to reign over a people and to settle the affairs of this world,” replied he, evasively.

“That is to be seen,” said Frau Hadwig. “Rarely is any one embarrassed by it, least of all a son of the Church.”

Ekkehard yielded. The commission was a proof of confidence. The next morning he rode over to the Hohenkrähen on horseback, taking Audifax with him to show him the way.

“A happy journey, Herr Chancellor!” called out a laughing voice behind him. It was Praxedis.

They soon reached the old hag’s dwelling. Half-way up the steep mountain side on a crag stood her stone hut. Mighty oaks and beech-trees spread their boughs over it and hid the summit of the Hohen-

krähen. Three tiers of stratified phonolite like steps led into the inside, which was a high dark chamber. On the floor lay heaps of dried herbs giving out a strong fragrance. Three horses' skulls bleached white grinned down fantastically from the walls; ¹²⁶ near them hung the huge antlers of a stag. In the wooden door-post was cut a complicated double triangle. A tame wood-pecker was hopping about in the room, and a raven with cropped wings was its companion.

The inhabitant of this abode was seated beside the flickering fire on the hearth, sewing some garment. By her side stood a high, roughly hewn, weather-beaten stone. From time to time she bent down to the hearth and held her lean hand over the coals. The cold of November was beginning to be felt on the mountains and in the forest. The boughs of an old beech-tree bent down almost into the window. A faint breeze stirred them; the foliage was yellow and sere and shivered and fell off; some of the withered leaves were chasing one another around in the chamber.

And the woman of the wood was old and lonely, and half frozen.

"There you are lying now, despised and faded and dead," she said to the leaves — "and I am like you."

A peculiar expression came into her wrinkled face. She was thinking of former times, when she also had been young and blooming as the Spring, and had had a sweetheart of her own. But his fate had driven him far away from his native fir-woods. Plundering Normans, coming up the Rhine, robbing

and burning wherever they came, had carried him off as a prisoner, with many others of the *arrière-ban*; and he had stayed with them more than a year, and had become a seaman, and in the sea air he had grown rough and hard also; and when they gave him his liberty again, he brought back with him to his Suabian woods the longing for the North Sea. The home faces were no longer pleasant to his eyes. those of the monks and priests least of all; and as misfortune would have it, in an outburst of anger he slew an itinerant monk who had upbraided him; then it was all over with his staying at home.

The old woman's thoughts were constantly recurring that day to the hour when he had parted from her forever. The bailiffs led him to his cottage in the Weiterdingen forest, and fined him six hundred shillings, as a *Wehrgeld* or price of blood for the man he had slain; and in lieu of the money he made an assignment to them of his cottage and land, and he swore, with twelve witnesses, that he owned nothing else, either above the earth or under the earth.

After that he went into his house, took a handful of soil, stood on the threshold, and with his left hand threw the soil over his shoulder at his father's brother, in token that his debt was thus to pass on to this his only remaining blood relation. Then when this was done, he seized his staff, and dressed in his linen shirt, without shoes or girdle, he jumped over the fence of his acre, for so the law of the *Chrene Chruda* prescribed,¹²⁷ and thus he was free to go out into the wilderness, and became an outlaw and a fugitive. So he went back to Denmark to his

Northmen, and never returned any more. Only an uncertain rumor had it that he had gone over with them to Iceland, where the brave vikings who refused to bow before the new faith and new rulers had founded for themselves an arctic home of refuge.

This had happened long, long before; but it seemed to the old woman as if she still saw her Friduhelm darting away into the shades of the forest. Then she had hung up a garland of vervain at the little chapel of Weiterdingen, and shed many tears over it, and no one else had effaced his image from her heart. The cold, dreary November weather reminded her of an old Norman song which he had once taught her, and now she was humming to herself: —

*The evening comes and chill is the air,
Hoar frost wreathes the firs like a garland.
O Cross and Book and monkish prayer —
We must all away to a far land!*

*Our home grows wan and gloomy and old;
The sacred fountains are troubled;
Thou God-frequented, thou beautiful wold —
The blows of the axe are redoubled!*

*And silent and vanquished we hasten forth,
Our stars in misfortune leave us.
O Iceland, thou frozen isle of the North,
Arise from the dark and receive us!*

*Arise and receive our race in its flight,
In the sharp-beaked galleys confiding,
The ancient gods and the ancient Right
And the ancient Norsemen come riding!*

*Where old Hecla glows and hot ashes are hurled,
And the storm-waves the wild coast cumber,
On thee, O thou desolate end of the world,
Through the long winter nights will we slumber.*

Ekkehard meanwhile had dismounted, and tied his horse to a fir-tree. He now stepped over the threshold; Audifax shyly followed him.

The woman of the wood threw the garment over the stone, folded her hands on her lap, and looked fixedly at the intruder in his monk's habit. She did not rise.

"Praised be Jesus Christ," said Ekkehard by way of greeting, and also to avert any possible spell. Instinctively he drew in the thumb of his right hand and shut his fingers over it. He was afraid of the evil eye¹²⁸ and its powers. Audifax had told him how people said that with one look she could wither up a whole meadow.

She did not return his greeting.

"What good work are you doing there?" began Ekkehard.

"Mending an old garment that is getting worn," was the answer.

"Do you also gather herbs?"

"So I do. Are you an herb-gatherer? Here are many of them. Hawk-weed and snail-clover, goats'-beard and mouse-ear, as well as dried wood-ruff, if you want any."

"I am no herb-gatherer," said Ekkehard. "What do you do with those herbs?"

"Do you need ask what herbs are good for?" said the old woman. "Any one of you knows that well

enough. Sick people and sick cattle would fare ill, and there would be no more protection against the ugly powers of darkness, and it would be all over with stilling of lover's longings if there were no herbs to be had!"

"And have you been baptized?" continued Ekkehard, impatiently.

"Ay, they have baptized me, likely enough." . . .

"And if you have been baptized," he said, raising his voice, "and have renounced the devil with all his works and allurements, what is the meaning of that?"

He pointed with his stick toward the horses' skulls on the wall, and gave a violent push to one, causing it to fall and break in pieces; the white teeth rolled about on the ground.

"A horse's skull which you have shivered to pieces," replied the old woman, indifferently. "It was a young animal, as you may see by the teeth."

"And you like to eat horse-flesh?" inquired Ekkehard.

"It is no impure animal, and we are not forbidden to eat it."

"Woman!" cried Ekkehard, and he came close to her, "thou practisest witchcraft and sorcery!"

Then the old woman arose. A frown contracted her brow and her eyes glittered strangely. "You wear a priest's garment," she said, "so you may say this to me. An old woman has no protection against you. Otherwise it were a gross insult which you have flung in my face, and the laws of the land punish those that use such words." . . .¹²⁹

During this conversation Audifax had remained timidly standing at the door; but when the raven came hopping toward him he was afraid and ran up to Ekkehard. Then he saw the stone by the hearth; the fear even of twenty ravens would not have prevented him from examining a curious stone. He lifted up the garment which was spread over it; strange, weather-beaten figures came into sight.

Ekkehard also looked at it.

It was a Roman altar. It might have been erected on those heights by cohorts who, at the command of their emperor, had left their luxurious Asiatic camp for the inhospitable shores of the Bodensee. A youth in a flowing mantle and wearing a Phrygian cap was kneeling on a prostrate bull,—the Persian Sun-God Mithras in whom the failing faith of the Romans found new hope and strength.

No inscription was visible. Long stood Ekkehard examining it; for with the exception of a gold coin of Vespasian, which some dependants of the monastery had once found in the moor at Rapperswyl, and some carved stones among the church treasures, his eye had never before beheld any ancient sculpture; but from the shape and look of the thing he suspected that it was some silent witness of a bygone world.

“Whence comes the stone?” asked he.

“I have been questioned enough,” said the old woman, defiantly; “find an answer for yourself.”

The stone might have answered many questions if stones had tongues. A goodly bit of history clings to such weather-beaten monuments. What do they teach? That the races of men come and go like the

leaves which spring produces and autumn destroys, and that all their thoughts and actions last but a short span of time. Then come others who talk in other tongues and create other forms. What was holy is despised; what was despised becomes holy. New gods mount the throne, — fortunate if their altars are not erected on the bodies of too many victims. . . .

Ekkehard saw another meaning in presence of the stone in the Forest woman's hut.

"You worship that man on the bull!" he cried vehemently.

The old woman seized a staff that stood by the fireplace, took a knife and cut two notches in it.

"'T is the second insult you have offered me," she said hoarsely. "What have we to do with the stone image?"

"Then speak! How comes the stone in your hut?"

"Because we were sorry for it," replied the Forest woman. "You who wear your hair close-shaven cannot understand that. The stone stood outside on the crag; it was a consecrated spot, and many have knelt there in olden times. But in these days nobody heeded it. The people of the forest dried their crab-apples or split their kindlings on it, just as 't suited them; and the cruel rain has been washing away the figures. 'I am sorry for the stone,' said my mother. 'It was once something holy; but the bones of those who knew and worshipped the stone and the man on it have long been bleached white, — and the man in the flowing mantle looks as if he were freezing with

the cold.' So we took it up and placed it beside the hearth; it has never brought us any harm as yet. We know how those old Gods feel; for ours also no longer avail. Let the old stone enjoy its rest."

"Your Gods?" continued Ekkehard in his catechism. "Who are your Gods?"

"That you must know," said the old woman. "You have driven them away and banished them into the lake. In the depths below, everything lies buried, — the treasures of old and the ancient Gods! We see them no more, and we only know the places where our fathers worshipped them before the Franks came and the men in cowls. But when the wind shakes the tops of yonder oak-tree, comes something like voices through the air; it is their wailing. And on consecrated nights there is a moaning and roaring in the forest, and a shining of lights; serpents wind round the tree-boles; then over the mountains there flies something like a train of despairing spirits that have come to look at their ancient home. . . ."

Ekkehard crossed himself.

"I tell it as I know it," continued the old woman. "I do not wish to offend the Saviour, but he has come as a stranger into the land. You serve him in a foreign tongue which we cannot understand. If he had grown up on our own ground and soil, then we might talk to him, and would be his most faithful servants, and life would be easier here in Alemannia."

"Woman!" cried Ekkehard, wrathfully, "we will have you burned. . . ."

“If it is written in your books,” was the answer, “that trees grow for the purpose of burning old women, I have lived long enough. The lightning lately came in to visit the woman of the Forest,” she continued, and pointed to a dark streak on the wall, — “the lightning spared the woman of the Forest.”

She cowered down before the hearth, and remained sitting there silent and motionless. The glowing coals threw a strong but fitful light on her wrinkled face.

“’T is well,” said Ekkehard. He left the chamber. Audifax was glad when he could see the blue sky again over his head. “There they sat together,” said he, pointing up toward the mountain.

“I will go and look at it. Go thou back to the Hohentwiel, and send over two men with axes and hatchets; and tell Otfried, the deacon of Singen, to come and bring his stole and mass-book with him.”

Audifax bounded away. Ekkehard went up to the top of the Hohenkrähen.

In the castle on the Hohentwiel, meanwhile, the duchess had been sitting at her midday meal. She had often looked about as if something were missing. The meal was soon over. When Frau Hadwig was alone with Praxedis she began:—

“How dost thou like our new teacher, Praxedis?”

The Greek maid smiled.

“Speak!” said the duchess, in a commanding tone.

"I have seen many a schoolmaster before this at Constantinopolis," said Praxedis, evasively.

Frau Hadwig threatened her with her finger: "I shall banish thee from my sight if thou speakest so disrespectfully. What hast thou to say against schoolmasters?"

"Pardon me," said Praxedis; "I meant no offence. But when I see such a bookman, — how solemn he is, and what pains he takes to dig out of his manuscripts some meaning which we have already nearly guessed, and how he is bound up in his parchments, and how he has eyes for letters and scarcely glances at the men around him, — then I always feel tempted to laugh. When I am in doubt whether pity is out of place, I laugh. He does not require pity; he knows so much more than I do."

"A teacher must be solemn," said the duchess. "It belongs to him as the snow does to our Alps."

"Solemn? Ah, well! in this land, where the snow covers the mountain-peaks, everything must be solemn," resumed the Greek maid. "If I were only as learned as Herr Ekkehard, so as to tell you what I mean! I mean, one might learn many things with enjoyment also, sportively, without the sweat-drops of hard labor on one's brow. Whatever is beautiful ought to please and be true at the same time. I mean, knowledge is like honey, which can be got at in different ways. The butterfly hovers over the flowers and finds it; but such a learned German seems to me like a bear who clumsily puts his paws into a bee-hive and then licks them. I for my part don't admire bears."

“Thou art a frivolous-minded maiden,” said Frau Hadwig, “and not fond of learning. But how does Ekkehard please thee otherwise,—I mean is he handsome?”

Praxedis looked up at her mistress. “I have never yet looked at a monk to see whether he were handsome.”

“Why not?”

“Because I have considered it unnecessary.”

“Thou givest queer answers to-day,” said Frau Hadwig, getting up from her seat. She stepped to the window and looked out northwards. Beyond the dark fir-trees rose the heavy mass of the steep, rocky Hohenkrähen.

“The goat-boy has just been here, and has told some of the men to go over,” said Praxedis.

“The afternoon is mild and sunny,” observed the duchess. “Have the horses saddled, and we will ride over and see what they are doing. Ah! I forgot that when we returned from St. Gallus thou didst complain of the fatigue of riding. So I will go there alone. . . .”

Ekkehard had inspected the scene of the nightly revel on the Hohenkrähen. Few traces remained. The earth around the oak-tree bore damp, red stains. Coals and ashes showed where the fire had been.

With astonishment he beheld here and there, hanging hidden in the branches of the oak, small wax effigies of human limbs,—feet and hands, as well as images of horses and cows,—offerings for the recovery of sick men and beasts, which the super-

stitious peasantry at that time preferred to hang up on the consecrated tree rather than to place them in the church in the valley.

Two men with cutting implements now came up.

"We have been ordered to come here," they said.

"From the Hohentwiel?" asked Ekkehard.

"We work for the duchess; but we live yonder on the Hohenhöwen, where you can see the smoke rise from the charcoal-pile."

"Good!" said Ekkehard. "You are to cut down this oak for me."

The men looked at him in embarrassment.

"Begin at once and make haste; the tree must be felled before nightfall."

Then the two men walked up to the oak. With gaping mouths they stood before the magnificent tree. One of them let his axe fall.

"Don't you know the spot, Chomuli?" quoth he to his companion.

"How should I know it, Woveli?"

The woodcutter pointed toward the east, and lifting his right hand to his mouth, imitated the act of drinking.

"On this account, Chomuli."

Then the other looked down where Ekkehard was standing, and winked one eye.

"We know nothing, Woveli."

"But he will know, Chomuli," said the first speaker.

"That remains to be seen," was the reply.

"It is a sin and a shame," continued his companion. "This oak has been growing here for two

hundred years, and has witnessed many a bright fire each May and Autumn. I can't bring myself to do it, Chomuli."

"Don't be a fool," said the other, consolingly, and he made the first stroke. "We've got to do it. The more readily we hew away at the tree, the less he yonder in the cowl will believe that we have sat under its branches in nightly worship. And the shilling fine! . . . A man must be cautious, Woveli!"

That remark carried enlightenment. "Yes, a man must be cautious," he repeated; and he buried his axe in the tree which he had worshipped. Ten days before, he himself had hung up a wax effigy in order to cure his brown cow of fever.

The chips flew about, and the axes of the two woodcutters resounded in muffled monotonous strokes. Keeping regular time, their blows quickly followed one another.

The deacon of Singen had also arrived with mass-book and stole. Ekkehard beckoned to him to go with him into the hut of the Forest woman. She was still sitting motionless beside her hearth. A sharp gust of wind sprang up just as they were entering the opened door and extinguished her fire.

"Forest woman," called out Ekkehard, imperiously, "put your house in order and pack up your things; you must go!"

The old woman seized her staff and cut a third notch. "Who is it that insults me for the third time," growled she, "and who wishes to cast me out of my mother's house like a stray dog?"

"In the name of the duchess of Suabia," con-

tinued Ekkehard, solemnly, "and on account of your practising heathenish superstitions and nightly idolatries, I banish you herewith from house and home, and the province and the land. Your chair shall be placed before the door of your hut, and you shall wander restlessly about, as far as the sky is blue, and Christians visit the church; as far as the falcon flies on a day of Spring when the wind under both his wings carries him along. No hospitable door shall be opened to you, no fire be lighted to give you warmth; and may the wells deny you water, until you have repented of your wickedness, and made your peace with the triune God, the judge of the living and dead."

The woman of the wood had listened to him without showing great emotion.

"An anointed man will thrice insult thee under thine own roof," muttered she, "and in witness of this thou shalt cut a notch in thy staff, and with the same staff thou shalt go out toward the setting sun, for they will not leave thee a place whereon to rest thy head. O mother! my mother!"

She then collected her scanty belongings into a bundle, took her staff, and prepared herself to go. The deacon of Singen was touched. "Ask God's pardon through his servants, and perform some Christian penance," he said, "so that you may find forgiveness."

"For that the woman of the Forest is too old,"¹³⁰ she replied. Then she called her woodpecker, which fluttered over to her shoulder; the frightened raven went hopping behind her; the door was already

open; one last look on the walls and fireplace, the herbs and horses' skulls; then she struck her staff violently on the threshold, so that the stone flags resounded.

"Be cursed, ye dogs!" the two priests heard her cry; then with her birds she plunged into the woods and disappeared.

*And silent and vanquished we hasten forth,
Our stars in misfortune leave us,
O Iceland, thou frozen isle of the North,
Arise from the dark and receive us!*

sounded a melancholy song from among the leafless trees.

But Ekkehard put on the stole; and the deacon of Singen carrying the mass-book before him, they proceeded through chamber and closet. He sanctified the walls by the sign of the cross, so as to banish the evil spirits forever: then with prayers, he pronounced the mighty exorcism over the place.

The pious work had lasted long; and the cold sweat-drops stood on the deacon's brow when he took off Ekkehard's stole; he had never before heard such impressive words. Now the tramping of horses' feet was heard.

It was the duchess, accompanied by one servant only. Ekkehard went to meet her; the deacon of Singen started on his homeward way.

"You were gone so long that I myself had to come hither to see how you had settled everything," graciously called out the duchess.

The two wood-cutters had in the mean while

finished their work, and were stealing off by the back of the hill. They stood in awe of the duchess.

Ekkehard told her about the life and doings of the Forest woman, and how he had driven her away.

"You are severe," said Frau Hadwig.

"I thought I was mild," replied Ekkehard.

"We sanction what you have done," said the duchess. "What do you intend to do with the deserted hut?" She cast a hasty look at the stone walls.

"The power of the evil spirits has been banished and exorcised," said Ekkehard. "I mean to consecrate it as a chapel to St. Hadwig."

The duchess looked at him with a well-pleased expression.

"How did you think of that?"

"It just occurred to me, . . . the oak I have had cut down."

"We will examine that spot," said she. "I think that we shall sanction also the felling of the oak."

Accompanied by Ekkehard she climbed the steep path, leading up to the top of the Hohenkrähen.

There lay the oak on the ground; its mighty branches fairly blocked the place. A stony plateau, but a few paces in circumference, crowned the strangely shaped mountain. They were standing on the top. Beneath their feet the steep wall sank away precipitously. It was a giddy height; there was neither stone nor tree for support, the two figures stood out against the blue sky, the monk in his dark garment and the duchess wrapped up in

her bright-colored mantle. Silently they stood together. A splendid view opened before them. In the depths below stretched the plain, through the green meadows of which in serpentine course wound the little river Aach. The roofs and gables of the houses far down in the valley looked like tiny dots on a map. Over opposite darkly rose the well-known peak of the Hohentwiel in proud pre-eminence; blue flat mountain-ridges extended like walls behind the mighty one, forming a barrier that hides the Rhine in its escape from the Bodensee.

The Untersee, with the island of Reichenau, lay glittering in the foreground; and in the far distance stood out in faint outline gigantic mountains, through transparent clouds. They became clearer and clearer; a golden glow surrounded them like a halo of glory. The sun was declining toward the west . . . with soft vapors and melting lights the landscape swam. . . .

Frau Hadwig was moved; nature's grander beauty appealed to her noble heart. But the emotions lie very close to one another; an impulse of tenderness came into her heart. From the snowy Alpine peaks her eyes turned on Ekkehard. "He is going to consecrate a chapel to St. Hadwig," something whispered within her, over and over again.

She advanced a step, as if she were afraid of becoming giddy, put her right arm on Ekkehard's shoulder and leaned heavily on him. Close her eyes flamed into his.

"What is my friend thinking about?" said she in soft accents.

Ekkehard had been lost in thought. He started. "I have never before stood on such a height," said he, "and I was reminded of the passage in Scripture: 'Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan! for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.'"

With a strange look the duchess stepped back. The fire in her eyes changed, as if she might have pushed the monk down into the abyss.

"Ekkehard!" cried she, "you are either a child — or a fool!"

Then she turned, and with hasty steps showing her vexation descended the path. She rode back to the Hohentwiel, at a furious gallop. Her servant could scarcely follow her.

Ekkehard knew not what happened to him. He passed his hand over his eyes, as if there were scales over them.

While in the silent night he was sitting in his tower on the Hohentwiel, and thinking over the events of the day, a distant gleam of fire flashed in the sky. He looked out. From the fir-trees on the Hohenkrähen arose the fiery blaze.

The Forest woman had been paying her last visit to the future chapel of St. Hadwig.

CHAPTER X.

CHRISTMAS.

THE evening on the Hohenkrähen rang in false tones in the duchess's mind for several days. Discords are not easily forgiven, especially by one who has caused them.

For this reason Frau Hadwig spent some days in a very bad humor in her own private apartments. Grammar and Vergil rested. With Praxedis she took up the old jest about the schoolmasters at Constantinople, and seemed to appreciate it better than before.

Ekkehard asked whether he were to continue the lessons.

"I have a toothache," said the duchess.

"The rough autumnal weather must be the cause of it," he said, expressing his regret.

He asked several times every day how she was. This conciliated the duchess.

"How comes it," she asked once of Praxedis, "that a person can be of more real worth than he himself knows how to show?"

"From a lack of gracefulness," replied the Greek maid. "In other countries I have found the reverse; but here, people are too lazy with every step, with every gesture, with every word, to express their

real self. They prefer to hide it in their thoughts, and they think every one must be able to read on their foreheads what is going on within."

"But yet we are generally so industrious," remarked Frau Hadwig, complacently.

"The buffaloes likewise work the live-long day," Praxedis had almost retorted; but for once she contented herself with merely thinking it.

Ekkehard was unembarrassed. It had not occurred to him that he had given the duchess an unsuitable answer. He really had been thinking of that Scripture comparison, and failed to see that it was not the right thing to quote Scripture in reply to a timid expression of a friendly liking. He revered the duchess, but rather as the embodied idea of high rank than as a woman. That rank demands reverence had never struck him; still less that even one of loftiest position is often perfectly satisfied with simple affection. He noticed that Frau Hadwig was out of spirits; but he contented himself by making the general observation that the intercourse with a duchess was more difficult than that with his brethren according to the rules of St. Benedict.

Among the books which Vincentius had left behind were the Epistles of the Apostle Paul, which he now studied. Herr Spazzo during those days put on a still haughtier mien than usual when he passed him. Frau Hadwig soon found out that it was better to return to the old order of things.

"It was really a splendid view which we had that evening from the Hohenkrähen, looking over to the snow-clad mountains," said she one day to Ekkehard.

“But do you know our weather-signs on the Hohentwiel? Whenever the Alps appear very distinct and near, the weather is sure to change. We have had some bad days since. We will take up our reading of Vergil again.”

Then Ekkehard, highly pleased, brought his heavy metal-bound *Vergilius*, and they resumed their studies. He read and translated to the ladies the second book of the *Æneid*, about the fall of lofty Troy, the wooden horse and Sinon's treachery and the fearful end of Laocoön, the battle in the night, Cassandra's fate, and Priamus' death, and *Æneas'* flight with the aged Anchises.

With evident sympathy Frau Hadwig listened to the interesting tale. Only she was not quite satisfied with the disappearance of *Æneas'* spouse Creüsa.

“That he need not have told Queen Dido at such length,” she said; “the living woman surely was not overpleased to hear that he had run so long after the lost one. Lost is lost.”

Meantime the winter was swiftly drawing near. The sky grew dreary and leaden-gray, and the distance remained shrouded. First the mountain-peaks round about put on their white snow-blankets; then field and valley followed their example. Young icicles made experiments on the rafters under the roofs to see if they might quietly hang there for some months to come; the old linden-tree in the courtyard—like a thrifty householder who lets the Hebrew have his worn-out garments—had long since shaken down its faded leaves as the sport of

the winds. It made a great heap, which they sent scurrying in all directions. To the branches flew the cawing rooks, coming from the neighboring woods, and eagerly watching for a crumb from the castle kitchen. Once there came among the sable brotherhood one the flight of which was heavy, as its wings were damaged; but as Ekkehard went across the courtyard, the raven flew screeching away. It had seen the monk's habit before, and did not like it.

Winter nights are long and dark. Now and then gleam the Northern Lights; but far brighter than any Northern Lights comes to the hearts of men the remembrance of that night when angels descended to the shepherds in the fields and brought them the greeting, —

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will towards men.*

On the Hohentwiel they were preparing for the Christmas festival by getting ready all sorts of presents. The year is long, and numbers many days in which people can treat one another in a friendly way; but the Germans like having one especial day prescribed for that pleasant custom. Therefore they excel other nations in the custom of making Christmas presents. The good heart has its own peculiar rights.

During this time Frau Hadwig had almost entirely laid aside the grammar. In the women's quarters there was great work in sewing and embroidery. Balls of gold thread and black silk lay scattered about; and when Ekkehard once came in unperceived, Praxedis rushed up in front of him and

pushed him out of the door, while Frau Hadwig hid some needlework in a basket.

This attracted Ekkehard's attention, and he reached the not unreasonable conclusion that they were preparing some present for him. For that reason it seemed to him appropriate to make a return, and to employ the best of his knowledge and artistic ability for that purpose. He sent word to his friend and teacher, Folkard, at St. Gall, to forward to him parchment and colors and brushes and precious ink. He did so. Then Ekkehard sat up many an hour at night in his tower, pondering over a Latin poem, which he would dedicate to the duchess, and in which should be contained some delicate homage.

But this was not such an easy task! Once he began at the creation of the world, intending to bring the story down in compendious form to the accession of Frau Hadwig as duchess of Suabia; but after composing some hundred hexameters he had not yet got as far as King David; and at that rate the work might possibly have been finished by Christmas three years later. Another time he tried to number up all the women who, either by their power or beauty, had influenced the fate of nations, from Queen Semiramis down, not forgetting to mention the virgin Amazons, the heroic Judith, and the tuneful Sappho; but to his regret he found that by the time his pen had worked its way to the duchess it would be quite impossible to say anything new in her praise. So he went about downcast and much distressed.

“Have you swallowed a spider, pearl of all professors?” inquired Praxedis one day, on meeting him in this disturbed condition.

“You may well be jesting,” said Ekkehard, sadly; and under the seal of secrecy he confided his griefs to her. Praxedis could not help laughing.

“By the thirty-six thousand volumes in the library at Constantinopolis!” she exclaimed. “Why, you are going to cut down whole forests, when a few flowers for a bouquet are all that’s wanted. Make it simple, unpedantic, graceful, — such as your beloved Vergil would have made it!”

She ran away. Ekkehard set to work again in his chamber. “Like Vergil?” he mused. But in the whole of the *Æneid* there was no example of a similar case. He read several cantos. Then he sat dreamily thinking. Suddenly a good idea struck him. “I have it!” he cried. “The beloved poet himself shall do homage to her!”

He then wrote a poem, as if Vergil had appeared to him in the solitude of his tower expressing his delight that his poetry still lived again in German lands, and thanking the high-born lady for thus befriending him. In a few minutes it was ready.

This poem Ekkehard now wished to transfer to parchment, adorned by beautiful illustrations. So he composed the following picture: The duchess, with crown and sceptre, sitting on a high throne; Vergil, in white garments, advances toward her, and inclines his laurel-crowned head. By the right hand he leads Ekkehard, who modestly walks by

his side, as the pupil with the master, likewise humbly bowing before her.

In the strict manner of the excellent Folkard, he first drew the sketch. He remembered a picture in a psalm-book, representing the young David before King Abimelech.¹³¹ He arranged the figures thus: he drew the duchess two fingers' breadth taller than Vergil, and the Ekkehard of the sketch was, on the other hand, considerably shorter than the heathen poet. Budding Art, lacking other means, expresses rank and greatness outwardly.

With the figure of Vergil he succeeded tolerably well; for at St. Gall they had always used ancient pictures as the traditional models for their drawings, and adopted a conventional method for both drapery and outline. Likewise he succeeded with his own portrait, — at least so far as to draw a figure in a monk's habit and evidently wearing a tonsure. But a terrible problem for him was the correct representation of a queenly woman's form; for never, as yet, had the effigy of a woman — not even that of Mary the Mother of God — received admittance amongst the monastery's paintings. David and Abimelech, familiar as they were, were of no help to him here; for the regal mantle scarcely came down to their knees, and he knew not how to manage the draping of it when it was longer.

So anxiety once more resumed its seat on his brow.

“Well?” asked Praxedis one day.

“The poem is finished,” replied Ekkehard. “Now something else is wanting.”

“And what may that be?”

“I want to know in what way women’s garments cling to their tender bodies,” said he, in a melancholy tone. . . .

“What you say is really very shocking, O chosen vessel of virtue,” chided Praxedis. Ekkehard, however, explained his difficulties in a clearer way. Then the Greek girl made a movement with her hand, as if to lift his eyelids.

“Open your eyes,” she said, “and look at what is alive!”

The advice was simple, and yet novel to one who had acquired all his art in his solitary cell. Ekkehard gave his counsellor a long and scrutinizing look.

“It avails me nothing,” said he. “You do not wear a regal mantle.”

Then the Greek girl took pity on the doubt-beset artist. “Wait,” said she; “the duchess is down in the garden: I will put on her ducal mantle, and that will help you.”

She glided out, and after a few minutes reappeared; the heavy purple mantle, with its golden embellishments, hung negligently from her shoulders. With measured steps she walked through the chamber. On a table stood a brass candlestick: she took it for a sceptre; with head thrown back, she came and stood before the monk.

He had taken out his pencil and a piece of parchment. “Turn round a little more toward the light,” said he, and began at once to draw eagerly.

But every time, when he looked at his graceful model, she darted a sparkling look at him. His

movements became slower; Praxedis looked out of the window. "But, as our rival in the realm," began she with an artificially raised voice, "is already leaving the courtyard, and threatens to take us by surprise, we command you, on pain of losing your head, to finish your drawing within the next minute."

"I thank you," said Ekkehard, putting down his pencil.

Praxedis stepped up to him, and bending forwards, looked at what he had done. "What shameful treason!" she exclaimed. "The picture has no head!"

"I merely wanted the drapery," said Ekkehard.

"You have missed your fortune," continued Praxedis, in her former jesting tone. "If you had faithfully portrayed the features, who knows whether, in sign of our princely favor, we should not have made you patriarch of Constantinople!"

Steps were heard outside. Praxedis quickly tore off the mantel from her shoulders, so that it dropped on her arm; the duchess was already standing before them.

"Are you learning Greek again?" she reproachfully asked of Ekkehard.

"I have been showing him the precious sardonyx in the clasp of my mistress's mantle;—it is such a beautifully cut head," said Praxedis. "Herr Ekkehard has much taste for antiquities, and he was greatly pleased with the intaglio." . . .

Even Audifax made his preparations for Christmas. His hope of finding treasures had greatly diminished. He now clung more to what was actually

in his reach. Often at night-time, he descended into the valley to the shores of the river Aach, which with sluggish current flowed on towards the lake. Close to the rotten foot-bridge stood a hollow willow-tree. There Audifax lay in ambush many an hour, his raised stick directed toward the opening in the tree. He was on the look-out for an otter. But no philosopher trying to fathom the ultimate cause of Being ever found his task so difficult as did the shepherd-lad with his otter-hunting; for from the steep bank there were many subterranean outlets into the river, which the otter knew and Audifax did not. And often when Audifax, trembling with cold, said, "Now it must come," he would hear a noise far up the river; it was his friend the otter putting its snout out of the water to take a good breath; and when Audifax softly crept up in the direction of the sound, the otter was lying on its back and floating comfortably down stream. . . .

In the kitchen on the Hohentwiel there was great bustle and activity, — as in the tent of a commander-in-chief on the eve of a battle. Frau Hadwig herself stood among the serving-maidens. She did not wear her ducal mantle, but a white apron; she distributed flour and honey, and superintended the baking of the gingerbread. Praxedis was mixing ginger, pepper, and cinnamon, to flavor the paste with.

"What shape shall we make it?" asked she. "The square with the serpents?"

"No, the big heart is prettier,"¹³² said Frau Hadwig. So the gingerbread was baked in the shape of hearts, and the finest was stuck with almonds and cardamom by the duchess's own hand.

One morning Audifax entered the kitchen, half frozen with cold, and crept up to the fireplace. His lips trembled as in a fever ; but he was happy, and in high spirits. "Get ready, my boy," said Praxedis, "for this afternoon thou must go over into the forest and hew down a fir-tree."

"That is not my business," proudly said Audifax, "but I will do it, if you will also do me a favor."

"And what does master goat-herd desire?" asked Praxedis.

Audifax ran out, and on returning, triumphantly held up a dark-brown otter-skin, glossy and soft to the touch.

"Where did you get that from?" asked Praxedis.

"I caught it myself," replied Audifax, looking with sparkling eyes at his booty. "Will you make a fur cap out of it for Hadumoth?"

The Greek maid liked the boy well, and promised to fulfil his request.

The Christmas-tree was brought home; they decorated it with apples and wax-lights. The duchess arranged everything in the great hall. A man from Stein on the Rhine had arrived and brought a basket tightly sewed up in linen. He said that it was from St. Gall, and destined for Herr Ekkehard. Frau Hadwig had the basket put unopened on the table with the other gifts.

Christmas Eve had arrived. All the inhabitants of the castle were assembled, dressed in festal array; for on that day there was to be no separation between masters and servants. Ekkehard read to them the story of the Saviour's nativity; then they all went,

two and two, into the great hall, where there was a blaze of lights. The dark fir-tree, with its many candles, shone splendidly. The last to enter were Audifax and Hadumoth. A little bit of tinsel, with which the nuts had been gilded, lay on the threshold. Audifax stooped to pick it up; it crumbled in his fingers.

“That fell off from the wings of the Christ-child,” whispered Hadumoth.

On large tables lay the presents for the serving-people, — a piece of linen or cloth, and some cakes. They rejoiced at their mistress’s geniality, which was not always so manifest. Together with Hadumoth’s share lay the fur cap. She wept when Praxedis kindly betrayed the giver to her.

“I have nothing for thee,” said she to Audifax.

“It is instead of the golden crown,” whispered he.

Men and maid-servants thanked the duchess, and went down to the servants’ hall. Frau Hadwig took Ekkehard by the hand and led him to a little table.

“This is for you,” said she.

With the almond-covered gingerbread heart and the basket lay a handsome velvet biretta and a magnificent stole. Fringe and ground were of gold thread; dark dots were embroidered in it in black silk, some of them studded with pearls. It was worthy of a bishop.

“Let me see how it becomes you,” said Praxedis; and in spite of their ecclesiastical character, she put the cap on his head, and threw the stole over his shoulders. Ekkehard cast down his eyes. “Splendid,” she exclaimed; “you may offer your thanks!”

Shyly Ekkehard took off the consecrated gifts; out of his ample garment he drew the parchment roll, and timidly presented it to the duchess. Frau Hadwig held it unopened in her hand.

“First we must open the basket,” she said. “The best” — smilingly pointing to the parchment — “must come last.”

So they cut open the basket. Buried in hay, and well preserved by the winter’s cold, lay a huge black-cock. Ekkehard lifted it up. With outspread wings it measured more than the height of a man. A letter accompanied this magnificent piece of feathered game.

“Read it aloud!” said the duchess, whose curiosity was aroused. Ekkehard broke the clumsy seal and read as follows: —

To the reverend Brother Ekkehard on the Hohen-twiel, through Burkard the cloister-pupil, from Romeias the watchman at the gate.

If there were two of them, one would be for you; but as I have not been lucky enough to get two, this one is not for you, and yours will come later. It is sent to you on account of not knowing her name; but she was with the lady duchess in the monastery on that day, and wore a dress of the color of the green woodpecker, and her tresses were fastened round her head.

For her the bird, on account of continual thinking, on the part of him who shot it, of the walk to the recluses. It must be well macerated and roasted, because otherwise tough. In case of other guests,

she is herself to eat the white meat on the backbone, because that is the best; the brown often having a resinous taste.

With it all blessings and happiness! To you, reverend brother, likewise. If on your castle were wanting a watchman, porter, or gamekeeper, you might recommend Romeias to the duchess; for on account of being mocked at by the steward, and of the complaints of that dragon Wiborad, he would gladly change his service. Testimony as to his skill as gatekeeper, both in giving admittance and pitching out of strange visitors, can be furnished. The same with regard to hunting. He is already now looking toward the Hohentwiel, as if a cord were drawing him thither. Long life to you and to the lady duchess! Farewell!

A merry peal of laughter followed the reading. Praxedis had grown red in the face. "That is mean thanks from you," angrily exclaimed she to Ekkehard, "that you write letters in another man's name, to insult me!"

"Stop," said he. "Why should the letter not be genuine?"

"It would not be the first that was forged by a monk," was Praxedis's bitter reply. "Why need you make sport of that rough huntsman? He was by no means so bad!"

"Praxedis, be reasonable!" urged the duchess. "Look at that black-cock! that was never shot in the Hegau; and Ekkehard writes a somewhat different hand. Shall we give the petitioner a place on the Hohentwiel?"

“I beg of you not,” cried Praxedis, eagerly. “No one is to believe that —”

“Very well,” said Frau Hadwig, in a tone bespeaking silence. She unrolled Ekkehard’s parchment. The painting at the beginning had succeeded tolerably well; any doubt as to its meaning was obviated by the superscription of the names, — Hadwigis, Vergilius, and Ekkehard. A bold initial, with intricate golden arabesques, headed the poem.

The duchess was highly pleased. Ekkehard had never before given her any proof of his possessing such skill in art. Praxedis looked at the purple mantle which the duchess in the picture wore, and smiled as if she knew something about it.

Frau Hadwig made a sign to Ekkehard to read and explain the poem. He read it. In English it runs as follows: —

*At silent midnight I was sitting lone,
And poring over ancient manuscripts,
When through my chamber flashed a sudden gleam
Of supernatural light. 'Twas not the moon.
And then before me stood a radiant form: —
A smile immortal hovered round his lips,
In raven masses waved his flowing locks,
And for a crown he wore the laurel wreath.*

*And pointing to the parchment book unrolled
To me he spake: “Be not dismayed, my friend.
No spirit to disturb thy peace am I;
Only to wish thee every good I come;
What in dead letter still is told thee there
Once with my own warm heart’s blood did I write: —
The Trojan arms, Aeneas’ wanderings,
The wrath of gods, the founding of proud Rome.*

*" A thousand years will soon have rolled away :
The bard is dead ; dead are his nation all.
My grave is silent. Rarely come to me
The sounds of jocund vintage festivals
Or roar of surf on neighboring Cape Misene.*

*" But lately hath the north wind broke my rest : —
He brought me tidings that in foreign lands
Once more Aeneas' history is read ;
And that a proud and august princess there
Bids graciously her native tongue to wreath
As a new garment round my epic words.*

*" We used to think the Rhineland 'neath the Alps
Was marshy fens, where dwelt a barbarous folk.
Oblivion has become our lot at home ;
But in the distant land we live anew.
For this to thank you am I here to-day.
The costliest guerdon minstrel ever wins
Is when a noble woman gives him praise.*

*" Hail to thy lady, who the wondrous dower
Of strength and wisdom holds in union rare ;
Who like Minerva mid her kindred gods
Is clad in warlike brass, in battle proved,
And yet protects and shields the arts of peace.
May she the sceptre wield for long, long years,
A strong and happy people round her flourish !*

*" And if strange music ever meet your ears
Like song of heroes and a distant harp,
Then think of me : Italia greets you then ;
Vergilius greets the heights of Hohentwiel ! "*

*Thus spake he, and with friendly gesture vanished ;
And I that self-same night wrote down the words
His lips had uttered. To my mistress now
'T is offered as a humble Christmas gift
By her own faithful servant Ekkehard !*

A short pause ensued after he had finished the reading of his poem. Then the duchess approached him with outstretched hand.

“Ekkehard, I thank you,” said she.

They were the same words which she had once said to him in the cloistered courtyard at St. Gall; but the tones were still milder than at that time; her eyes sparkled and her lips wore a wondrous smile, like that of sweet-eyed fairies, which is said to be followed by a shower of snow-white roses.

She then turned to Praxedis: “And thee I ought to condemn to ask his pardon on thy very knees, for having but lately spoken with so little veneration of learned and ecclesiastical men.”

But the Greek girl’s eyes sparkled mischievously, well knowing that without her help and advice the shy monk would scarcely have been able to attain this success.

“In future I will pay him all the reverence that is due,” said she. “I will even weave him a garland if you desire it.”

After Ekkehard had gone up to his little chamber, and the quiet midnight hour was at hand, the two women still were sitting together. And the Greek girl fetched a basin filled with water, some pieces of lead, and a metal spoon.

“Last year’s lead-melting prophesied well,” said she. “We could not then quite understand what the strange shape was which the lead assumed in the water; but now I am more and more inclined to think that it resembled a monk’s cowl; and that our castle has come into possession of.”

The duchess had become thoughtful. She listened to hear whether Ekkehard might not be returning.

"It is nothing but an idle amusement," said she.

"If it does not please my mistress," said the Greek girl, "then she might order our teacher to entertain us with something better. His Vergilius is no doubt a far more reliable oracle of the future than our lead, when opened, on a consecrated night, with prayers and a blessing. I am quite curious to know what part of his epic would foretell to us the events of the coming year."

"Be silent!" said the duchess. "He spoke but lately so sternly against witchcraft; he would laugh at us. . . ."

"Then we shall have to content ourselves with the old way," returned Praxedis; and she held the spoon with the lead in it over the flame of the lamp. The lead melted and trembled; then she stood up, muttered a few unintelligible words, and poured it into the water; the liquid metal made a hissing sound.

Frau Hadwig, with assumed indifference, cast a look at it; Praxedis held the basin up to the light. Instead of dividing into fantastic shapes, the lead had formed a long pointed drop. It glimmered faintly in Frau Hadwig's hand.

"That is another riddle for time to solve," laughed Praxedis. "The future this time closely resembles a pine cone."

"Or a tear," said the duchess, seriously, and she leaned her head on her hand.¹⁸³

A loud noise from the ground floor of the castle interrupted the further investigation of the omen.

Giggling and screams of the maid-servants, rough sounds of men's voices, and the shrill tones of a lute were heard in wild confusion coming up the passage. Respectfully but beseechingly the flying troop of maids stopped at the threshold. The tall Friderun could scarcely refrain from scolding at the top of her voice; little Hadumoth was crying. Groping, heavy steps were heard behind them, and presently there appeared an uncouth figure, wrapped in a bearskin, with a painted wooden mask in the form of a bear's snout; it snarled and growled like a hungry bruin seeking for its prey, and now and then plucked clumsily at a lute which hung by a red ribbon over its shaggy shoulders; but as soon as the door of the hall was thrown open, and the duchess's rustling dress was heard approaching, the nocturnal apparition turned round, and slowly stumbled back into the echoing passage.

The old housekeeper then found her tongue, and told their mistress how they had been sitting merrily together, rejoicing over their Christmas presents, when the monster had broken in upon them, and had first executed a fine dance to its own lute-playing; how then it had blown out the candles and threatened the frightened maidens with kisses and embraces, and had become so wild and obstreperous that they had all been obliged to take flight.

By the hoarse laughter of the bear there was strong reason for suspecting that hidden under the shaggy fur was Herr Spazzo the chamberlain, who, after imbibing a considerable quantity of wine, had concluded his Christmas frolics in that way.

Frau Hadwig appeased her indignant servants, and bade them go to bed. From the yard, however, was soon heard another cry of surprise. There they all stood in a group, gazing up at the tower; for the terrible bear had climbed up, and was now promenading on the top of it, lifting his shaggy head up to the stars, as if he wanted to send a greeting to his namesake, — the Great Bear high up in the firmament.

The dark figure stood out in clear outlines against the pale starry sky; his growls weirdly sounded through the silent night; but no mortal ever knew what the luminous constellations revealed to the wine-clouded brains of Herr Spazzo the chamberlain. . . .

At the same midnight hour Ekkehard knelt before the altar of the castle chapel, softly chanting the Christmas-matins,¹³⁴ as the church rules prescribed.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD MAN OF THE HEIDENHÖHLE.

THE rest of the winter on the Hobentwiel passed monotonously, and so was quickly over. They prayed and worked, read Vergil and studied grammar, every day. Frau Hadwig had quite given up asking embarrassing questions.

During the Carnival, the neighboring nobility came to pay their respects to the duchess, — those of the Nellenburg and of Veringen; the old count of Argengau with his daughters, the seven Guelphs from over the lake, and many others.¹³⁵ Then there was much feasting, accompanied by more drinking.

After that it became lonely again on the mountain-top.

March had come, heavy gales blew over the land. On the first starlight night there was a comet in the sky; ¹³⁶ and the stork which lived comfortably on the castle-gable had flown away again a week after its return. The people shook their heads. Then the shepherd of Engen came along driving his flock past the mountain; he told how he had met the army-worm; ¹³⁷ that means war.

A strange, uncomfortable feeling took possession of all minds. The approach of an earthquake is often felt at a considerable distance, — here by the

stopping of a spring, there by the anxious flying about of birds; in the same way the danger of war makes itself felt beforehand.

Herr Spazzo, who had bravely sat behind the wine-jug in February, now walked about with a downcast expression.

“Will you do me a favor,” said he one evening to Ekkehard. “In my dream I saw a dead fish floating on its back. I wish to make my last will. The world has become old, and is left standing on its last leg; and that also will soon give way. Good-bye, then, Firnewine! Besides, we are not very far off from the Millennium, and have lived merrily enough. Perhaps one’s last years will count double. Mankind can not accomplish much more. Civilization has gone so far that in this one castle of Hohen-twiel more than half a dozen books lie heaped up; and when a fellow gets a good thrashing, he goes up to court and makes his complaint, instead of burning down his enemy’s house over his head. So the world is coming to an end.”¹³⁸

“Who is to be your heir, if all the world is to perish?” asked Ekkehard.

A man from Augsburg coming to the Reichenau brought evil tidings. Bishop Ulrich had promised a precious relic to the monastery, — the right arm of the holy Theopontus, richly set in silver and precious stones. He now sent word that, as the country was unsafe at present, he could not risk sending it.

The abbot ordered the man to go to the Hohen-twiel to inform the duchess of the state of things.

“What good news do you bring?” she asked of him.

“Not much. I would rather carry away good news from here. The Suabian *arrière-ban* is up in arms; horses and riders, as many as have a sword and shield hanging on their walls, are ready. They are again on the road between the Danube and the Rhine.” . . .

“Who?”

“Our old friends from over yonder: the small fellows with the deep-set eyes and blunt noses. A good deal of tough meat will again be ridden tender under the saddle this year.”

He drew out of his pocket a small horseshoe, of strange shape, with a high caulk to it. Do you know the proverb: —

*Little hoof and little steed,
Crooked sabre, arrows keen,
Quick as lightning,
Ne'er at rest,
Lord, deliver us from this pest!*

“The Huns?” ¹³⁹ exclaimed the duchess, startled.

“Whether you prefer to call them Hungarians or Hungry-ones, 't is the same to me,” said the messenger. “Bishop Pilgrim sent the tidings from Passau to Freising; from there the story reached us. They have already swum across the Danube, and like locusts they will be falling into the German lands; quick as winged devils they are. ‘You may sooner catch the wind on the plain, or the bird in the air,’ is an old saying with us. May their horses get the blind staggers! As for myself, my

only fear is for my sister's child, — the pretty little Bertha at Passau."

"It is impossible!" said Frau Hadwig. "Can they have forgotten already what answer Echanger and Berchtold, the messengers of the Exchequer, returned them: 'We have iron and swords, and five fingers to our hands'? In the battle on the Inn, these words were plainly written on their heads. . . ."

"For that very reason," said the man. "He who has been beaten once, likes to come back and beat in his turn. The messengers of the Exchequer, as a reward for their bravery, had their heads cut off; so who will take their places in the van?"

"We likewise know the path on which our ancestors went out to meet the enemy," proudly returned the duchess.

She dismissed the man from Augsburg with a present. Then she sent for Ekkehard.

"Vergil will have to rest a while," said she, and she told him of the danger threatened by the Huns. The state of things was by no means pleasant. The nobles had forgotten, in personal feuds of long standing, how to act in common; the Emperor, of Saxon origin and not over-fond of the Suabians, was fighting in Italy, far away from the German frontier; the passage to the Bodensee was open to the strange visitors. Their very name inspired terror. For years their hordes had been swarming like will-o'-the-wisps through the disorganized realm which Charlemagne had left in the hands of incompetent successors. From the shores of the North Sea, where

the ruins of Bremen bore witness of their invasion, down to the southern point of Calabria, where the natives had to pay a ransom for each head, fire and plunder marked their way. . . .

“Unless the pious Bishop Ulrich has seen ghosts,” said the duchess, “they are certain to come to us also; what is to be done? To meet them in open battle? Even bravery is folly when the enemy is too numerous. To buy peace by paying tribute and ransom, and so drive them over to our neighbors’ territory? Others have done that, but we have other ideas of honor and dishonor. Are we to barricade ourselves on the Hohentwiel, and leave the land to their mercy? They are our subjects, and we have promised them our ducal protection. Advise us!”

“My knowledge does not extend to such matters,” sorrowfully replied Ekkehard.

The duchess was excited. “Oh, schoolmaster,” cried she, reproachfully, “why did not Heaven make you a warrior? Many things would be better then!”

Ekkehard, deeply hurt, turned to go. The words had entered his heart like an arrow, and remained there. There was some truth in the reproach; so it hurt him.

“Ekkehard,” called Frau Hadwig, “you must not go. You must serve the country with your knowledge, and what you do not know as yet, you may learn. I will send you to some one who, if he is still alive, is well versed in such matters. Will you undertake this mission for me?”

Ekkehard had turned round again. “I never have been unwilling to serve my mistress,” said he.

“But you must not be startled if he gives you but a rough and unfriendly reception. He has suffered many a wrong from past generations; and those of the present day do not know him. Neither must you be startled if he should appear to you very old and fat.”

He had listened attentively.

“I do not quite understand you . . .”

“It makes no difference,” said the duchess. “Tomorrow you are to go over to Sipplingen. Over yonder, at the lake of Ueberlingen, where the steep rocky shore sinks down into the water, are all sorts of caverns, cut into the cliff in the olden times for human habitations. If you see the smoke of a fire rising out of the hill, then go up to it. There you will find the person I want you to see; speak with him about the Huns.” . . .

“To whom is my mistress sending me?” inquired Ekkehard, eagerly.

“To the old man of the Heidenhöhle,” replied Frau Hadwig. “No one knows any other name for him hereabouts. But stop,” continued she; “I must give you the watchword, in case he refuses you admittance.”

She went to her cupboard, and rummaged about among trinkets and other articles; then she brought out a tiny slate on which were scrawled a few letters. “This you must say to him, and give him a greeting from me.”

Ekkehard looked at the slate. It contained only the two insignificant Latin words, “*neque enim!*” — nothing else.

“That has no meaning,” said he.

“It makes no difference; the old man knows well what it means for him.” . . .

Before cockcrow the next morning Ekkehard had already ridden out of the gate of the Hohentwiel. The fresh morning air blew into his face; he wrapped himself closely in his cowl. “Why did not Heaven make you a warrior? many things would be better then.” These words of the duchess went with him, like his own shadow. They were for him a spur to courageous resolutions. “If the danger comes,” thought he, “she shall not find the schoolmaster sitting behind his books.”

His horse went on at a good pace. In a few hours he rode over the woody hills that separate the Untersee from the lake of Uberlingen. At the ducal farm of Sernatingen the blue expanse of the lake greeted him. He left his horse in the steward’s care, and walked on by the path that leads along the shore.

At a projecting point he stopped a while, captivated by the fine view. His gaze, unobstructed, leaped across the waters to the distant Rhætian Alps, which rise heavenward like a crystalline wall, forming the back-ground of the landscape.

Where the sandstone rocks arise perpendicularly out of the lake, the path mounted upward. Steps hewn in the rocks made the ascent easier. Apertures serving as windows, with dark shadows in their hollows, relieving the light surface of the walls, indicated the places where, in the days of the Roman supremacy, unknown men had dug out these caverns as an underground refuge like the catacombs.¹⁴⁰

The ascent was fatiguing. He now reached a

level enclosure, only a few steps in circumference, on which young grass was growing. Before him opened an entrance into the rock, about the height of a man; but a huge black dog rushed out, violently barking. Two paces from Ekkehard he stopped short, ready to fly at him; his eyes were steadily fixed on the monk, who could not move without risk of the dog setting his teeth in his throat. His position was certainly not enviable; retreat was impossible, and Ekkehard did not carry arms. So he remained immovable, facing his enemy; then at an opening at one side appeared a man's face. He had gray hair, piercing eyes, and a reddish beard.

"Call back the dog!" cried Ekkehard.

In a few moments the gray-haired man appeared at the entrance. He was armed with a spear.

"Back, Mummolin!" he cried.

The huge animal reluctantly obeyed; not until the old man had threatened it with his spear, did it retreat growling.

"Your dog ought to be killed, and hung up nine feet over your door, until he rotted and fell to pieces on your head,"¹⁴¹ said Ekkehard, angrily. "He nearly made me fall over into the lake." He looked round; perpendicularly below him billowed the lake.

"In the Heidenhöhlen the common laws have no force," defiantly replied the old man. "With us, 't is, — 'Keep off two paces, or we split your skull.'"

Ekkehard started to go forward.

"Stop there," continued the stranger, barring the passage with his spear. "Not so fast. Where are you going?"

“To the old man of the Heidenhöhle.”

“To the old man of the Heidenhöhle?” angrily repeated the other. “Have you no more respectful term for that personage, you yellow-beaked cowl-bearer?”

“I know no other name,” replied Ekkehard somewhat abashed. “My greeting is *neque enim*.”

“That sounds better,” said the old man in a softer tone, and offered him his hand. “Whence do you come?”

“From the Hohentwiel. I am to tell you —”

“Stop, I am not he whom you seek. I am merely his servant Rauching. I will announce you.”

Considering the appearance of those barren, rocky walls and the black dog, this formality was surprising. Ekkehard was kept waiting a good while. It seemed as if preparations for his reception were being made. At last Rauching appeared once more.

“Be pleased to enter.”

They walked along the dark passage. It widened into a chamber hewn in the rocks by human hands, high and spacious, with an arched vault. A rough panelling partly covered the walls. The openings for the windows were wide and airy. Like a picture enclosed in a frame gleamed an expanse of blue lake and distant wooded hills. A beam of bright, vivid sunlight streamed into the dark chamber. Here and there evidences of stone benches were visible; near the window stood a high-backed stone chair, resembling a bishop's seat in old churches. In it a figure was seated.

It was a strange, human form, of mighty dimen-

sions. The huge head rested heavily between the shoulders; wrinkles deeply furrowed forehead and cheeks; a few scanty white locks clustered round the crown of his head; his mouth was almost entirely toothless. The man seemed to be as old as the hills. Over his shoulders hung a cloak of unrecognizable color; the back of it hidden by the chair was no doubt threadbare enough; the seams and folds betrayed traces of past patching. He wore a pair of coarse boots; by his side lay an old hat with a dusty trimming of fox's fur. A niche in the wall held a chess-board with carved ivory pieces. A game seemed to have been just finished; there stood the king checkmated by a knight, and two bishops . . .

"Who comes to the forgotten one?" asked the old man, in a trembling voice.

Then Ekkehard, bowing his head before him, told his name, and who had sent him there.

"You have brought an evil watchword with you. Do people still speak of Luitward of Vercelli?"

"Whose soul be damned," added Rauching.

"I have never heard anything about him," said Ekkehard.

"Tell him, Rauching, who Luitward of Vercelli was. It would be a pity if his memory were to die out among men."

"He was the greatest rascal that ever the sun shone upon," was Rauching's reply.

"Tell him also what the meaning of *neque enim* is."

"There is no gratitude in this world; and of an Emperor's friends the best is a traitor."

“Even the best is a traitor,” murmured the old man, lost in thought. His eye now fell on the chess-board. “Ah yes,” he muttered faintly, “checkmated, — checkmated by bishops and knights,” — he clenched his fist, and made a movement as if to rise; then he sighed deeply, and raised his shrivelled hand to his forehead and rested his heavy head on it.

“The headache!” said he, — “the cursed headache!”

“Mummolin!” cried Rauching.

With great bounds the black dog came rushing in; when he saw the old man with down-bent head, he whiningly crept up to him, and licked his forehead. “’T is well,” said the old man, after a while, lifting himself up again.

“Are you ill?” asked Ekkehard, sympathetically.

“Ill?” repeated the old man, — “it may be a sort of illness! It has been visiting me so long that it seems quite like an old acquaintance. Have you ever had the headache? I advise you never to go out to battle, when the headache plagues you; and make no peace. It may cost you a realm, that headache —”

“Could not some physician” — began Ekkehard.

“The wisdom of physicians has nothing left to try. They have done their best for me.”

He pointed to his forehead, where two old scars crossed each other.

“Look here! — If they want you to try that remedy, you must not do so. In my younger days they hung me up by the feet; — then they made the cuts in my head; they took away some blood, and

some of my brains ; no help ! At Cremona (Zede-kias was the name of the Hebrew sage), they consulted the stars, and placed me under a mulberry-tree at midnight. It was a long exorcism with which they drove the headache into the tree ; no help ! In the German lands they ordered me to take powdered crabs' eyes, mixed with some dust from St. Mark's grave, and a draught of lake-wine after it :¹⁴² all in vain ! Now I am used to it. The worst is licked away by Mummolin's rough tongue. Come here my brave Mummolin, who has never betrayed me yet — ”

He stopped, almost breathless, and caressed the dog.

“ My message — ” Ekkehard was beginning,

But the old man waved his hand to him.

“ Have patience ; 'tis not well to speak on an empty stomach. You must be hungry. Nothing is more disgraceful and more holy than hunger,¹⁴³ said that dean of yore, when his guest-friend ate up five of the six trout before him and left him only the smallest. He who has had to do with the world, does not forget that saying. Rauching, prepare our meal.”

Rauching went into a neighboring closet, which had been fitted up as a kitchen. The provisions were kept in various niches. Soon a white wreath of smoke was curling up from the rocky chimney into the blue sky and the work of the cooking was done. A stone slab served as table. The crowning piece of the repast was a pike ; but the pike was old, and had moss growing on its head, and its meat tasted tough as leather. Rauching also brought a jug of reddish

looking wine; but *that* had grown on the hills of Sipplingen, which still enjoy the reputation of producing the sourest of all the sour wines produced on the lake.¹⁴⁴ Rauching waited upon them during the meal, nor did he sit down with them.

“What do you bring me?” asked the old man, when the meagre repast was ended.

“Evil tidings; the Huns are invading the country. Their hoofs will soon be treading the Suabian soil.”

“Good!” cried the old man. “That serves you right. Are the Normans also coming again?”

“You speak strangely,” said Ekkehard.

The old man’s eyes lighted up. “And if enemies were to spring up around you, like mushrooms from the ground, you have deserved it, you and your masters. Rauching, fill the glass; the Huns are coming, . . . *neque enim!* Now you will have to swallow the soup, which your masters have salted for you. A great and proud empire had been founded, extending from the Ebro to the Raab and even up into the Danish land; not a rat could have crept in without faithful watchmen catching it. And this, the great Kaiser Karl . . .”

“God bless him,” interrupted Rauching.

“. . . established and left strong and powerful. The tribes which together had once ended the Roman supremacy were all united as they ought to be; in those days, the Hun warily hid behind his hedge on the Danube; it was no weather for him; and as soon as they tried to move, their wooden camp-town in Pannonia was destroyed to the last chip; such a storm came on it with the Frank yeomanry. . . .¹⁴⁵

But the great ones in the home land began to feel that not every one of them could be the master of the world; so they must needs try the experiment each in his own territory. Sedition, rebellion and high-treason well suited their tastes; they dethroned the last of the descendants of Karl who held the reins of the world. — The representative of the unity of the realm has become a beggar, and must eat un-buttered water gruel; — and now your lords who preferred Arnulf, the bastard, and their own arrogance, have the Huns on their neck, and the old times are coming back, as King Etzel had them painted. Do you know the picture in the palace at Milan? . . .

“There the Roman emperor was painted sitting on the throne with Scythian princes lying at his feet; till one day King Etzel came riding that way, and gave a long and steadfast look at the picture, and laughed and said: ‘Quite right; only a small alteration.’ And he had his own features given to the man on the throne, and those who were kneeling before him and pouring out bags of tributary gold at the foot of his throne were now the Roman Cæsars. . . . The picture is still to be seen.” . . .¹⁴⁶

“You are thinking of bygone tales,” said Ekkehard.

“Of bygone tales?” exclaimed the old man. “For me there has been nothing new these last forty years but want and misery. Bygone tales! ’T is well for him who still remembers them, that he may see how the sins of the fathers are visited on the children and children’s children. Do you know why Charlemagne once in his life shed tears? ‘As long as I live,’ said he, — when they announced to him the

arrival of the Norman sea-robbers,— ‘ ’t is mere child’s play, but I grieve for my grandsons.’ ”¹⁴⁷

“ We still have an emperor and a realm,” said Ekkehard.

“ Have you one still? ” said the old man, draining his glass of sour Sipplinger, and shaking himself, “ I wish him joy. The corner-stones are dashed to pieces; the building is crumbling away. With presumptuous nobles no realm can exist. Those who ought to obey rule; and he who ought to reign, has to wheedle and flatter, instead of commanding. I have heard of one, to whom his faithful subjects sent the tribute in pebbles instead of silver, and the head of the count who was sent to collect it lay in the bag. Who has avenged it? ”

“ The emperor is fighting and winning great glory in Italy,” rejoined Ekkehard.

“ Oh Italy! Italy! ” continued the old man. “ That will yet be a thorn in the German flesh. That was the only time the great Karl . . . ”

“ May God bless him,” interrupted Rauching.

“ . . . allowed himself to be entrapped. It was a sad day when they crowned him at Rome; and no one laughed so gleefully as he on St. Peter’s chair. He stood in need of us, — but what have we to do with Italy? Look there! Was that mountain-wall built heaven-high for nothing? — All that lies on the other side belongs to those in Byzantium; and it is all right so, for Greek cunning is better there than German strength; but the successors of Charlemagne have found nothing better to do than to perpetuate his mistake. The good example he left

them they have trampled on. There was plenty to do in the East and North, but they must needs run off to Italy, as if the great lodestone lay in the mountain back of Rome. I have often pondered over it; what could have driven us in that false direction; if it was not the Devil himself, it can only have been the good wine."¹⁴⁸

Ekkehard had become saddened by the old man's speeches. He seemed to perceive it.

"Do not regard what a buried man tells you," said he. "We here in the Heidenhöhle cannot help it; but the Truth has many a time taken up her abode in caverns; whilst Folly was striding at a great pace through the land."

"A buried man?" said Ekkehard inquiringly.

"You may for all that drink a bumper with him," jestingly replied the old man. "It was necessary that I should be dead to the world; for the headache and the rascals had brought me into dishonor. That is no reason why you should stare at me so, little monk. Sit down here on the stone bench and I will tell you a pretty story and you can make a song of it to play on the lute. . . ."

"Once upon a time there was an emperor who had few happy days; for his realm was large and he himself was big and stout, and the headache tormented him from the day that he mounted the throne. Therefore he took unto himself a chancellor who had a fine head and could think better than his master, for he was thin and lean like a pole, and had no headache. The emperor had raised him from the obscurity of his origin, for he was the

son of a blacksmith; and he bestowed favors on him and followed his advice in everything and even concluded a miserable peace with the Normans; for his chancellor told him that this was an insignificant affair and that he had more important things to do than to worry himself about a handful of pirates. At the same time, the chancellor went to the emperor's consort and beguiled her weak heart and occupied her time with lute playing. Moreover he had the daughters of some noble Allemannians misled; and he joined in a league with the emperor's enemies. And when at last the emperor called together a great diet to remedy the state of affairs, his gaunt chancellor was among the foremost who spoke against him. With the words, '*neque enim,*' he began his speech, and he argued that they must dethrone their emperor; and he spoke so venomously and treacherously against the Norman peace which he had himself concluded,—that they all fell off from their master, like withered leaves when the autumn winds shake the tree. And they cried that the time for the stout one was at an end; and then and there they deposed him; he had entered Tribur as emperor, with a threefold crown on his head; when he went away he had nothing that he could call his own but what he wore on his back; and at Mainz he sat before the Bishop's castle, and was glad when they presented him with a dish of soup out of the slide. The excellent chancellor's name was Luitward of Vercelli. May God reward him according to his deserts, and the Empress Richardis also and the rest of them, likewise.¹⁴⁹

“But when later the people in Suabia took pity on the poor outlaw, and gave him a little bit of land whereby his life might be preserved; and when they thought of sending an army to fight for his rights, then Luitward dispatched assassins against him. It was a fine night at the Neidinger Hof, the storm was breaking the branches of the trees, and the shutters were rattling violently. The dethroned emperor could not sleep for his headache and had mounted on the roof to let the storm cool his burning forehead, when they broke in to murder him. It is a pleasant feeling I tell you, to sit in the cold night-air on the roof, with a heavy aching head, and hear how people downstairs are regretting that they can not strangle you, or hang you over the draw-well. . . .

“He who has experienced that, had best die at once.

“And the stout Meginhart at Neidingen had fallen down from a tree and was killed just at the right time, so that they could lay him on the bier, and spread the news in the land that the dethroned emperor had paid his tribute to grim King Death. They say that it was a fine procession, when they carried him to the Reichenau. The Heavens opened, a ray of light fell on the bier; and they had a touching oration when they lowered him into the vault on the right side of the altar. ‘That he had been stript of his honor, and bereft of his kingdom, was a trial imposed by Heaven to cleanse and purify his soul, and as he bore it patiently, it is to be hoped that the Lord rewarded him with the crown

of eternal life, to comfort him for the earthly crown which he had lost' . . . Thus they preached in the monastery church,¹⁵⁰ not knowing that at that same hour he whom they thought they were burying was entering the solitude of the Heidenhöhle with pack and sack and a curse for the world. . . ."

The old man laughed.

"Here it is safe and quiet enough to think of old times. Let's drink a bumper! Long life to the dead! And Luitward has been cheated after all; for though his emperor wears an old hat instead of a golden crown, and drinks Sipplinger instead of the sparkling Rhinewine, he is still alive; while the lean ones and all their race are dead. And the stars will prove right after all; at his birth it was read in them that he would leave this false world in the roar of battle. The Huns are coming! . . . Oh, come thou also soon, thou joyful end!"

Ekkehard had listened with the utmost excitement. "Oh Lord, how wonderful are Thy ways," he exclaimed, attempting to kneel down and kiss the old man's hands; but he prevented him, saying: "All that sort of thing has been done away with. Take an example . . ."

"Germany has greatly wronged you, and your race," Ekkehard was beginning to say.

"Germany!" interrupted the old man, "I bear her no grudge. May she prosper and flourish, undisturbed by enemies; and find some ruler who will make her powerful again; and who is not plagued with the headache when the Normans come back; and not have a chancellor whose name is Luitward of Ver-

celli. But those who have divided her garments amongst them; and cast lots for her vesture. . . .”

“May Heaven punish them with fire and brimstone,”¹⁶¹ said Rauching in the background.

“What answer shall I give to my mistress from you?” asked Ekkehard, after having finished his beaker.

“With regard to the Huns?” said the old man. “I believe that is simple enough. Tell your duchess to go into the woods and see what the hedgehog does, when an enemy is coming too near. It rolls itself up into a ball and presents its quills; and he who lays hands on it, is wounded. Suabia has plenty of lances. Do the same! — It will not hurt you monks either to carry the spear.

“And if your mistress wishes to know still more; then you may tell her the old saw which rules in the Heidenhöhle. Rauching, what is it?”

“Keep off two paces, or we split your skull,” he replied.

“And if there should be a question of peace, then tell her that the old man of the Heidenhöhle once concluded a bad one, and that he would never do so again even though his headache is as bad as it used to be; and that he would much rather saddle his own horse if the war-trumpets sound. — You may say a mass for him, if you outlive his last ride.”

The old man had spoken with a strange excitement. Suddenly his voice broke off; his breath became short, almost groaning, he bent his head.

“It is coming on again,” he said.

Rauching, the serving-man, sprang to his aid and

presented him with a draught of water; but the oppression did not subside.

“We must try the remedy,” said Rauching. He rolled out from a corner of the chamber a heavy block of stone, about a man’s height, bearing some traces of sculpture. They had found it in the cavern; a mystic memorial of former inhabitants. He placed it upright against the wall. A human head and a bishop’s mitre seemed to be represented on it. Rauching now seized a thick, knotty stick, and placing another in the hands of the old man, began thrashing away at the stone image and pronouncing slowly and solemnly the following words like a litany.

“Luitward of Vercelli! Traitor, adulterer, *neque enim!* Ravisher of nuns and foul rebel, *neque enim!*”

Heavily fell the blows, then a faint smile lighted up the old man’s withered features. He arose and also with feeble arms began striking away at it.

“It has been written, that a bishop must lead a blameless life,” said he in the same tone as Rauching, — “take this for the peace with the Normans! This for the seduction of the Empress Richardis, *neque enim!* This for the diet at Tribur, and this for the election of Arnulf! *neque enim!*”

The cavern rang with the resounding blows; immovable stood the stone image under the fierce attacks. The old man became more and more relieved; he warmed himself by the old hatred which for years had nourished his miserable life.

Ekkehard did not quite understand the meaning of what he saw. There was something uncanny about it. He took his leave.

“Have you been enjoying yourself with the old fool up there?” inquired the steward of Sernatingen to him, when he brought out his saddled horse. “Does he still believe, that he has lost a crown and a kingdom? Ha, ha!”¹⁵²

Ekkehard rode away. In the beech-wood the young green of the coming Spring was burgeoning. A young monk from the Reichenau was going the same road. Defiant as the clash of arms floated his song through the solitary wood :

*Gallant youth, warlike braves, hark! your country calls.
Loud let your songs be heard through the city walls!*

Watch night and day in arms! Swift the onset falls:

Snakelike around your homes hostile cunning crawls.

Bid the echoes then resound: eia vigila!

*From tower to tower rebound the shout: eia vigila!*¹⁵³

It was the song which the night-guards sang at Mutina in Italy, while the Huns lay before the Bishop's town. The monk himself had stood three years before on guard at the gate of St. Geminianus, and well knew the hissing of the Hunnic arrows; when a presentiment of new battles is in the air, the old songs rise again in the minds of men.

CHAPTER XII.

THE APPROACH OF THE HUNS.

“THE old man is right,” said Frau Hadwig, when Ekkehard reported to her the result of his mission. “If the enemy threatens, get ready. If he attacks, beat him; that is so simple that one really need not ask anyone’s advice. I believe that the habit of long thinking and weighing chances has been sown by the evil one like a weed in the German lands. He who doubts is near falling; and he who misses the right moment, often digs his own grave. We will get ready.”

The exciting and dangerous position put the duchess into high spirits; just as trout delight in the turbulent brook that rushes foaming over rocks and ledges, while they sicken in a still lake. And example of courage and energy given by one in power is never lost. So they were all busy, making preparations for the reception of the enemy.

From the tower on the Hohentwiel waved the war-flag, visible at a great distance; ¹⁵⁴ through forests and fields unto the remotest farm-steads hidden in lonely mountain-glens, was heard the war-trumpet, calling together all those capable of bearing arms; poverty alone freed any one from military service. Every man possessing more than two acres of land

was obliged to place himself under arms and to present himself at the first call. The Hohentwiel was to be head-quarters; nature herself had made it a fortress. Messengers were flying through the Hegau; The land began to stir. Back among the dark fir-woods the charcoal-burners had formed a corps.

One of them swung a heavy poker over his head, as if about to strike down an enemy. "This will do," said he, "I also will go with the rest."

At the doors of the priests and at those of the old and sick the messengers also knocked. Those who can not fight are to pray. The tidings penetrated to all the shores of the lake; even to St. Gall.

Ekkehard went to the peaceful island of Reichenau; the duchess required it of him. This mission would have been distasteful to him if the reason for it had been different. He carried an invitation to the brotherhood to come to the Hohentwiel in case of danger.

There, he found everything already in a state of excitement. The brothers were promenading beside the fountain in the monastery garden: it was a mild spring day; but not one of them was seriously thinking of enjoying the blue sky. They were talking of the evil times and holding counsel. The idea of leaving their quiet cells did not appear to please them at all.

"St. Mark," one of them had said, "will protect his disciples and strike the enemy with blindness so that they will ride past; or he will raise the waves of the Bodensee to devour them, as the Red Sea swallowed up the Egyptians."

But old Simon Bardo replied: "This calculation is not quite safe; and when a place is not fortified by towers and walls, a retreat remains the better plan. Wherever a shilling's worth is still to be got, no Hun will ride by; if you put a gold-piece on the grave of a dead one, his hand will grow out of the earth to seize it."

"Holy Pirminius!" lamented the gardener. "Who will tend the fruit and vegetable garden, if we must go?"

"And the chickens," said another, whose chief delight was in the poultry-yard? "Did we buy the three dozen turkeys merely for the enemy?"

"Supposing one were to write an urgent letter to them," suggested a third. "They surely cannot be such barbarians as to offend God and His saints."

Simon Bardo smiled. "Go and be a shepherd," said he, compassionately, "and drink a decoction of camomile, thou who wouldst write urgent letters to the Huns! Oh that I had brought my old chief-firework-maker Kedrenos over the Alps with me! Then we should send out a light against the enemy, brighter than the mild moonshine in the flower-garden which called up such tender recollections of his sweet friend in the soul of the late Abbot Walafrið.¹⁵⁵ There on the point a couple of ships sunk, here at the harbor the same; the whole shore commanded by our long fire-tubes. Hei! How they would be scattered asunder when our missiles should fly through the air like fiery dragons, pouring down a rain of burning naphtha! But what does any one of you know about the Greek fire!¹⁵⁶ O Kedrenos, firework-maker Kedrenos!"

Ekkehard had entered the monastery. He asked for the abbot. A serving-brother showed him up to his apartments, but he was not there; nor was he to be found elsewhere.

"He is most likely to be in the armory," said a monk passing by. So the serving brother led Ekkehard to the armory. It was situated high up in the granary. Quantities of arms and harness were heaped up; with these the monastery was furnishing its warriors for the *arrière-ban*.

Abbot Wazmann was standing there, but a cloud of dust veiled him from the visitor's sight. He had been having the armor taken down from the walls and examined. Dust and rust bore witness to its having rested for a long while. During the examination the abbot had not forgotten to provide for himself. His upper garment lay on the ground before him; and in its place a fair-haired monastery-pupil had helped him don a coat of mail. He was now stretching out his arms to see whether it fitted him tightly and comfortably.

"Come nearer!" he cried, on seeing Ekkehard. "The reception is fitted to the times!"

Ekkehard gave him the duchess's invitation.

"I myself should have sought for refuge on the Hohentwiel," replied the abbot, "if you had not come." He had seized a long sword, and made a cut in the air with it, so that Ekkehard started back a pace or two. From the sharp whizzing sound which it produced, one could tell that it was not the first sword that he had ever wielded.

"'T is getting serious," said he. "At Altdorf, in

the Schussenthal, the Huns have already effected their entrance, we shall soon see the flames of Lindau reflected in the lake. Won't you choose an armor for yourself also? That one yonder with the shoulder-strap will take every blow or thrust as well as the finest linen shirt ever spun by a virgin.

Ekkehard declined it. He went down, accompanied by the abbot, who was pleased with his coat of mail. He threw his brown habit over it, and so, like a true champion of the Lord,¹⁵⁷ he made his appearance amongst the anxious brotherhood still delaying in the garden.

"St. Mark appeared to me last night," cried the abbot. "He pointed to the Hohentwiel. 'Thither shall you bring my remains, that no heathen hands may desecrate them,' he said. Be up and ready! By prayers and fasting your souls have fought to the present moment with the Evil One: but now your fists are to prove that ye are warriors indeed; for those who come are the sons of the Devil. Witches and demons begot them in the Asiatic deserts. All their doings are vile wickedness, and when their time comes they will all go back to hell!"¹⁵⁸

Now even the most careless of the brothers became convinced that danger was near. A murmur of approbation ran through the ranks: the cultivation of science had not yet made them so effeminate but that they looked on a warlike expedition as a very desirable pastime.

Leaning against an apple-tree stood Rudimann the cellarer, an ominous frown on his brow. Ekkehard caught sight of him, went up to him, and at-

tempted to embrace him, as a sign that common calamity was wiping out the old quarrel; but Rudimann waved him off, saying:—

“I know what you mean.”

Out of the seam of his cowl he drew a coarse thread and threw it to the ground, and placed his foot on it.

“So long as a Hunnic horse is treading German ground,” said he, “all enmity shall be torn out of my heart, as this thread is out of my garment; ¹⁵⁹ but if we outlive the coming battles, we will take it up again, as it were meet.”

He turned round and descended into his cellar, there to attend to important business. The large tuns lay there under the arched vaults in due order, as it were in battle array; and not one of them sounded hollow when struck. Rudimann had summoned some masons, and now he was busy superintending the arrangement of a small antechamber, which generally served for the keeping of fruit and vegetables, so that it might seem to be the cloister-cellar. Two small casks, and one larger one, were put there. “If the enemy finds nothing, he becomes suspicious,” said the cellarer to himself; “and if the choice Sipplinger which I sacrifice only does its duty, many a Hun will find some difficulty in continuing his journey.”

The masons had already got the square stones ready to wall up the inner cellar door, when Rudimann once more stepped in. From an old weather-beaten tun he drew a small jug full, and emptied it with a most melancholy expression.

Then he folded his hands as in prayer.

"May God protect thee, red wine of Meersburg!" said he.

Tears stood in his eyes. . . .

In all parts of the monastery busy hands were at work. In the armory they were distributing the harness and arms. There were many heads and few helmets. Then much of the leather-work was in a dilapidated condition, and had to be repaired.

In the treasury the abbot was superintending the packing up of precious articles and holy relics. Many heavy boxes were thus filled. The golden cross with the holy blood; the white marble vase which had once held the wine at the marriage of Cana; coffins with the remains of martyrs; the abbot's staff, the pyx, — all were carefully packed up, and brought over to the ships. Some were also carrying off the heavy translucent emerald; twenty-eight pounds it weighed!

"You may leave the emerald behind," said the abbot.

"The parting gift of the great Emperor Karl? The rarest jewel of the cathedral? Another such is not to be found in the depths of the mountains!" exclaimed the serving brother.

"I know a glass-maker in Venetia who can easily make another, if the Huns should carry this one away,"¹⁶⁰ carelessly replied the abbot. So they put the jewel back into the cupboard.

Before evening had set in, everything was ready for the departure. The abbot commanded the brothers to assemble in the courtyard. All appeared, with the exception of one.

“Where is Heribald?” he asked.

Heribald was a pious brother whose ways had many a time turned despondency¹⁶¹ into hilarity. In his infancy his nurse had let him fall on the stone floor, and in consequence he had a weakness of mind, a *Kopfsinnierung*, — or softening of the brain, — but he possessed a good heart, and took as much delight in God’s beautiful world as any stronger-minded being.

So they went to look for Heribald. He was in his cell. The yellow-brown monastery cat seemed to have offended him in some way; he had fastened round her body the cord which generally served him as a girdle, and hung her up on a nail in the ceiling. The poor old animal, thus suspended, hung in the air, yelling and mewling pitifully; but he was rocking her gently to and fro, and talking Latin to her.

“Come, on Heribald!” called out his companions. “We must leave the island.”

“Let him fly who will,” replied the imbecile. “Heribald won’t go away.”

“Be good, Heribald, and follow us; the abbot commands you.”

Then Heribald pulled off his shoe, and held it out to the brothers.

“Last year this shoe was torn,” said he. “Then Heribald went to the *camerarius*: ‘Give me my yearly portion of leather,’ said Heribald, ‘that I may make myself a new pair of shoes.’ But the *camerarius* replied: ‘If thou didst not tread thy shoes all awry, then they would not split,’ and he refused

the leather; and when Heribald complained of the *camerarius* to the abbot, he said, 'A fool like thee can well go barefoot.' Now Heribald has no decent shoes to put on; and he will not go among strangers with torn ones."¹⁶² . . .

Such sound reasons could not well be argued away; so the brothers seized him to carry him off by force; but in the corridor Heribald broke away from them and rushed, swift as the wind, down into the church, and up the stairs that led to the belfry. When he had reached the very top, he drew up the small wooden ladder after him; there was no way of getting at him.

They reported the matter to the abbot. "Leave him behind," said he. "Children and fools are protected by a guardian angel of their own."

Two large barges lay waiting at the shore, to receive the fugitives. They were strong, well-built ships, furnished with oars and masts. In small boats sailed the serving people, and whoever else lived on the Reichenau, with all their goods and chattels. It was a confused medley.

One bark, filled with maid-servants and commanded by Kerhildis the upper maid, had already started off, — they did not themselves know where they were bound for; but this time fear was stronger than their curiosity to see the mustaches of strange warriors.

And now the brotherhood came down to the shore; it was a strange sight. The majority, armed, were chanting the litany, others carrying the coffin of St. Mark; the abbot, with Ekkehard, walking at the head

of the monastery pupils. Sorrowfully they looked back for the last time toward the home where they had spent so many years; then they went on board.

But as soon as they were fairly out on the lake, all the bells began to peal. The weak-minded Heribald was ringing a farewell greeting to them. Then he appeared on the top of the cathedral tower. He shouted, "*Dominus vobiscum,*" with a powerful voice, and here and there some of the monks responded in the accustomed way:—

"*Et cum spiritu tuo.*"

A keen breeze was curling the waves of the lake, which had only lately thawed. Many large ice-blocks were still floating about, so that the ships often had great difficulty in making their way through them.

The monks who had charge of St. Mark's coffin cowered down,—sometimes the waves dashed into their boat; but bold and erect Abbot Wazmann's tall figure towered above the rest, his habit fluttering in the wind.

"The Lord is at our head," said he, "as he was in the fiery pillar before the people of Israel. He is with us on our flight, and he will be with us in the hour of our happy return."

In a clear moonlight night the monks of the Reichenau ascended the Hohentwiel. There everything was in readiness for their reception. In the castle chapel they deposited the coffin of their saint; six of the brothers were ordered to stay beside it, watching and praying.

During the next days the courtyard was transformed into a bustling bivouac. Several hundred armed vassals were already assembled, and reinforcements from the Reichenau brought ninety more combatants. They were all zealously preparing for the coming contest. Long before sunrise the hammering of the blacksmiths awakened the sleepers. They were making arrows and spearheads. Near the fountain in the court stood the big grind-stone, on which the rusty blades were sharpened. The old basketmaker of Weiterdingen had also been fetched up, and was sitting with his boys under the lindentree, covering the long boards destined for shields with a strong wickerwork of willow branches. Over this a tanned skin was nailed, and the shield was complete.

Round a merry fire sat others, melting lead to make sharp-pointed missiles for the slings. Ashen bludgeons and clubs were hardened in the flames.¹⁶³

"If one of these knocks at the skull of a heathen," said Rudimann, swinging a heavy club over his head, "it is sure to be admitted."

All who had ever served in the *arrière-ban* rallied round Simon Bardo, the Greek field-marshal. "A man who wants to pass his old days in peace must come to Germany," he had jestingly said to the duchess; but the clatter of arms strengthened his courage, like old Rhinewine, and put new vigor into him. With untiring zeal he drilled those who were inexperienced in the use of arms; the stone flags of the courtyard resounded with the heavy tramp of the monks who in closed ranks were learning the art of a spear-attack.

“With you when once your blood is up one could verily knock down walls,” said the old soldier with an approving nod.

Those of the younger men who possessed a good eye and flexible sinews were enlisted among the archers. These also practised industriously. Once the spearmen heard a loud huzza at the other end of the courtyard: the wild fellows had manufactured a straw figure; it wore a crown of owl’s feathers, and held a six-corded whip in its hand. A small piece of red cloth in the shape of a heart, fastened in front, was the mark.

“Etzel, the king of the Huns!” cried the archers. “Who can hit him right in the heart?”

“Make what sport you will,” said Frau Hadwig, who was looking down from her balcony, “but though on an evil bridal night Death laid him low, his spirit still lives on in the world; even those who come after us will have trouble enough to banish the memory of him.”

“If only they could shoot at him as well as they are doing down there now!” said Praxedis, as a triumphant shout was heard from the courtyard. The straw man tottered and fell; an arrow had pierced the heart.

Ekkehard came up to the hall. He had been drilling with the others; his face was aglow; the helmet had left a red stripe on his forehead. In the excitement of the moment he had forgotten to leave his lance outside the door.

Frau Hadwig gazed at him with evident satisfaction. He was no longer the timid teacher of grammar. . . . He bowed low before the duchess.

“Our brothers in the Lord from the Reichenau,” said he, “bid me tell you that a great thirst is besetting their ranks.”

Frau Hadwig laughed.

“Have a tun of cool beer placed in the courtyard. Until the Huns are all driven out of the country, our cellarer is not to complain about the emptying of his tuns.”

She pointed at the bustling life in the courtyard. “Life, after all,” she went on to say, “brings us richer and more manifold pictures than all poets can paint. You were hardly prepared for such a change of things, were you?”

But Ekkehard would allow nothing approaching a slight to come near his beloved Vergilius.

“Allow me,” said he, as he stood leaning on his spear, “all that we now see you will find word for word in the *Æneid*; as if there was to be nothing new under the sun. Would you not fancy that Vergil stood here on this balcony, looking down on yonder busy crowd, when he sang, at the beginning of the war in Latium, —

*Some are hollowing helmets, or weaving the willowy wattles
Round the boss of the shield; while others with pliable silver
Decorate breastplates of bronze and inlay the flexible tassets.
Ploughshare and reaping-hook here lie neglected; here in the
furrow
Stands the plough unloved. The fathers' swords are retempered.
Now the trumpets resound for war; through the land flies the
signal.*¹⁶⁴

“That fits the situation fairly well,” said Frau Hadwig. “But can you also predict the issue of the

coming battles from your epic," she was going to ask; but in times of such confusion 't is difficult to talk about poetry. The steward had just come in to report that all the meat was eaten up; should he kill two more oxen. . . .

After a few days Simon Bardo's men were so well drilled that he could let the duchess review them; and it was time for them to make the most of their time, for the night before they had been alarmed. A bright red light illuminated the sky, far across the lake. Like a fiery cloud the dread sign hung there for several hours; the conflagration was probably over in Helvetia.

The monks disputed about it. Some said that it was a heavenly apparition, — a fiery star, sent as a warning unto all Christendom. "There must be a great fire in the Rhine valley," said others. One brother, gifted with a keener nose, even claimed to perceive the smell of smoke. It was long past midnight when the red light died out.

On the southern declivity of the mountain there was a moderate-sized field; the first spring flowers were already blooming there, while deep snow still lay in the bottom-lands of the valleys. This was to be the place for the review.

High on her charger sat Frau Hadwig; around her clustered a number of well-armed knights who had answered the summons, — the Barons of Randegg, of Hoewen, and the gaunt Fridinger. The abbot of Reichenau was likewise proudly sitting on his palfrey, — a well-mounted champion of the Lord.¹⁶⁵ Herr Spazzo the chamberlain took great pains to

equal him in carriage and movements, for his demeanor was highly aristocratic and knightly. Ekkehard was likewise expected to accompany the duchess, and a steed had been led out for him; but he declined the honor, so that he might not arouse envy in the hearts of the other monks.

And now the outer castle gate slowly opened on its heavy hinges, and out strode the troops, the archers and the cross-bow men at the head. They marched in closed ranks, to the sounds of enlivening music. Audifax, with solemn face, went with the horn-blowers as bag-piper. Then Simon Bardo ordered a signal to be given; suddenly the ranks broke into motion, and swarmed out like wild bees, and occupied every bush and hedge.

Then came the cohort of monks, with firm step, in helmets, and with armor under their cowls, shields on their backs, with couched lances, — a redoubtable force. High in the air waved their flag, — a red cross in a white field. They marched on as regularly as if it had been for years their trade; with strong mental discipline is an excellent preparation for the warrior's life. Only one in the left wing could not keep step; his lance protruded beyond the straight line preserved by the others.

“It is not his fault,” said Abbot Wazmann to the duchess. “He copied a whole mass-book in six weeks, so that the writer's cramp affected his fingers.”

Ekkehard was marching in the right wing, and when they passed the duchess, he caught a look from the radiant eyes which could scarcely have been intended for the whole corps.

Divided into three bodies followed the vassals and the arrière-ban. They marched to the blast of huge bull's-horns; strange-looking armor made its appearance,—many a weapon had already seen service under the great Emperor Karl. Some of them were armed with a heavy cudgel, and nothing more.

Meanwhile Herr Spazzo with his sharp eyes was looking down into the valley. " 'T is well that we are all together; I believe there 's work to do yonder," said he; and he pointed down into the valley, where the roofs of Hilzingen hamlet peeped out from behind a hilly region.

A dark line was seen approaching. . . . Then Simon Bardo ordered his troops to halt, and after a searching look in that direction he said: "Those are no Huns; they are not mounted." Nevertheless, as a matter of greater precaution, he commanded his archers to occupy the brow of the mountain.

But as the ranks of the strangers approached, the garb of St. Benedict also became visible. A golden cross, in lieu of a standard, towered above the lances. *Kyrie eleison*, rang their litany, as they drew up the steep path.

"My brothers!" exclaimed Ekkehard. Then the Reichenau cohort broke ranks and ran down the mountain with jubilant shouts; and when they soon met, there were joyful greetings and embraces.

To meet again in the hour of danger fills the heart with delight.

Arm in arm with the Reichenauers, the stranger guests, headed by their abbot, Cralo, now came up. On a heavy cart in the rear-guard they brought the blind Thieto.

“ May God bless you, most noble cousin,” said the Abbot Cralo, bowing his head before the duchess. “ Who would have thought, half a year ago, that I should return your visit with the whole of the brotherhood ! But the God of Israel says, ‘ Let my people leave their home, so that they may remain faithful unto me.’ ”

Frau Hadwig, touched, held out her hand to him.

“ These are times of trial,” said she. “ Welcome ! ”

Reinforced by the new-comers, the Hohentwiel army betook itself back again behind the protecting walls of the castle.

Praxedis had descended into the courtyard. There she stood under the linden-tree, gazing at the men as they came in. Already those of St. Gall had all assembled in the courtyard, but still she gazed steadily at the gate as if some one else were to come. But he whom her eyes sought was not among the last who entered.

In the castle they were busy arranging quarters for the new guests. The space was comparatively scanty. In the great round tower there was an airy hall ; in this they heaped up straw for a temporary sleeping-room.

“ If things go on in this way,” grumbled the steward, who scarcely knew where his head was, “ we shall soon have the whole priesthood of Europe up here on our crag.”

Kitchen and cellar gave what they had.

In the hall downstairs sat monks and warriors noisily taking their meal. Frau Hadwig had invited into her own reception-room the two abbots, and

whoever, among her guests, was of noble birth. There was much to be talked over and discussed, humming and buzzing of questions and answers.

Then Abbot Cralo told them about the fate of his monastery.¹⁶⁶

“This time,” he began, “the danger came on us almost unawares. Scarcely had we spoken of the Huns when the ground resounded under their horses’ hoofs. It was sharp work. The monastery pupils I hastily sent over to the fortress of Wasserburg. Aristotle and Cicero will gather some dust; the boys might catch fish in the Bodensee, if they do not find more serious work to do. The old teachers fled with them across the water in good time. But the rest of us had made ourselves a sort of stronghold, as a refuge. Where the Sitterbach rushes through a narrow, fir-grown valley, we found an excellent hiding-place, so sheltered that we thought no sneaking heathen would ever find the road to it. There we built ourselves a strong house, with towers and walls, and consecrated it to the Holy Trinity, — who I trust will protect it.

“It was not fairly finished ere the messengers from the lake came, crying, ‘Fly! the Huns are here!’ Others came from the Rhine valley, and ‘Fly’ was again the word. The sky was red from conflagrations and bale-fires; the air was filled with the shrieks of people flying and the creaking of hurrying cart-wheels. So we also set out. Gold and jewels, St. Gallus’ and St. Othmar’s coffins, all our treasures, were first safely hidden; the books the boys carried off with them to the Wasserburg; not

much thought was given to food and drink for us; only some scanty provisions had been brought beforehand to our retreat in the forest. There we now went in the utmost haste. It was only after we had started that the brothers perceived that we had forgotten the blind Thieto and left him behind in his cell; but no one went back for him, as the ground was burning under our feet. Thus we remained for several days quietly hidden in our firwood castle. Often at night we sprang to arms, fancying the enemy were at the gate; but it was only the rushing of the Sitter, or the rustling of the wind in the tree-tops.

“One evening, however, a clear voice demanded admittance, and in came Burkhard, the cloister pupil, panic-stricken and dead tired. Out of friendship for Romeias, the watchman at the gate, he had remained behind; we had not noticed it. He brought evil tidings. The horror of what he had gone through had turned some of the hairs on his young head quite gray in a single night.”

Abbot Cralo's voice began to tremble. He stopped a moment and took a draught of wine.

“The Lord be merciful to all who have perished in the Christian faith!” said he with emotion. “His light shine upon them; may he let them rest in peace!”

“Amen,” said the others.

“Whom do you mean?” asked the duchess. Praxedis left her place and went behind her mistress's chair; she stood breathlessly watching the narrator's lips.

“Only when a man is dead and gone,” continued

Cralo, taking up again the thread of his discourse, "do those who remain appreciate his value. Romeias, the best of all watchmen, did not leave the monastery with us. 'I will keep my post to the last,' said he. He barred all the gates; hid all that was valuable, and went his round on the walls; Burkhard the cloister pupil with him. Then he kept watch in his tower-room, his arms by his side. Soon appeared a horde of Huns on horseback, carefully approaching the walls. Romeias blew his horn as usual, then quickly ran to the other end of the courtyard and blew the horn again there; as if the monastery were still occupied and well prepared. 'Now is the time to depart,' said he to the pupil. He had fastened an old withered nosegay to his helmet, Burkhard told us. And then the two went over to the blind Thieto, who was loath to leave his accustomed corner; but they placed him on two spears, and thus carried him away, letting themselves out by the little back gate and escaping up the Schwarzathal.

"Already the Huns had sprung from their horses, and were climbing over the walls; when they saw that nothing stirred, they swarmed in like flies on a drop of honey. But Romeias quietly walked on up the hill with his hoary burden.

"'No one shall say of the monastery watchman,' said he, 'that he quickened his step to please a pack of heathenish blood-hounds.'

"Thus he tried to encourage his young friend; but soon the Huns were on their track. Wild cries came up the valley;—a bit farther, and the first arrows were hissing through the air. So they reached the

rock of the recluses; but here even Romeias was surprised; — as if nothing had happened, Wiborad's hollow chanting fell upon their ears. In a heavenly vision her trial and death had been revealed to her, and even her pious confessor Waldram could not persuade her to fly.

“‘My cell is the battle-field on which I have fought against the old enemy of mankind, and like a champion of the Lord, I will defend it with my body,’¹⁶⁷ said she; and so she remained quite alone in the wilderness, when all the others left it.

“Our forest castle was too far to be reached. Romeias selected the most isolated hut; climbing up on the crag, he let the blind Thieto in by the roof. He kissed the old man before leaving him; then he bade the cloister pupil fly, and save himself.

“‘Something may happen to me,’ said he; ‘tell those in the Waldburg to look after the blind one.’

“In vain Burkhard besought him, and quoted Nisus and Euryalus, who had also fled into the darkness of the woods before the greater numbers of the Volscian horsemen.

“‘I should have to run too fast,’ replied Romeias; ‘it would make me too warm, and give me pains in the chest. I must speak a word or two with those children of the Devil.’

“He went up to Wiborad's cell, and knocked at the shutter.

“‘Give me thy hand, old dragon,’ he cried; ‘we will make peace now,’ and Wiborad stretched out her withered right hand.

“Then Romeias rolled some huge stones into the

narrow path so as to block up the passage to the Schwarzathal; took his shield from his back, and held his spears ready. With flying hair he stood behind his wall, and blew once more on his big bugle-horn, at first fierce and warlike, then softer and sweeter, until an arrow flew right into the bend of the horn. A shower of arrows covered him and pitted his shield; he shook them off. Now and then one of the Huns climbed up the rocks to get at him, but Romeias's spears fetched them down quickly. The attack became fiercer, wild raged the battle; but, undaunted, Wiborad was still chanting her psalm:—

· Destroy them in thine anger, O Lord. Destroy them that they do no more exist, so that the world may know that God is reigning in Israel, even unto the ends of the earth. Selah. . . .

“So far Burkhard had witnessed the fight; then he turned and fled. We in the refuge were all very much grieved, and that very night sent out a troop to look after the blind Thieto. It was all still on the hill of the recluses when they reached it. The moon was shining on the bodies of the slain Huns, and there the brothers found also . . .”

Here the recital was interrupted by loud sobs. Praxedis leaned painfully on the back of the duchess's chair, and was weeping bitterly.

“. . . There they found Romeias's dismembered body,” continued the abbot. “The enemy had hewn off and carried away his head. He lay on his shield; the faded flowers which had adorned his

helmet tightly clutched in his hand. May God reward him: he whose life is given for duty is surely worthy to enter heaven. Vainly they knocked at Wiborad's shutter; the tiles of her roof were broken. So one of the brothers climbed up, and looked in: before the little altar of her cell lay the recluse weltering in her blood. Three sword wounds were visible on her head; the Lord had deemed her worthy to win a martyr's crown at the hands of the heathen."

Those present were too much moved to speak. Frau Hadwig also was deeply touched.

"I have brought you the martyr's veil," said Cralo, "consecrated by the blood of her wounds. You might hang it up in the castle church. Only Thieto the blind had remained unharmed. Undiscovered by the enemy, he was soundly sleeping in the little hut by the rock.

"'I have been dreaming that an eternal peace had come over the world,' said he to the brothers, when they awoke him.

"But even in our remote Sitter valley we were not to have peace much longer; the Huns found their way to us. There was a swarming and piping and snorting such as the quiet forest had never heard before. Our walls were firm, and our courage strong; but hungry people soon get tired of being besieged. Day before yesterday our provisions were eaten up; when it grew dark we saw the pillars of smoke rise from the burning of our monastery. So we broke through the enemy, in the middle of the night; the Lord was with us and our swords

helped likewise. And so we have come to you [the abbot bowed toward Frau Hadwig] . . . homeless and orphaned, like birds whose nest has been struck by lightning, and bringing nothing with us but the tidings that the Huns, whom the Lord destroy, are following on our heels." . . .

"The sooner they come, the better," defiantly exclaimed the abbot of Reichenau, raising his beaker.

"Here's to the arms of God's own champions," said the duchess, ringing her glass against his.

"And revenge for the brave Romeias," said Praxedis in a low voice and with tears in her eyes, as her glass vibrated against the gaunt Fridinger's.

It was getting late. Wild songs and warlike cries were still resounding in the hall on the first floor. The young monk who had come to the Reichenau from Mutina in Italy, had again struck up his sentinel's song.

The opportunity for valiant deeds was not to be long delayed.

CHAPTER XIII.

HERIBALD AND HIS GUESTS.

ON the island of Reichenau it was silent and lonely after the inhabitants of the monastery had taken their departure. The weak-minded Heribald was lord and master of the whole place; he was much pleased with his solitude. For hours he sat on the shore, skipping flat pebbles over the waves. When they sank at once he scolded them.

With the poultry in the yard he held many a dialogue; he fed them regularly.

“If you are very good, and the brothers do not return,” he once said, “Heribald will preach you a sermon.”

In the monastery he found plenty of amusement:—in one day of solitude a man can hatch a good many useful ideas.

The camerarius had angered him by refusing to give him the necessary shoe-leather: so Heribald went up to the cell of the camerarius, smashed his large stone water-jug, as well as his three flower-pots, cut open the straw mattress on his bed, and filled it up with the broken crockery; then he lay down on it to see how it would feel, and the fragments were hard and sharp, so he smiled contentedly and betook himself to Abbot Watzmann’s apartments.

Against the abbot he also bore a grudge, as he was indebted to him for many a sound whipping; but he found everything locked up and in excellent order, so nothing was left to him but to break off one of the legs of the cushioned easy-chair. He cunningly put it back in its old place, as if nothing had happened.

“That will break down nicely with him, when he comes home and sits comfortably on it. ‘Thou shalt castigate the flesh,’ says St. Benedict. But Heribald has not broken off the leg of the chair. The Huns have done it.”

Prayer, devotion, and psalm-singing he performed, as the rules of the order prescribed. The seven daily times for prayer the solitary strictly adhered to, as if he might be punished for missing them; even the midnight vigil he descended into the cloister church to hold.

At the very hour when his brothers were carousing in the hall of the ducal castle with the monks of St. Gall, Heribald was standing in the choir. The uncanny shadows of the night enveloped the aisle, dimly flickered the everlasting lamp; but fearlessly, and with a clear voice, Heribald intoned the introductory verse:

Lord, I cry unto thee: make haste unto me; give ear unto my voice when I cry unto thee. And he sang the third psalm, the one which David sang when he fled before Absalom his son.

When he reached the place where the antiphonal response usually came, according to custom, he stopped and waited for the other choir to take it up, but everything remained silent and still; then Heri-

bald passed his hand over his forehead. "Ah," said he, "I forgot! They are all gone, and Heribald is alone." . . .

Then as he was about to sing the ninety-fourth psalm, as the nightly service required, the everlasting lamp went out, — a bat flew into it. Outside, storm and rain. Heavy drops fell on the roof of the church, and beat against the windows. A strange feeling came over Heribald.

"Holy Benedict," exclaimed he, "be pleased to see that it is not Heribald's fault that the antiphon was not sung."

He walked through the darkness out of the choir. A shrill wind whistled through a little window of the crypt under the high altar, producing a howling sound; as Heribald advanced, a draught caught his garment.

"Art thou come back, thou hellish tempter?" said he. "Must I fight thee once more?" ¹⁶⁸

Unhesitatingly he stepped back to the altar, and seized a wooden crucifix which the abbot had not had taken away.

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, come on, spectre of Satan! Heribald awaits thee!"

With undaunted courage he thus stood on the altar-steps; the wind continued to howl; the Devil did not appear. . . .

"He had enough of it the last time," smilingly said the idiot. About a year before, the Evil One had appeared to him in the shape of a big dog, barking furiously at him; but Heribald had resisted him with a pole, and had plied him with such doughty blows that the pole broke. . . .

Then Heribald screamed out a number of choice invectives in the direction where the wind was moaning; and when even after this nothing came to tempt him, he replaced the crucifix on the altar, bent his knees before it, and went back to his cell murmuring the *Kyrie eleison*. There he slept the sleep of the just until late in the morning.

The sun was high in the heavens, as Heribald complacently walked up and down before the monastery. Since the time when he had enjoyed an occasional holiday at school, he had seldom had an opportunity of idling. "Idleness is the soul's worst enemy," St. Benedict had said, and in consequence strictly ordered his disciples to fill up with the work of their hands the time which was not claimed by devotional tasks.

Heribald knew not art or handicraft, and so they employed him in splitting wood and in rendering similar useful services; but now he paced up and down with folded arms before the heaped-up logs of wood and looked up smilingly at one of the cloister windows.

"Why don't you come down, Father Rudimann," he cried, "and make Heribald cut the wood? You used to keep such excellent watch over the brothers; and so often called Heribald a useless servant of the Lord, when he was cloud-gazing instead of handling the axe. Why don't you attend to your duty?"

Not even an echo gave answer to the half-witted creature's query; then he drew out some of the under logs, noisily the whole pile rolled down. "Tumble if you like," continued he in his soliloquy, "Her-

ibald is having a holiday, and is not going to pile you up again. The abbot has run away, and the brothers have run away also ; so it serves them right, if everything tumbles down."

After this laudable enterprise, Heribald directed his steps to the monastery garden. Another project now occupied his mind. He intended to cut a few delicate heads of lettuce for his dinner, and to dress them a good deal better than they would ever have been done if the father head cook had been present. Temptingly the vision was just rising before him, how he would not spare the oil-jug, and would pitilessly cut to pieces some of the biggest onions, when a cloud of dust whirled up on the white sandy shore opposite ; the forms of horses and riders became visible. . . .

"Are you there, already?" said the monk, and he made the sign of the cross ; his lips mumbled a hasty prayer, but his face quickly resumed its customary smile of contentment.

"Strange wanderers and pilgrims are to meet with a Christian reception at the gate of any house of the Lord,"¹⁶⁹ he murmured. "I will receive them."

A new idea now crossed his brain ; he passed his hand over his forehead.

"Have I not studied the history of the ancients in the cloister school, and learned how the Roman senators received the invading Gauls? — Wrapped in their mantles, the ivory sceptre in their hands, the old graybeards sat in their chairs, without winking, like bronze idols. Not for nothing is the Latin

teacher going to tell us that was a most worthy reception. Heribald can do the same!" . . .

A mild imbecility may now and then be an enviable dower in life. What appears black to others, seems to the half-witted as blue or green; his path may be zig-zag but he does not notice the serpents hidden in the grass; and the abysses into which the wise man inevitably falls, he stumbles over, without a suspicion of danger. . . .

A curule chair not being just then in the monastery, Heribald pushed a huge oak log toward the gate which led into the courtyard. "For what end have we studied secular history if we cannot take counsel by it?" said he, and seated himself quietly on his block, in expectation of what was to come.

Opposite, on the near shore, a troop of horsemen had stopped. With their reins slung round their arms, and their arrows ready on their bowstrings, they had gone on ahead, — the scouts of the Hunnish horde. When no ambuscade was discovered behind the willows bordering the lake, they stopped a while to rest their horses. Then the arrows were put back into their quivers, the crooked sabres taken between the teeth, and pressing the spurs into the horses' sides, they went into the lake. Quickly the horses crossed the blue waves. Now the foremost had touched the land, and sprang from his saddle, and shook himself three times, like a poodle coming out of a cold bath! With piercing, triumphant shouts they approached the silent Reichenau.

Like an image of stone sat Heribald, gazing undauntedly at the strange figures. Never as yet had

he passed a sleepless night musing over the perfection of human beauty; but the faces which now met his view struck him as being so very ugly that he could not suppress a long-drawn, "Have mercy upon us, O Lord!"

With crooked backs the strange guests sat in their saddles. Their dress was the skin of wild beasts; their bodies lean and small; their skulls square-shaped; black shaggy hair hung down in wild disorder; and their unshapely yellow faces glistened as if they had been anointed with tallow. One of the foremost had of his own accord enlarged his coarse-lipped mouth considerably, slitting it out toward the ears; from their small, deep-set eyes they looked out suspiciously at the world.

"To make a Hun, one need only give a square shape to a lump of clay, stick on a smaller lump for a nose, and drive in the chin," Heribald was just thinking, when they stood before him. He did not understand their hissing language, and smiled complacently, as if the whole gang had no concern for him.

For a while they stared in astonishment at the half-witted fellow, as professional critics do at a new poet, when they are as yet undecided in what pigeon-hole of ready-made judgments they are to put him. At last one of them caught sight of the bald spot on Heribald's pate, and pointed at it with his crooked sabre. They raised a sneering laugh; one seized his bow and arrow to aim at the monk. But now Heribald's patience had come to an end; a feeling of Allemannic pride came over him as he confronted this rabble.

“By St. Benedict’s tonsure,” he cried, leaping to his feet, “no heathenish dog shall mock at the crown of my head!”

He snatched the reins of one of the foremost riders, tore away his crooked sabre, and was just going to assume an aggressive attitude, when, quicker than lightning, one of the Huns threw a noose over his head and pulled him down. Then they leaped on him, tied his hands to his back, and were already raising their death-bringing arms, when a distant rumble and tumult was heard, like the approach of a mighty army. This drew their attention from the idiot. They threw him like a sack against his oak-trunk, and galloped off down to the water’s edge.

A great cavalcade of the Hunnic forces had now arrived on the opposite shore. The vanguard, by a shrill whistle, gave the signal that all was safe. At one of the extremities of the island, overgrown with reeds, they had discovered a ford, which could be crossed on horseback with dry feet. This they showed to their comrades; many hundred horsemen of them now swarmed over like hornets.

Their united forces had availed nothing against the walls of Augsburg and the bishop’s prayers;¹⁷⁰ so, in hordes, they were now ravaging the land.

In face, figure, and manner of sitting on horseback they were all alike, for with uncultivated races the features are as if cast in one mould, indicating that the vocation of the individual lies in conforming itself to the mass, instead of contrasting with it.

In the orchards and gardens where the monks

used to walk back and forth reciting their breviaries, the strange Hunnic arms now glistened for the first time. Winding in a serpentine line came the mounted train along the narrow path from the mainland; a wild din of music, like the clanging of cymbals and the cry of violins, accompanied them; but the sounds were shrill and sharp as vinegar, for the ears of the Huns were large, but not sensitive, and only those who were unfit for cavalry service were allowed to cultivate music.

High over their heads floated the standard, with the green cat in a red field; around it rode some of the chieftains, Ellak and Hornebog towering above the rest.

Ellak had a straight, unhunnic nose; a Circassian was his mother, and to her he was indebted for his pale, intelligent face and penetrating eyes. He represented the ruling intellect of the mass. It was his deep-rooted conviction that the old world must be ploughed afresh with fire and sword, and that it was better to be ploughman than manure.

Hornbog, lean and lank, wore his long black hair twisted into two solitary curls, one at each side of his face. Above towered the glittering helmet, adorned with two widespread eagles' wings; he was the very prototype of Hunnic horsemanship. To him the saddle served as home, tent, and palace. He shot the bird on the wing, and with his crooked sabre could sever the head of an enemy from its trunk while galloping past. From his holster hung the six-corded whip, a significant symbol of executive
er.

On the backs of the horses belonging to the chieftains hung beautifully embroidered altar-cloths, as well as chasubles, a living witness that they had already paid visits to other monasteries. Their booty was transported in many wagons; a great rabble of followers closed the train.

In a cart drawn by mules, amongst copper camp-kettles and other kitchen-utensils, sat an old wrinkled woman. She was shading her eyes with her hand, and looking toward the sun; in that direction rose the mountain-peaks of the Hegau. She knew them well; the old hag was the Forest woman. Banished by Ekkehard, she had departed for foreign lands; revenge was her first thought when she awoke in the morning, and her last as she fell asleep in the evening. Thus she came as far as Augsburg. At the foot of the mountain on which the wooden temple of the Suabian goddess Zisa¹⁷¹ had once stood, the camp-fires of the Huns were burning; with them she remained.

On a magnificent steed, by the side of the old Forest woman, rode a young maiden full of the unbounded spirits caused by a healthy out-of-doors life. Under her little short nose there was a seductive pair of red lips; her eyes were sparkling; her hair hung down in a long tossing braid, interwoven with a red ribbon which floated in the air like the pennant of a ship. Her skirts were looped up. Over her loose bodice hung bow and quiver, and thus she managed her horse, — a Hunnic Artemis.

This was Erica, the Flower-of-the-heath. She was not of Hunnic origin. She had been picked up as

an abandoned child by some horsemen on the steppes of Pannonia, and had accompanied the Huns, and grown up, hardly knowing how. Those whom she liked, she caressed; those who displeased her, she bit in the arm.

Botund, the old Hunnic chieftain, had loved her. Irkund the young one killed Botund because of the Flower-of-the-heath. But when Irkund wanted to enjoy her love, Zobolsu came along, and with his sharp lance did him the same service without his asking for it. Thus Erica's fate had been varied, — new ways! new countries! new loves! — and she had become part and parcel of the horde, as if she were its good spirit, and she was held in superstitious veneration.

“So long as the Flower-of-the-heath blooms in our ranks, we shall conquer the world,” said the Huns; “Forward!”

Meanwhile, poor Heribald was still lying bound at the monastery gate. His meditations were melancholy. A big gad-fly was buzzing round his head. He could not drive it away with his hands fastened behind his back.

“Heribald has behaved with dignity,” thought he. “Like one of the old Romans he sat at the gate to receive the enemy; and now he is lying bound on the stones, and the gad-fly sits with impunity on his nose. That is the reward of dignified behavior. Heribald will never again be dignified! Amongst hedges, dignity is a very superfluous thing.”

Like a mountain-torrent when the flood-gate has

been raised, the Hunnic tide was now streaming into the cloister-yard.

The good Heribald began to feel really uncomfortable.

“Oh, Camerarius,” he continued in his meditation, “even if thou shouldst refuse me, the next time, shirt and habit, as well as shoe-leather, I would fly, nevertheless, a naked man !”

Some of the van reported to Ellak how they had found the solitary monk. He made a sign for them to bring the prisoner up before him ; they loosened his cords, set him on his feet in the courtyard, and with heavy blows drove him toward their leader. Slowly marched the poor wretch, emitting grunts of indignation.

An unspeakably satirical smile played round the Hunnic chieftain’s lips when the idiot at last stood before him. Negligently dropping the reins on the horse’s neck, he turned round.

“See what a representative of German art and science looks like,” he said, addressing Erica.

On his numerous piratical expeditions, Ellak had acquired a slight knowledge of the German language.

“Where are the inhabitants of the island ?” asked he in a commanding voice.

Heribald pointed to the distant Hegau.

“Armed ?”

“The servants of God are always armed ; the Lord is their shield and sword.”

“Well said,” laughed the Hun. “Why didst thou remain behind ?”

Heribald became embarrassed. He had too much pride to betray the true reason: that is to say, his torn shoes. "Heribald," he replied, "is curious, and wanted to see what the sons of the Devil are like."

Ellak translated the monk's polite speech to his companions, who struck up a loud guffaw.

"You need not laugh," cried Heribald, angrily. "We know very well what you are! Abbot Wazmann has told us."

"I shall have thee killed," said Ellak, carelessly.

"That will only serve me right," returned Heribald. "Why did I not escape with the others?"

Ellak cast a searching look at the queer fellow, and another idea struck him. He beckoned to the standard-bearer, who approached, swinging in the air his flag with the green cat.

This was the cat which had once appeared to King Etzel in his youth. In a dreamy mood, he was sitting in his uncle Rugila's tent; he was melancholy, and was deliberating whether he had not better become a Christian, and serve God and science; just then the cat came in. Among Rugila's treasures she had found the golden imperial globe which had made part of the booty at Byzantium; this she held in her paws and played with it and rolled it back and forth. And an inward voice said to Etzel:—

"Thou shalt not become a monk, but thou shalt play with the round earth, as the cat plays with that golden bawble."

Then he became aware that Kutka, the God of the Huns, had appeared to him, and so he brandished his sword toward the four quarters of the

world, let his finger-nails grow, and became what he was destined to become, Attila, king of the Huns, the scourge of God! . . .

“Kneel down, miserable monk,” cried Ellak from his horse, “and worship him whom thou seest painted on this flag!”

But Heribald stood immovable.

“I don’t know him,” said he, with a hollow laugh.

“’T is the God of the Huns!” angrily cried the chieftain. “Down on thy knees, cowlbearer, or ” . . . He pointed to his crooked sword.

Heribald laughed once more, and, putting his forefinger to his forehead, said:—

“If you think that Heribald is so easily imposed upon, you are vastly mistaken. It is written: when God created heaven and earth, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, he said: ‘Let there be light!’ If God were a cat, he would not have said: ‘Let there be light!’ Heribald will not kneel down . . .”

A Hunnic rider stealthily approached, pulled the monk’s garment, and whispered in excellent Suabian in his ear:—

“Friend, I would kneel down, if I were in your place. They are dangerous people.”

The warner’s real name was Snewelin, and his birthplace was Ellwangen in the Riesgau; by birth he was a genuine Suabian, but in the course of time he had become a Hun, and done well by it. And he spoke with a peculiar windy tone in his voice, for he had lost four of his front teeth, besides several molars; and this was the real reason why he was to be found among the Huns.

In his younger days, as it happened, when he was still earning a peaceful livelihood at home as cart-driver of the little Salvator monastery, he had been sent with a strong convoy, under imperial protection, with a cart-load of bright-colored Neckar-wine, north to the great market at Magdeburg.¹⁷² To that town resorted the priests of the heathenish Pomeranians and Wends, to buy their libation wine; and Snewelin made an excellent bargain when he sold his wine to the white-bearded chief priest of the three-headed God Triglaf,¹⁷³ for the great temple at Stettin.

But afterwards he remained sitting over the wine with the white-bearded heathen, who enjoyed the Suabian nectar and became enthusiastic and began to praise his native land and said that the world was infinitely more advanced in their parts, between the Oder and the Spree. And he tried to convert Snewelin to the worship of Triglaf the three-headed, and of the black and white Sun-god Radegast, and of Radomysl, the Goddess of joyous thoughts; but this was rather too much for the man of Ellwangen.

“You are an abominable Wendish swindler,” he exclaimed, and upset the wine-table, and flew at him, like the young hero Siegfried when he attacked the wild, long-bearded dwarf Alberich; he had a hand-to-hand contest with him, and at one strong tug pulled out the half of his gray beard! But his antagonist called on Triglaf the three-headed to help him, dealt him a blow on the jaw with his iron-mounted staff, which forever

destroyed the beauty of his teeth; and before the toothless Suabian cart-driver had recovered from the blow, his white-bearded antagonist had taken his departure, so that he could not wreak his revenge on him.

But when Snewelin walked out of the gates of Magdeburg, he shook his fist northwards, and said : —

“We two shall meet again, some day !”

At his home he was greatly ridiculed on account of his lost teeth ; so, in sheer spite, he went amongst the Huns, hoping that when these should ride northwards, he would be able to settle a heavy account with the three-headed Triglaf and all his worshippers. . . .

Heribald heeded not the curious horseman. The Forest woman had got down from her cart, and approached Ellak. With a grimace she looked at the monk.

“I have read in the stars,” she cried, “that evil threatens us at the hands of bald-shaven men. To prevent the coming danger, you ought to hang up this miserable creature before the monastery gate, with his face turned toward yon mountains !”

“Hang him up,” shouted many in the crowd, the old woman’s pantomime having been understood.

Ellak had once more turned toward Erica.

“And so this monster has principles,” said he, scornfully. “It would save his life, and yet he refuses to bend his knees. Shall we have him hanged, Flower-of-the-heath ?”

Heribald's life hung on a slender thread. Round about he saw sinister faces; his courage began to fail him, he was ready to weep; but in the hour of danger, even the most foolish are often guided by a happy instinct. Like a star shone Erica's rosy face before him, and with timid steps he sprang to her through the throng. To kneel before her was not such a difficult task for him; her sweet looks inspired him with confidence. With out-stretched arms he implored her protection.

"There!" cried the Flower-of-the-heath, "the man of the island is not so foolish as he looks. He prefers kneeling to Erica, instead of the green and red flag."

She smiled graciously on the pitiful suppliant, leaped from her saddle, and patted him as if he were some half-wild animal.

"Don't be afraid," said she; "thou shalt live, poor old black-coat!" and Heribald read in her eyes that she meant what she said. He pointed to the Forest woman, who had frightened him most. Erica shook her head: "she shall not harm thee."

Then Heribald ran joyously to the wall: lilacs and wild roses were already blooming there; hastily he tore off some of their branches, and presented them to the Hunnic maiden.

Loud shouts of delight rang through the monastery yard.¹⁷⁴

"Hail to the Flower-of-the-heath," cried they all, clashing their arms together.

"Shout with them," whispered the man from Ellwangen into Heribald's ear. So he also raised his

voice and cried a hoarse "hurrah!" Tears stood in his eyes.

The Huns unsaddled their horses. As a pack of hounds, at evening, after the chase is over, wait for the moment when the entrails of the deer are thrown to them as their portion, — here one pulls at the cord that restrains him, there another is barking fiercely with impatience, — so stood the Huns before the monastery. At last Ellak gave the signal that the pillage might begin. In wild disorder they dashed along the corridors, up the staircase, into the church. Confused cries resounded — of expected booty and disappointed hopes. The cells of the brotherhood were searched, but nothing was found except the scanty furniture.

"Show us the treasury," said they to Heribald, who did so willingly; he knew that whatever was the most precious had been taken away. Only plated candlesticks and the big emerald of colored glass were still there.

"Miserable monastery! The beggars!" cried one, and with his mailed boot he stamped on the false jewel, so that a great crack shot through it. They rewarded Heribald with heavy blows, so he stole sorrowfully away.

In the cross-passage Snewelin met him.

"Friend," he cried, "I am an old wine-carrier; tell me where is your cellar?"

Heribald led him down, and chuckled contentedly when he saw that the chief entrance had been walled up. With a knowing look he winked at the fresh lime, as if to say that he well knew its secret.

The man of Ellwangen without much ado cut off the seals on one of the tuns, tapped it, and filled his helmet. It was a long, long draught that he took.

“O Hahnenkamm and Heidenheim!”* exclaimed he, shivering as with the ague, “for this beverage I verily need not have joined the Huns!”

He ordered his companions to carry up the butts, but Heribald stepped anxiously forwards and pulled one of the desecrators by his gown: “Allow me, good man,” said he, in pathetic accents, “but what am I to drink when you are gone away?”¹⁷⁵

Snewelin laughingly reported the monk’s anxiety to the others.

“The fool must have something,” they said, putting back the smallest tun unopened. Such kindness touched Heribald, and he shook hands with them.

Out in the courtyard arose a wild din. Some had been searching the church, and had also lifted a grave-stone, from under which a bleached skull grinned at them out of its dark cowl. This frightened even the Huns back. Two of the gang mounted the church-tower, the spire of which was adorned with a gilt weathercock, according to custom. Whether they took it to be the protecting God of the monastery, or imagined it to be real gold, they climbed up the roof of the tower, and audaciously sitting there, tried to bring the cock down with their lances.

Then a sudden giddiness came over them. One let his raised arm sink, — a false step — a cry; and down he fell, the other after him. With broken necks they lay in the cloister-yard.¹⁷⁶

* Notoriously sour, bad wines.

“A bad omen,” said Ellak to himself.

The Huns uttered a howl, but a few moments later the accident was entirely forgotten. The sword had already snatched away so many of their companions — what mattered two more or less?

The bodies were carried into the cloister garden. With the logs which Heribald had upset in the early morning, a funeral-pile was erected; the books left in the libraries had been thrown down into the court; these were brought as kindling, and were used in filling up the gaps between the logs.

Ellak and Hornebog were walking together through the ranks. Squeezed in between the logs sadly looked a neatly-written manuscript; the shining golden initials glittered on the broken pages. Hornebog, drawing his crooked sword, pierced the parchment with it, and held it out to his companion, stuck on the point of the blade.

“What do these hooks and chickens’ feet mean, brother?” asked he.

Ellak took the punctured book, and glanced over some of its pages. He also knew Latin.

“Western wisdom,” replied he. “A man named Boëthius wrote it, and there are many fine things in it about the comfort of Philosophy.”

“Phi — lo — so — phy,” slowly repeated Hornebog, “what kind of comfort is that, brother?”

“It does not mean a pretty woman, nor yet fire-water, either,” was Ellak’s reply. “It is difficult to describe it in Hunnish. . . . If a man does not know why he is in the world, and stands on his head to find out the reason, that is about what they

call Philosophy in these western lands. He who comforted himself with it in his water-tower at Pavia was after all beaten to death on that very account." . . .

"It served him right!" exclaimed Hornebog. "He who holds a sword in his hand, and has a horse between his thighs, knows why he is in the world; and if we did not know the reason better than those who scratch such hooks on asses' skins, then *they* would be on our heels at the Danube, and we should not be watering our horses in the Suabian sea."

"Don't you know that it is lucky that such trash is made?" continued Ellak, throwing back the Boëthius on the funeral-pile.

"Why so?" asked Hornebog,

"Because the hand which guides the pen is never fit to wield the sword so as to make a good gash in the flesh; and when the nonsense which one single head hatched is once written down, then at least a hundred others will muddle their brains with it. A hundred blockheads more make a hundred soldiers less, which is clearly enough our advantage, whenever we choose to make an invasion. So long as they in the West write books and hold synods my children may safely carry their camp forward! that's what the great Etzel himself said."

"Praised be the great Etzel!" said Hornebog, reverently.

Then a voice cried, "Let the dead rest!"

With dancing steps Erica came toward the two chieftains. She had examined the monastery booty; an altar-cloth of red silk found grace in her eyes, and

she put it on like a mantle, — the corners lightly thrown back over her shoulders.

“How do you like me so?” she asked, turning her little head complacently about.

“The Flower-of-the-heath requires no finery of Suabian idolaters to please us,” sternly replied Ellak.

Then she jumped up at him, stroked his lank black hair, and called out: —

“Come, the meal is ready.”

They went to the courtyard. The Huns had strewn about all the hay supply of the monastery, and were lying down on it waiting for the repast.

With folded arms, Heribald stood in the background, looking down at them.

“The Devil’s curs cannot even sit down like Christians, when they are about to eat their daily bread.” These were his thoughts, but he took good care not to utter them aloud. Experience of frequent blows teaches silence.

“Lie down, black-coat; thou mayst eat also,” cried Erica, and signed to him to follow the example of the others. He looked at the man of Ellwangen, who was lying there with crossed legs, as if he had never known what it was to sit otherwise. So Heribald tried to follow his example; but he soon got up again: this position seemed to him too undignified. So he fetched a chair out of the monastery, and sat down with the rest.

An ox had been roasted on a spit; whatever else the cloister kitchen provided was utilized; and they fell to with ravenous hunger. The meat was cut off

with their short sabres, the fingers serving as knife and fork. On end in the courtyard stood the big wine-tun; every one dipped out as much as he liked. Here and there a finely wrought chalice was used as a drinking-cup.

They gave Heribald also as much wine as he wished for, but when with silent contentment he was sipping it, a half-gnawed bone flew at his head. He looked up sorrowfully, but saw that many another of the feasters met with the same fate. To throw bones at one another was a Hunnic custom instead of dessert.

Wine-warm, they began a rough and unmelodious singing.¹⁷⁷ Two of the younger horsemen sang an old song in honor of King Etzel, in which it was said that he had been a conqueror not only with the sword, but also with his charms of person. Then followed a satirical stanza on a Roman emperor's sister, who fell in love with him from a distance and offered him her heart and hand, which, however, he refused.

Like the screeching of owls and the croaking of toads rang the chorus. Then some of them came to Heribald, and made him understand that he also was expected to give them a song. He tried to avoid it; but to no avail. So he sang in an almost sobbing voice the antiphon in honor of the holy cross, beginning with the "*Sanctifica nos.*"

With astonishment the drunken men listened to the long whole notes of the old church chant; the strange melody sounded like a voice in the wilderness.

With rising anger the Forest woman, sitting beside

the copper kettle, also heard it. With her knife she stole over, seized Heribald by his hair, and was going to cut off his locks, — the greatest insult that could be offered to a tonsured priest's consecrated head.

But Heribald pushed her back, and chanted on undaunted. This pleased the assembly; they shouted with delight. Cymbals and violins again resounded, and now the Flower-of-the-heath approached the monk; the monotonous chant had become tiresome to her; with mocking pity she seized him.

"After song comes dancing!" she cried, and drew him into the whirl of the wild dance.¹⁷⁸

Heribald knew not what happened to him. Erica's swelling bosom pressed up to him.

"Whether Heribald dances or not, it will be only another small link in the great chain of abominations," he reasoned; so he bravely stamped the ground with his sandal-clad feet; his cowl flew about him. Tighter and tighter he pressed the Hunnic maiden, and who knows what might still have happened . . . With heightened color she finally stopped, gave her partner a little parting slap in the face, and ran off to the chieftains, who, with serious faces, were looking on at the frenzied throng.

The festivities were coming to an end; the effects of the wine were passing away. Then Ellak gave the order to burn the dead. In a moment's time, the whole troop were on horseback, and riding in closed ranks to the funeral-pile. The two dead men's horses were stabbed by the oldest of the Huns, and

laid beside their late master's bodies. The gray-haired Hun repeated an impressive conjuration over the assembly, then he lifted the fire-brand and lighted the pile. Boëthius' "Comfort of Philosophy," pine logs, manuscripts, and corpses vied with one another in burning the brightest, and a mighty pillar of smoke rose up to the sky.

With wrestling, warlike exercises and races, the memory of the dead was celebrated. The sun was sinking in the west. The whole body of Huns passed the night in the monastery.

It was on the Thursday before Easter, when all this happened on the island of Reichenau. The tidings of this invasion soon reached the fishermen's huts around Radolfzell. When Moengal, the parish priest, held the early morning service, he still counted six of his pious flock; in the afternoon there were only three, including himself.

Angrily he was sitting in the little room in which he had once hospitably entertained Ekkehard; then the pillar of smoke from the Hunnic funeral-pile rose into the air. He stepped to the window. It was dense and black as if the whole monastery were in flames; the scent of burning came over the lake.

"Hihahoi!" cried Moengal; "*jam proximus ardet Ucalegon*, — already it is burning at neighbor Ucalegon's! Then I must also get my house ready. Out with ye now, my old Cambutta!"¹⁷⁹

Cambutta was no serving-maid, but a huge bludgeon, a genuine Irish shillelah, Moengal's favorite weapon.

He packed the chalice and the ciborium into his doeskin game-bag. Nothing else of gold or silver did he possess. Then he called together his hounds, his hawk, and two falcons; he flung to them all the meat and fish his pantry boasted.

“Eat as much as ever you can, children,” said he, “so that nothing be left for those cursed plagues!”

The butt in the cellar he knocked to pieces, so that the sparkling wine streamed forth.

“Not a drop of wine shall the devils drink in Moengal’s parsonage.

Only the jug containing the vinegar was left intact. On the crystal-clear butter in the wooden cask he emptied a basketful of ashes. His fishing-tackle and sporting-utensils he buried; then he smashed the windows, and carefully strewed the fragments about in the rooms. Some he even put into the chinks of the floor, with the points turned up, — all in honor of the Huns! He let the hawk and falcons fly away.

“Farewell!” he cried, “and keep near; for soon there will be dead heathen to pick!”

So his house was put in order. Hanging the game-bag, as well as a Hibernian leather canteen, over his shoulders, with two spears in his hands, and Cambutta the shillelah fastened on his back, — thus, a valiant champion of the Lord, old Moengal walked out of his parsonage, which had been his home for so many years.

He had already gone quite a distance; the sky was darkened with smoke and ashes. “Wait a bit!” he cried. “I have forgotten something.”

He retraced his steps:—

“The yellow-faced rascals deserve at least a word of welcome.”

He drew a piece of red chalk from his pocket, and therewith wrote in large Irish characters a few words on the gray sandstone slab over the door. Later rains have washed them away, and no one ever deciphered them; but no doubt it was a significant greeting which old Moengal left behind him in Irish runes.

He struck off at a swift pace, and turned toward the Hohentwiel.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BATTLE WITH THE HUNS.

GOOD FRIDAY had come; but the anniversary of our Saviour's death was not kept on the Hohentwiel this time in the silent way which the prescriptions of the church require. Old Moengal's arrival had dissipated all doubts as to the enemy's approach. Late in the night they held a war-council and determined unanimously to go out to meet the Huns in open battle.

The sun rose drearily; soon it was hidden again in mist. A fierce gale blew over the land, chasing the clouds along, so that they sank down on the distant Bodensee, as if water and air were striving to mingle. Now and then a sun-beam struggled through. It was the as yet undecided battle which Spring was waging against the powers of Winter.

The men had already risen, and were preparing for a serious day's work.

In his watch-tower room Ekkehard was silently pacing up and down, his hands folded in prayer. An honorable commission had devolved on him. He was to preach a sermon to the united forces before they went out to battle, and so he was now praying for strength and inspiration, that his words might be like glowing sparks to kindle the warlike flame in each heart.

Suddenly the door opened, and in came the duchess, unaccompanied by Praxedis. Over her morning-dress she had thrown an ample cloak, to protect herself against the cool air; perhaps, also, that she might not be recognized by the stranger guests, while going over to the watch-tower. A faint blush mantled on her cheeks when she thus stood alone, opposite her youthful teacher.

"Are you also going out to battle to-day?" asked she.

"Yes, I go with the others," replied Ekkehard.

"I should despise you, if you had given me any other reply," said the noble lady; "and you have justly taken for granted that it would not be necessary to ask my leave for such an expedition. But have you not thought of saying Good-bye?" added she, in low, reproachful accents.

Ekkehard was embarrassed.

"Far more important, nobler, and better men are leaving your castle to-day," said he. "The abbots and knights will surround you;—how then could I think of taking a special leave of you, even if . . ."

His voice came to a stand-still.

The duchess looked into his eyes. Neither said a word.

"I have brought you something which will be useful to you in battle," said she, after a while. She carried under her mantle a costly sword with a rich shoulder-belt. A milk-white agate adorned the hilt. "It is the sword of Herr Burkhard, my late husband. Of all the weapons he possessed, he valued this the most. 'With that blade one could split rocks, with-

out breaking it,' he said many a time. You will win glory with it to-day."

She held out the sword to him; Ekkehard received it in silence. He already wore his coat-of-mail under his habit. Now he buckled on the shoulder-belt and seized the hilt with his right hand, as if the enemy were already facing him.

"I have something else for you," continued Frau Hadwig.

On a silk ribbon round her neck she wore a jewel in a golden setting. This she now drew forth from her bosom. It was a crystal covering an insignificant-looking splinter of wood.

"If my prayers should not suffice, then may this relic protect you! It is a splinter of the holy cross, which the Empress Helena discovered. 'Wherever this relic is there will be peace, happiness, and pure air,'¹⁸⁰ wrote the Greek patriarch who attested its genuineness. May it now bring a blessing in the coming battle!"

She leaned toward the monk to hang the jewel round his neck. He bent his knees to receive it; long it had been hanging round his neck, and still he knelt before her. She passed her hand lightly over his curly hair, and there was a peculiarly soft and melancholy expression on the usually haughty countenance.

Ekkehard had bent his knee at the name of the holy cross, but now he felt as if he must prostrate himself a second time — prostrate himself before her who had so graciously remembered him.

A budding affection requires time clearly to un-

derstand itself; and in matters of love he had not learned to reckon and count, as in the verses of Vergil, or he might have guessed that she who had taken him away from his quiet monastery-cell — that she who that evening on the Hohenkrähen, and now again on the morning of battle, had stood before him as Frau Hadwig did, might well have expected a word from the depths of his heart, — perhaps even more than a word.

His thoughts quickly followed one another; all his pulses were throbbing.

If on former occasions anything like love had stirred in him, then the reverence for his mistress had driven it back, as the storm slams the shutters in the face of the child looking timidly out of the dormer window. At this moment, however, he was not thinking of that reverence, but rather of how he had once carried the duchess boldly across the monastery-yard. Neither did he think of his monastic vow; but something stirred in him, and he felt as if he must rush into her arms, and exultingly press her to his heart. Herr Burkhard's sword seemed to burn at his side.

“Throw aside all timidity. The world belongs to the bold.”

Were not these words to be read in Frau Hadwig's eyes?

He stood up; strong, great, and free, — she had never seen him look so before, . . . but it lasted only a second. As yet not one sound betraying his inward struggle had escaped his lips; then his eye fell on the dark ebony cross which Vincentius had once hung up in his tower-room.

“It is the day of the Lord, and thou shalt speak to-day before his people!”

The remembrance of his duty drove away all other thoughts. . . .

Once there came a frost, on a summer morning, and grass and leaves and blossoms grew black and seared, before the sun rose over them. . . .

Shyly as ever before, he took Frau Hadwig's hand.

“How shall I thank my mistress?” said he, in broken accents.

She cast a searching look at him. The soft expression had vanished from her face; the old sternness had returned to her brow, as if she meant to say, “If you don't know how, I am not going to tell you;” but she said nothing. Still Ekkehard held her hand in his. She drew it back.

“Be pious and brave,” said she, as she left the chamber. It sounded like mockery. . . .

Scarcely longer than a person needs to say the Lord's Prayer, had the duchess been with Ekkehard; but more had happened than he suspected.

He resumed his walk up and down the tower-room.

Thou shalt deny thyself and follow the Lord.

Thus it is laid down in St. Benedict's rules regarding good works, and Ekkehard felt almost proud of the victory he had won over himself; but Frau Hadwig had gone down the winding staircase with wounded feelings, and when a haughty mind believes itself to be disdained, evil days must follow.

It was seven o'clock in the morning, and in the courtyard of the Hohentwiel they were having the

divine service before the troops set forth. The altar had been erected under the old linden-tree; on it were placed the sacred relics for the comfort of believers. The courtyard was filled with armed men standing in close, orderly ranks, as Simon Bardo had arranged them. Like the roll of distant thunder arose the processional chant of the monks.

The abbot of Reichenau, wearing the black pallium with the white cross, celebrated high mass.

After him, Ekkehard mounted the altar steps. With deep emotion his eye glided over the crowded assembly; once more it flashed through his mind how, but a short while before, he had stood face to face with the duchess in the solitary chamber; then he read the gospel of the suffering and death of the Saviour. As he read on, his voice became always clearer and more distinct; he kissed the book and then handed it to the deacon, for him to put it back on its silk cushion. For a moment he looked up heavenwards; then he began his sermon.

The throng listened with breathless attention.

“Almost a thousand years have passed,” he cried, “since the Son of God bent his head on the cross, saying, ‘It is finished!’ but we have not prepared our souls to receive the redemption; we have lived in sin, and the offences which we have committed in the hardness of our hearts cry out to Heaven against us.

“Therefore a time of affliction has come upon us; glittering swords flash against us; heathenish monsters have invaded Christian lands.

“ But instead of angrily inquiring, ‘ How long will the Lord forbear, while he lets our beloved homes become the prey of such heathenish idolaters,’ let every one strike his own bosom and say: ‘ On account of our depravity have they been sent upon us.’ And if ye would be delivered from them, think of our Saviour’s valiant death; and as he took up his cross and bore it himself to the place of skulls, seize the sword, and seek each your own Golgotha!” . . .

He pointed over to the shores of the lake; then he poured out words of comfort and promise strong as the lion’s call in the mountain.

“ The times are coming of which it has been written: —

*“ And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, and shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle: the number of whom is as the sand of the sea. And they went up, on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city: and fire came down from God, out of heaven, and devoured them. And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night, for ever and ever.”*¹⁸¹

“ And what the seer at Patmos beheld and revealed is for us a promise and pledge of victory, if we go out with purified hearts to meet the enemy. Let them come on their swift horses; what will it avail? The Lord has marked them as the children

of hell; therefore their face is but a mockery of the human countenance. They can trample down the harvest on our fields, and desecrate the altars of our churches, but they can not resist the arm of men in whom God himself has inspired courage.

“Therefore bear in mind that we Suabians must always be in the forefront¹⁸² when the fatherland has to be defended; and if in other times it would be a dire sin in the eyes of the Lord to buckle on the sword on his holy day, to-day he will bless our weapons, and send his saints to assist us, and he himself will fight in our ranks, — he the Lord of hosts, who commands his destroying lightnings to flash down from heaven, and opens the yawning chasms of the depths when the hour of fulfilment has come.”

With choice examples of glorious warlike deeds Ekkehard then fired his auditors; and many a hand fiercely grasped the spear, and many a foot was lifted impatiently from the ground, when he spoke of Joshua, who with the Lord's help conquered thirty-one kings in the region beyond the Jordan; — and of Gideon, who with loud-sounding trumpets broke into the camp of the Midianites, and drove them before him unto Bethesda and Tebbath; — and of the sally of the men of Bethulia, who, after Judith's glorious deed, smote the Assyrians with the edge of the sword.

But at the end he quoted the words which Judas Maccabæus spoke to his people when they encamped at Emaus in face of the army of King Antiochus.

“Arm yourselves, and be valiant men, and be in readiness against the morning, that ye may fight

with these nations that are assembled together against us to destroy us and our sanctuary; for it is better to perish in battle than to see misfortune befall our sanctuary.' Amen."

For a moment after he had ended there was perfect silence; then arose a crashing and clashing of arms. They clanged swords and shields together, raised their spears, and waved their banners in the air, — ancient tokens of heartfelt approval. "Amen" was repeated from all the ranks. Then they fell on their knees; — the high mass was reaching its close. The wooden rattles, instead of the usual bell-tones, thrilled them with strange awe. Every one who had not yet taken the holy sacrament went up to the altar to receive it.

But now from the tower was suddenly heard the cry: —

"To arms! to arms! the enemy!¹⁸³ A dark mass is coming! coming toward us from the lake. Riders and horses! the enemy!"

Now there was no more restraint and no quiet. The men stormed toward the gate as if driven by the Spirit. Abbot Wazmann had scarcely time to pronounce the blessing.

So in our days the Wendic fisherman rushes from Sunday church, which his priest holds on the Rugianic sea-sands at the time when the shoals of herring are approaching. "The fish are coming!" cries the watchman on the white sandy shore, and the next moment there is a dash for the boats. Forsaken stands the clergyman, gazing at the tumult; then he also cuts short the threads of his devotions,

and he seizes his nets, and hastens to his dory to wage war upon the scaly tribe. . . .

Thirsting for battle, they marched out of the courtyard, each heart swelling with the soul-stirring conviction that a great moment was at hand. The monks of St. Gall mustered sixty-four, those of the Reichenau ninety, and of the *arrière-ban* men there were above five hundred.

Close by the standard of the brotherhood of St. Gall strode Ekkehard. It was a crucifix, veiled in crape, with long black streamers, as the monastery banner had been left behind.

On the balcony stood the duchess, waving her white handkerchief. Ekkehard turned around and looked up at her; but her eyes evaded his, and her parting salutation was not meant for him.

Some of the serving-brothers had carried St. Mark's coffin down to the lower castle gate. All who passed by touched it with sword and lance-point, then with heavy tread moved down the castle-road.

In the wide plain stretching out toward the lake Simon Bardo drew up his troops. Hei! how pleased the old field-marshal was that his scar-covered breast again wore the accustomed mail, instead of the monk's habit! He rode along in a strangely shaped, pointed steel morion; his broad, jewel-set girdle and the golden hilt of his sword indicated the former general.

"*You* read the classics on account of the *grammar*," he had said to the abbots, who, mounted on fine horses, rode at his side; "but *I* have learnt my

handicraft from them. With the good advice of Frontinus and Vegetius something may still be achieved even now-a-days. First we will try the battle-array of the Roman legions; for in that position one can best await the enemy and see what he means to do. Afterwards we are still at liberty to change our tactics; the affair will not be settled between us in half an hour."

He ordered the light corps of the archers and sling-bearers to take the lead; they were to occupy the border of the wood, where they would be sheltered by the fir-trees against attack on horseback.

"Aim low," said he; "even if you hit the horse instead of the rider, it is always something."

At the sound of the horns the troop hastened forwards. As yet, nothing was to be seen of the enemy.

The men of the *arrière-ban* he arrayed in two columns. In close ranks, with levelled lances, they slowly advanced, — a space of a few steps remaining between the two files. The Baron of Randegg and the gaunt Fridinger commanded them.

The monks Simon Bardo collected into one compact body, and placed them in the rear.

"Why this?" asked Abbot Wazmann; he was offended because the honor of heading the attack was not granted them. But Bardo, experienced in war, smilingly replied: —

"Those are my *Triarians*; not because they are veteran soldiers, but because they are fighting for their own warm nests. To be driven out of house and home and bed makes swords cut keenest and

spears thrust deepest. Have no anxiety; the tug of war will come soon enough to the disciples of St. Benedict."

The Huns had left the monastery of Reichenau at early dawn. The provisions were all consumed, the wine drunk, the church pillaged; their day's work was done.

Many a wrinkle on Heribald's forehead grew smooth when the last of the horsemen rode out of the gate. He threw after them a gold coin which the man from Ellwangen had confidentially thrust into his hand.

"Friend, if thou shouldst hear that a mishap had befallen me," said Snewelin, "then let a dozen masses be read for my poor soul. I have always had a friendly feeling for you and your fellow-monks, and how it was that I fell amongst the heathens, I myself can scarcely understand. The soil of Ellwangen is unfortunately too rough and stony for producing saints."

Heribald, however, would have nothing to do with him. In the garden, he shovelled up the bones and ashes of the burnt Huns and their horses, and scattered them into the lake, even while the Huns were in the act of crossing to the other side.

"No heathen dust shall remain on the island," said he.

"Then he went to the monastery yard, and thoughtfully stared at the place where he had been forced to dance on the day before.

The course taken by the Huns led them through

the dark fir-wood toward the Hohentwiel. But, as they went carelessly cantering along, here and there a horse began to stagger; arrows and missiles from slings flew into their ranks, sent by invisible hands. The vanguard showed signs of hesitation. "Why do you care for the stinging of gnats?" cried Ellak, and he spurred his horse. "Forward! the plain is the field for cavalry-battle!"

A dozen of his men were ordered to stay behind with the baggage in order to skirmish with those in the forest. The ground echoed with the tramp of the swiftly advancing horde. On the plain they opened their ranks, and with wild howls galloped out against the approaching column of the *arrière-ban*.

Far ahead rode Ellak, with the Hunnic standard-bearer, who waved the green and red flag over his head. Then the chieftain lifted himself high in the saddle, and uttered a piercing cry, and shot off the first arrow, that the battle might be opened according to old custom.¹⁸⁴

Now the bloody fight began in good earnest. Little avail was it to the Suabian warriors that they stood firm and immovable like a forest of lances; for though the horses recoiled, a shower of arrows came flying at them from the distance. Half standing in the stirrups, with the reins hanging over their horses' necks, even while they were dashing at full speed the Huns took aim; their arrows hit.

Others came swarming in from the sides; woe to the wounded, if his brethren did not take him into the centre.

Then the light-armed troops planned to dash out

from the fir-wood and outflank the Huns. The sound of the horn collected them together; they started out; but, quick as thought, the enemies' horses were turned round, a shower of arrows greeted them. They hesitated; a few advanced; these also were thrown back; only Audifax was left bravely marching along. The arrows whizzed about him; but, without looking up or looking back, he blew his bag-pipe, as was his duty. Thus he came right into the midst of the Hunnic riders.

Suddenly his piping stopped; for, in passing, one of the Huns had thrown the lasso over his head and dragged him away with him. Resisting with all his might, Audifax looked around; not a single man of his troop was to be seen.

“O Hadumoth!” cried he, mournfully.

The rider took pity on the brave fair-haired boy; instead of splitting his head, he lifted him up on the horse and galloped back. The Hunnic baggage-train had stopped under the shelter of a hill. With erect figure the Forest woman was standing on her cart, intently gazing at the raging battle. She had cared for the first who were wounded, and chanted powerful charms over the flowing blood.

“Here I bring you some one to clean the camp-kettles!” cried the Hunnic rider, and he threw the shepherd boy from the horse so that he fell right into the straw-woven body of the cart, at the old woman's feet.

“Welcome, thou venomous little toad,” cried she, fiercely; “thou shalt get thy reward for showing that cowl-bearer the way up to my house!”

She recognized him at once, and, dragging him toward her by the lasso, tied him fast to the cart.

Audifax remained silent, but bitter tears stood in his eyes. He did not weep because he was taken prisoner, but he wept because his hopes were again disappointed. "O Hadumoth!" sighed he again.

The midnight before he had sat with the young goose-driver, hidden in a corner of the fireplace.

"Thou shalt be safe," Hadumoth had said; "here is a charm against all wounds!"

She had boiled a brown snake, and anointed his forehead, shoulders, and breast with its fat.

"To-morrow evening I shall wait for thee in this same corner; thou wilt come back to me safe and sound. No metal can do anything against the fat of a snake."

Audifax had given her his hand, and had gone out with his bagpipe so joyously into battle, — and now! . . .

The battle was still raging on in the valley plain. The Suabian ranks were on the point of giving way, already weary from the unaccustomed fighting. Anxiously Simon Bardo looked on and shook his head.

"The finest strategy," he grumbled, "is lost on these Centaurs, who dash back and forth, and shoot from a distance, as if my threefold array were there for nothing. It would really be well if one were to add to Emperor Leo's book on tactics a special chapter treating of the attack of the Huns."

He rode up to the monks, and divided them again into two bodies; he ordered the men of St. Gall to

advance on the right of the arrière-ban and those of Reichenau on the left; then to wheel about so that the enemy, having the wood at his back, might be shut in by a wide semicircle. "If we do not surround them, they will not make a stand," he cried, and flourished his broad sword. "Up and at them, then!"

A wild fire flashed in all eyes. In marching order stood the ranks. Now they all dropt down on their knees; each took up a clod of earth, and threw it over his head, that he might be consecrated and blessed by his native earth; ¹⁶⁵ then they rushed on to battle.

Those of St. Gall struck up the pious war-song of "*media vita.*"

Notker the stutterer once passed through the ravines of the Martistobel, in his native land; they were building a bridge across. The workmen were hanging over the giddy height. Then it came into his mind like a picture, how, at every moment in our life, the abyss of Death is yawning, and so he composed the song.

Now it served as a sort of magic song, a protection to their own lives, and death to their enemies.

Solemn sounded its strains from the lips of the men as they went into battle:—

In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succor, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased.

In thee did our fathers put their trust, they put their trust in thee, and thou didst set them free.

O Lord God most holy!

And from the other wing the monks of the Reichenau were singing:—

On thee our fathers called, they called and were not confounded.

O Lord most mighty!

And from both sides was then heard together:

Despise us not in the days of decrepitude; when our strength faileth, spare us.

*Holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pangs of eternal death.*¹⁸⁶

Thus they stood in close combat. With amazement the Huns had beheld the dark columns approaching. Howls, and the hissing, devilish cry of "hui! hui!"¹⁸⁷ was their response to the "*media vita.*" Ellak likewise now divided his horsemen for the attack, and the fighting raged fiercer than ever.

The Huns, spurring their horses, broke through the feeble force of the monks of St. Gall; a dire single combat then began. Strength wrestled with swiftness, German awkwardness with Hunnic cunning.

The soil of the Hegau then drank the blood of many a pious man. Tutilo the strong was slain. He had tripped up a Hun's horse and pulled the rider down by the feet, and, swinging the wry-faced wretch through the air, split his skull against a stone; but an arrow pierced the hoary warrior's temple. A sound like the victorious hymns of the heavenly host rang through his wounded brain, then he fell down on his slain foe.

Sindolt the wicked atoned by the death-wound in his breast for many a bad trick which he had played

on his brothers in former times, and nothing did it avail Dubslan the Scot that he had made a vow to St. Minwaloius to go bare-foot to Rome, if he would protect him in this battle, — for he also was carried out of the tumult with an arrow shot through his body.

When the blows were raining down on the helmets like hail-stones on loose slate-roofs, old Moengal drew his hood over his head, so that he could look neither to the right nor to the left; he had thrown away his spear. “Out with thee now, my old Cambutta,” he cried spitefully, and unbuckled his shillelah, which had accompanied him fastened to his back. He now stood in the whirl like a thrasher on the barn floor.

For some time a horseman had been capering around him. “*Kyrie eleison*,” sang out the old man, and smashed the horse’s skull at one blow. On both feet the rider leaped to the ground: a light stroke from the crooked sabre grazed Moengal’s arm.

“Hoiho!” exclaimed he. “In spring ’tis a good thing to be bled; but take care, little surgeon!” and he aimed a blow as if he would strike his opponent ten fathoms deep into the ground.

The Hun evaded the blow, but the helmet fell off, and the club-wielder saw a rosy face, framed in by long wavy tresses interwoven with a red ribbon.

Before Moengal could aim another blow, his antagonist jumped up at him like a tiger-cat. The young fresh face approached his as if to afford him, in his old days, the opportunity of getting a kiss; but the next moment he received a sharp bite on his

cheek. He clasped his assailant:—it was like a woman's form!

“Avaunt from me, demon!” cried he. “Has hell spewed out her she-devils also?”

Then came another bite on the left cheek to restore symmetry. He started back; she laughed at him; a riderless horse came dashing by; before old Moengal had raised his bludgeon again, Erica was in the saddle, and rode away like a dream of the night that vanishes at cockcrow. . . .

In the main body of the *arrière-ban* fought Herr Spazzo the chamberlain, heading a troop. The slow advance had pleased him; but when the fight seemed to come to no conclusion, and men were flying at one another like the hounds and the deer in a chase, then it became rather too much for him. An idyllic mood came over him in the midst of battle and death, and only when a passing rider pulled off his helmet, as an acceptable booty, was he roused from his meditations; and when the same, renewing the experiment, tried to drag off his mantle also, he cried out angrily, “Is it not yet enough, thou marksman of the Devil?” at the same time he dealt at him a thrust with his long sword, which pinned the Hun's thigh to his horse.

Herr Spazzo then thought of giving him the death-blow; but on looking into his face, he found it so very ugly that he resolved to bring him home to his mistress, as a living memento of the day. So he made the wounded man prisoner. His name was Cappan, and putting his head under Herr Spazzo's

arm, in token of submission, he grinned with his white teeth, because his life had been spared.

Hornebog had led his troops against the brothers of the Reichenau. Here Death reaped a rich harvest. The cloister-walls glistened in the distance across the lake, like an appeal to the combatants to exert their utmost strength; and many a Hun who came within reach of their swords found that he was treading on Suabian ground, where the most telling blows grow wild like strawberries in the wood. But the ranks of the brothers also were considerably thinned. Quirinius the scrivener was resting forever from the writer's-cramp, which had caused the spear in his right hand to tremble. There fell Wiprecht the astronomer, and Kerimold the master of trout-fishing, and Witigowo the architect; — who knows them all? the nameless heroes, who died a joyful death!

To one only did a Hunnic arrow bring relief; that was brother Pilgeram. He was born at Cologne, on the Rhine, and had carried his thirst of knowledge, as well as a mighty goitre, to St. Pirmin's isle, where he was one of the most learned and most pious of the monks; but his goitre increased, and he became hypochondriac over the ethics of Aristotle, so that Heribald had often said to him: "Pilgeram, I pity thee."

Now an arrow pierced the excrescence on his throat.

"Farewell, friend of my youth!" he cried, and sank down; but the wound was not dangerous, and when his consciousness returned, his throat felt

light and his head felt light, and as long as he lived he never opened his Aristotle again.

Round the standard of St. Gall a select body of men had rallied. The black streamers still floated in the air from the image on the crucifix; but the contest was doubtful. With word and action Ekkehard encouraged his companions to hold their own; but it was Ellak himself who fought against them.

The bodies of slain men and horses cumbered the ground in wild disorder. He who survived had done his duty; and when all are brave, no single heroic deed can claim its special share of glory.

Herr Burkhard's sword had received a new baptism of blood in Ekkehard's hands, but in vain had he fiercely attacked Ellak the chieftain; after they had exchanged a few blows and thrusts, they were separated again by the billows of battle.

Already the cross, towering on high, was beginning to waver under the rain of unceasing arrows, when a loud cry of surprise rang through the ranks. From the hill on which stood the tower of Hohenfridingen two unknown horsemen in strange-looking armor came galloping down. Heavy and of mighty bulk sat one of them on his steed; of antiquated shape were shield and harness, but the faded golden ornaments indicated the high birth of the warrior. A golden band encircled his helmet, from which waved a tuft of red feathers. With mantle fluttering in the wind and lance levelled, he looked like a picture of the olden times; like King Saul in Folkard's psalm-book, when he rode out to meet David.¹⁸⁸ Close

by his side rode his companion, a faithful vassal, ready to succor and protect him.

“’T is the archangel Michael!” rang the cry through the Christian ranks, and with this their strength rallied.

The sun shone brightly on the strange knight’s arms, like an omen of victory, — and now the two were in the midst of the battle. He in the gilt armor seemed to be looking about for a worthy antagonist; one was not lacking, for, as soon as the Hunnic chieftain’s keen eyes spied him out, his horse’s head was turned toward him. The stranger knight’s spear flew by him; Ellak was already raising his sword to deal the death-blow, when the vassal threw himself between the two. His broad sword merely struck the enemy’s horse; so he bent his head forwards, and caught the blow meant for his master; cut through the neck, the faithful shield-bearer found his death.

With a noisy clattering Ellak’s horse fell to the ground; but before the din had quite died out the Hun was on his feet again. The unknown knight raised his mace to break his enemy’s head; but Ellak, with his left foot braced against the body of his dead courser, pressed back the raised arm with his sinewy hand, and strove at the same time to pull him from his steed. Then, face to face, the two mighty ones engaged in such a wrestling that those around them ceased fighting to look on.

Now, by a crafty movement, Ellak seized his short sword, which, like all Huns, he wore at his right side; but just as he was lifting his arm to use it, his antago-

nist's mace came down slowly but heavily on his head. Yet his hand still dealt the thrust! Then he raised it to his forehead; the blood streamed over it; the Hunnic chieftain fell back over his war-horse, and reluctantly breathed out his life.

"Here! sword of the Lord and St. Michael!" now rose triumphantly the cry of monk and *arrière-ban*! They rushed on to one last desperate attack. The knight in the gilt armor was still the foremost in the fight. The death of their leader caused a panic to the Huns; they turned, and sped away in mad flight.

The Forest woman had already perceived the issue of the battle. Her horses were ready harnessed; she cast one last angry glance at the approaching monks and her rocky home, then she drove the horses at a swift pace toward the Rhine, followed by the rest of the train.

"To the Rhine!" was the watch-word of the flying Huns.

Last of all, and unwillingly, Hornebog turned his back on the battlefield and the Hohentwiel.

"Farewell, till next year!" cried he, tauntingly.

The victory was gained; but he whom they believed to be the archangel Michael, sent from Heaven to the field of Hegau, bowed his heavy head down to his horse's neck. Reins and mace fell from his hands; whether it was the Hunnic chieftain's last thrust, or suffocation in the heat of the battle, he was lifted down from his horse a dead man. On opening his visor, a happy smile was still

visible on his wrinkled old face. . . . From that hour the headache of the old man of the Heidenhöhlen had ceased forever. Dying as an honorable champion should, he had atoned for the sins of bygone days; this gave him joy in the hour of death.

A black dog ran about searching on the battlefield till he found the old man's body. Dismally howling, he licked his forehead; and Ekkehard stood near, with tears in his eyes, and repeated a prayer for the welfare of his soul. . . .

With helmets adorned with green fir-twigs the conquerors returned to the Hohentwiel. Twelve of the brothers they left in the valley to watch the dead on the battlefield.

Of the Huns, one hundred and eighty-four had fallen in battle; of the Suabian *arrière-ban*, ninety-six; those of the Reichenau had lost eighteen, and those of St. Gall twenty, besides the old man and Rauching his bondsman.

With a handkerchief tied round his face, Moengal stalked over the field, leaning on his shillelah instead of a staff. One by one he examined the dead.

"Hast thou not seen amongst them a Hun who in reality is a Hunnic woman?" he asked of one of the watch-keeping brothers.

"No," was the reply.

"Then I may as well go home," said Moengal.

NOTES.

1. Page 3. *Purchardus autem, dux Suevorum, Sueviam quasi tyrannice regens.* Ekkehardi IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 3, in Pertz's "Monumenta Germaniæ Historica," II. 104. *hic cum esset bellator intolerabilis.* Witukind, Lib. I. c. 27.

2. Page 3. . . . *cum iam esset decrepitus.* Ekkeh. "Casus S. Galli," c. 10.

3. Page 4. *Hadawiga, Henrici ducis filia, Suevorum post Purchardum virum dux vidua, cum Duellio habitaret, femina admodum quidem pulchra, nimis severitatis cum esset suis, longe lateque terris erat terribilis.* Ekkeh. "Casus S. Galli," c. 10, in Pertz, II. 122.

4. Page 5. *Camisias clizana. pallium canum vel saphirinum.* The costume of the nobility was subject to great changes, according to the prevailing fashion. At the time of Karl the Great (Charlemagne) men wore shoes on their feet, gaiter-like bandages fastened with strings and coming high up on the legs, a shirt-like linen undergarment, and a woollen coat or a long mantle thrown over the shoulders and coming to the heels, leaving at the sides apertures for free use of the arms. The long mantle soon gave place to a shorter cloak, which also was speedily discarded as inconvenient. Compare the *Monachus San Gallensis*: "Gesta Karoli Magni,"

Lib. I. c. 34, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 747. The miniature-pictures in the St. Gall MSS. throw much light on the contemporary costumes.

5. Page 6. The *Wehrgeld*, according to the mediæval system of punishments, was the money price which was exacted for almost every crime and misdemeanor. In principle it was a personal satisfaction to the injured party, a penance (*Wette*, *wager*, *fredun*), a fine payable to the community for breach of the peace, and later claimed by the lord of the land. The popular laws in ancient times carefully prescribe the *Wehrgeld* which the proprietor of all kinds of animals might exact in case a violent death or injury befell them. If, however, the harm resulted through accident, it was not regarded as a breach of the peace, and it would have been very difficult for Herr Spazzo to obtain judgment against the Baron of Fridingen for the damage done by his wolf-hound.

6. Page 6. Proposals of marriage were at that time now and again exchanged between the Byzantine court and the German princes. German bishops were frequently sent on such missions to Constantinople; *e. g.*, Bishop Bernward of Würzburg for the Emperor Otto III., Werner of Strassburg for the son of the Emperor Konrad II. In a note of the S. Gall "Liber Benedictio-num" there is a severe animadversion on the custom of the nobles of neglecting German young women and procuring their wives from Italy and Greece. The preference manifested by German gentlemen for Byzantine ladies may be understood from the descriptions of those who were eye-witnesses of the new fashions and the delightful social life introduced at the imperial German court by Theophano, the Greek wife of Otto II. Even the stern scholastic Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester II., found himself compelled to acknowledge the fas-

cination of Byzantine femininity. "As soon," says he, "as I came under the influence of these intelligent faces, these Socratic discussions, I forgot all annoyances and no longer grieved at the thought of my absence from home."

7. Page 7. Native birds, artistically arranged, took the same place in the parlors of those days as parrots do now. In Fragment VIII. of the Latin poem "Ruodlieb," there is a very idyllic account of such wonderfully tame starlings, which knew how to ask for their daily bread, and were taught to repeat the Lord's prayer in Latin :

*nostratim fari "Pater et noster" recitare
usque "qui es in cœlis," lis, lis, lis, triplicatis.*

See Grimm and Schmeller: "Latein. Gedichte des X. u. XI. Jahrhunderts," pp. 174 and 212.

8. Page 12. . . . *hæc quondam parvula, Constantino Græco regi cum esset desponsata, par eunuchos eius ad hoc missos literis græcis adprime est erudita, sed cum imaginem virginis pictor eunuchus domino mittendam uti simillime depingeret, solícite eam inspiceret ipsa nuptias exosa os divaricabat et oculos, sicque Græco pervivaciter repudiato, literis post latinis studentem Purchart illam dux multipliciter dotatam duxit,* etc. Ekkeh. "Causa S. Galli," c. 10, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 123.

9. Page 13. . . . *seu serpentes capitata, oscula quæ sibi dant.* "Ruodlieb," Fragm. III. 335.

10. Page 15. Rorschach was frequently chosen as the place of passage for those travelling to Italy. The monastery of St. Gall enjoyed, "by imperial rescript," the jurisdiction over it. See "the Outlet at Rorschach," in Grimm, "Weistümer," I. 233. Patents from the Saxon emperors confirmed the abbots of S. Gall in rights of market, coinage, and taxes. See Ildefons von Arx, "Geschichte des Kantons Sankt Gallen," I. 221.

11. Page 15. . . . *et clamativo illum cantu salutant: Heil herro! Heil liebo! et cætera.* Ekkeh. "Casus S. Galli," in Pertz, "Monum." II. 87.

12. Page 16. *silvarum avidus.* "Vita S. Galli."

13. Page 17. *de natione Scotorum, quibus consuetudo peregrinandi iam pæne in naturam conversa.* Walafrid Strabo in his "Vita S. Galli," Lib. II. c. 47, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 30.

14. Page 17. "*Ascopam i. e. flasconem similis utri de coriis facta, sicut solent Scottones habere.*" Glossary of a S. Gall MS. of the IXth Cent. in Hattemer, "Denkmale des Mittelalters": Sankt Gallens alteutsche Sprachschätze, Bd. I. 237.

15. Page 17. And now, to be sure, considering the small advantage which posterity owes the endeavors of well-meaning ancestors, we may agree with the praise which Herder in his day gives in his unfortunately rather wooden poem, "Die Fremdlinge" (The Strangers) to those pious wanderers:—

*"Die Scotice mit altem Bardenfleiss
Die Bücher schrieben und bewahreten."*

*The Scots with all the zeal of bards
Wrote books and kept them well.*

16. Page 18. "Rogula S. Benedicti," c. 48. *accepit solitus fratres post prandia somnus.* "Annales S. Gallenses Majores," in Pertz, "Monum." I. 81.

17. Page 19. . . . *in conclavi vase quodam argenteo mire figurato ad aquam interendam utebatur.* Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 1, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 88.

18. Page 20. *recalvaster est, qui in anteriore parte capitis duo calvitia habet medietate inter illa habente pilos, ut est Craloh abbas et Wikram.* Gloss of a S. Gall MS. on the Book of Leviticus, in Hattemer, "Denkmale," etc., I. 240.

19. Page 22. . . . *more hirundinis.*

20. Page 23. *erat senatus reipublicæ nostræ tunc quidem sanctissimus.* Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli." c. 1, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 80.

21. Page 24. *enimvero hi tres, quamvis votis essent unicordes, natura tamen, ut fit, erant dissimiles.* See the touching description of the three closely allied monastery friends in Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 3, Pertz, "Monum." II. 94 *et seq.*, in which the wicked Sindolt, their opponent, is closely described. Ratpert is also the author of the Song of Praise of S. Gallus in German, the importance of which is proved by the Latin translation which we possess. Hattemer, "Denkmale," etc., I. 337. The diptychon carved by Tutilo as a cover for a MS. of the Gospels is still preserved in the monastery library at S. Gall. Ivory was particularly chosen for ecclesiastical ornamentation, for the reason that the elephant, to use an expression of Notker Labeo's in his translation of the Psalms, was regarded as a "chaste beast" — (*chiütsche fiêo, — keusches Vieh*). Hattemer, "Denkmale," etc., II. 159.

22. Page 24. "The whole range of knowledge at the close of the IXth Century is brought vividly before us by the 'Glossæ Salomonis,' or encyclopædic dictionary, which originated at S. Gall, in the School of Iso, but which is generally named after Archbishop Salomo III. of Constance. It gives, indeed, many things, word for word, from the treasures of the ancient lexicographers, especially Isidorus, but nevertheless contains also a quantity of original material which throws light on contemporary notions and facts. At the same time it illustrates how exceedingly inadequate was the state of learning, and how narrow were the conceptions of life at that time." Stälin, "Wirtemberg. Geschichte," Bd. I. p. 405. The gloss by Sindolt, mentioned on p. 24,

reads : *Rabulam — thincman, qui semper vult ad unam quamque rem disputare.* It was not unusual for monks who by the rules of their Order were so constantly obliged to keep silence, to ventilate their spleen by inserting memoranda in MSS. or books. Thus on the last page of Codex 176 there is a picture of a great jug, and under it a number of insulting hexameters against the monastery priest Grimoald, for example : —

*Grimoald, fällt es dir bei, aus diesem Krüge zu schöpfen,
Möge sein Inhalt sofort sich in Säure des Essigs verwandeln,
Und ein unendlicher Husten samt brennendem Durst dir beschert sein !*

*Grimoald ! if thou should chance to take a drink from this vessel,
Instantly may its contents to the sourness of vinegar alter,
And diabolical thirst and endless coughing give with it.*

Cf. Hattemer, "Denkmale," I. 412. The metrical diatribes of the Scot Dubduin are to be found in Ildefons v. Arx: "Berichtigungen und Zusätze zur Geschichte des Kantons Sankt Gallen," p. 20. *not. d.*

23. Page 24. Concerning Sintram, the indefatigable calligraphist, cf. Ekkehard IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 1, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 89.

24. Page 25. A very similar remedy, in application of a freshly skinned wolf's hide, and rubbing with the brain of an Indian fish, is suggested by the Fox to the sick king Lion, in the curious Latin poem "Ecbasis Captivi," v. 495 *et seq.*, as a cure for fever. See Grimm und Schmeller, "Latein. Gedichte des X. Jahrh." p. 259.

25. Page 25. . . . *mulieres ille et mala arborum naturali sibi quodam odio adeo execratus est, ut, ubi in itinere utrumvis inveniret, mansionem facere nollet.* Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 4, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 104.

26. Page 25. See I. v. Arx, "Berichtigungen und Zusätze," etc., p. 26.

27. Page 26. See "Vita Wiboradæ, auctore Hartmanno," in the "Acta Sanctorum," Mai, tom. I. p. 288.

28. Page 26. *et quoniam hic locum aptum puto de Ekkehardo . . . rem arduam aggredior, quoniam, cum tales viri aut nulli aut rarissimi sint, discredi mihi vereor. erat hic facie adeo decorus, ut inspicientes, sicut Josephus de Moyse scribit, gratia sui detineret. statura procerus, forti assimilis, equaliter grossus, oculis fulgurosus; ut quidam ad Augustum ait: quia fulmen oculorum tuorum ferre non possum. sapientia et eloquentia, maxime autem consiliis, nemini id temporis postponendus. in ætate florida gloriæ, ut talis facturæ vir, quam humilitati proximior, sed postea non ita; quia disciplina, cum qua nihil unquam participii superbia habuit, in ipso erat spectaculo digna. doctor prosper et asper. nam cum apud S. Gallum ambas scholas suas teneret, nemo præter exiles pusiones quicquam alteri nisi latine ausus est proloqui, etc.* Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 10, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 122.

29. Page 27. . . . *sæpe juniore Dominus revelat, quod melius est!* "Regula S. Benedicti," c. 3.

30. Page 28. . . . *melius claudicare reges quam regna.*

31. Page 30. *nemini nunquam, ait, Benedicti cuculla decentius insederat!* Ekkeh. "Casus S. Galli," c. 10.

32. Page 31. S. Gall was specially reputed for its close observance of monastic discipline and the virtuous behavior of its inmates. It was therefore regarded as a great honor to be received into the brotherhood, — *fratres conscripti*, — all the more because one thus gained the credit for pious observances without actually having to practice them! Many underwent considerable expense to obtain it. The register of the *fratres conscripti* is still extant. In it are the names of emperors, kings of Germany, England, and France, princesses, bishops, and counts. Ildef. v. Arx, "Geschichte des Kantons Sankt Gallen," I. 181.

33. Page 32. *vidi egomet comites aliosque potentes, loci quoque milites, festis diebus crucem nobiscum sequendi, juvenes et senes quosdam ad cingulum barbato monachicis roccis nobiscum, quaqua ivimus, ingredi.* Ekkeh. IV. "Causus S. Galli," c. 16.

34. Page 33. . . . *wil er zu nacht aber da buliben, so soll ieklich schupposse, die in den hof hæret, geben ein hun,* etc., Grimm, "Weistümer," I. 1.

35. Page 34. . . . *canem seucem, quem "leithihunt" vocant . . . seucem, qui in ligamine vestigium tenet, quem "spurehunt" dicunt. . . . canem, quem "bibarhunt" vocant, qui sub terra venatur.* "Lex Baiuvarior," tit. 19, "De Canibus." See also "Lex Alamannor," tit. 82, "De Canibus."

36. Page 35. *Der heber gât in ǃ lītun
trégit sper in ǃ sītun
sīn bāld éllin
ne lâzet in uéllin.
Imo sint fūoze
fūodermāze,
imo sint bīrste
ébenhó fōrste.
únde zéne sīne
zwélfélnīge.*

This venerable old *Volkslied*, which apparently had its origin either from Romeias's Hunting Experiences ("Jagdgeschichte"), or was taken by him as the foundation of his Hunting stories, was preserved to posterity through the S. Gall Treatise on Rhetoric (perhaps Notker's), in which it is adduced as a characteristic example of hyperbolic style (*nam plus dicitur sed minus intelligitur*). Cf. Hattemer, "Denkmale," etc., Bd. III. p. 577.

37. Page 36. See "Vita S. Galli," in Pertz, "Monum." II. 9.

38. Page 36. "Regula S. Benedicti," c. 1.

39. Page 36. In unenlightened ages man attempts to serve his god also in unenlightened ways. A hermit life at that time appealed to world-weary spirits, and examples of human beings who endured for upwards of twenty, and even thirty, years that kind of a voluntary, self-enjoined solitude, go to prove that physical life can be sustained for a long period by a strong will inspired by the belief that one is doing a serviceable deed. In the MS. of the S. Gall "Annales Maiores" there is preserved a picture of the priest Hartker, a humble, crouching, chastened form, in the flowing robes of a monk, with a great tonsure and the superscription: *Hatkerus reclusus*. See Pertz, "Monum.," I. 72.

The following elegy is dedicated to him in the "Liber Benedictionum": —

*Who ever had a harder lot than Hartker the hermit,
Who for thirty long years in a narrow chamber was chastened?
Ever bent was his head — so low was the roof of his prison!
Here a stone was his only pillow. Upon it he slumbered,
On it he died — his wasted arms on the crucifix spreading,
Turning to heaven his gaze and commending his soul to his
Saviour.*

See I. v. Arx, "Geschichte," etc., I. 232.

A famous hermit of earlier date was Saint Fintan († 827), who founded the monastery of Rheinau not far from Schaffhausen. Whole nights at a time he was heard in his cell praying at the top of his voice, and uttering his exorcisms in the strange sounds of his native Keltic against the temptations of the evil one. See "Vita S. Findani Confessoris," in Mone, "Quellensammlung der badischen Landesgeschichte," p. 57. Concerning the ceremonies at the act of walling up the recluses, Cf. Martène, "De Antiqu. Ecclesiæ Ritib." II. 177.

40. Page 37. Wiborad is an ancient German name, and signifies *Rat der Weiber* ("women's counsel"). Two

mōnks of the monastery of S. Gall, Hartmann and Hepidan, wrote the biography of this hermitess, whose life acquired a significance through its tragic conclusion. It is to be found in the "Acta Sanctorum" of *der Bollandist* (May, Vol. I. 284, etc.). See also Pertz, "Monum." VI. 452.

41. Page 38. . . . *magistra prædurata.*

42. Page 41. Luke ix. 62.

43. Page 42. . . . *castitatis, inquit, fili mi, tibi cingulum per hoc lineum meum a Deo accipe. continentiaque cingulum per hoc lineum meum a Deo accipe, continentiaque strophio ab hac deinceps die per Wiboradam tuam te præcinctum memento. cave autem, ne ullis abhinc colloquiis vanis mulierculis miscearis. et si, ut facillime fit, aliquo carnis igne incensus fueris, loco in quo fueris, mutato, "Deus in adiutorium meum intende. Domine ad adiuvandum me festina" mox cantaveris. sin autem sic pacem aliquo alio lapsu tuo vetante non habueris, titionem sive candclam ardentem quasi aliud aliquid agas querens, digitum vel leviter adure, eodemque versu dicto securus eris. Ekkeh. IV. "Causus S. Galli," c. 3, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 107.*

44. Page 43. . . . *et accepit angelus folia lauri et scripsit in eis verba orationis et dedit ea Pachumio dicens: manduca ea, et erunt amara in ore tuo sicut fel, ventremque tuum implebunt obsecrationibus sapientia, dabitur tibi forma orationis sanæ doctrinæ. et accipiens Pachumius manducavit et factum est os eius amarum, porro venter eius dulcedine impletus est, et magnificavit Dominum valde. "Vita Pachumii St. Abbatis," in the MS. of the Karlsruhe Court Library.*

45. Page 43. *de cilicio etiam, quo ipsa utebatur, cuius hodie asperitatem pro reliquiis id habentes horrescimus. . . . Ekkeh. IV. "Causus S. Galli," c. 3, Pertz, "Monum." II. 107.*

46. Page 44. *proferensque mala de silva acidissima*

inhianti et de manibus ejus rapienti reliquerat. at illa vix unum dimidium ore et oculis contractis vorans, cætera projiciens: "austera es, inquit, austera sunt et mala tua." et cum esset literata: "si omnia, inquit, mala factor talia creasset, nunquam Eva malum gustasset!" "bene, ait illa, Evam memorasti; enimvero quomodo et tu sic deliciarum avida erat, ideo in escula unius mali peccaverat." Ekkehardi IV. "Causa S. Galli," c. 10, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 119.

47. Page 45. The Archangel Michael was to the Middle Ages an object of multifarious superstition. It was believed that to him was assigned the duty of keeping guard over the throne of God the Father; and moreover that on Mondays, he celebrated mass before Him. Bishop Rather of Verona, in his sermon "De Quadragesima," inveighs strenuously against these coarse material conceptions. Cf. Vogel, "Ratherius von Verona und das X. Jahrhundert," Bd. I. 293.

48. Page 47. Hroswitha of Gandersheim treated of the story of Thais and the Anchorite of the Desert in her naïve Latin Comedy "Paphnucius." See Magnin, "Théâtre de Hroswitha," Paris, 1845, p. 280 *et seq.*

49. Page 47. *quid mihi et inanibus huius seculi vanitatibus? audio in cælis signa sonitusque campanarum ac dulcisonam angelicæ modulationis harmoniam: illuc ire desidero, his interesse delector.* "Vita Wiboradæ, Auctore Hartmanno," c. 2.

50. Page 51. Frau Wendelgard's yearning for her captured spouse was most delightfully stilled. Once each year she left her cell in order to spend a solemn season at Buchhorn in honor of Count Ulrich's memory. One time, just as she was about to return, as she was with her own hand distributing alms among the poor, there stood among the beggars a man ragged and disfigured, to whom she gave a garment. But he did not let go her hand, but

drew her to his heart and kissed her before all the people; then pushed back his hair and cried, "Recognize thy husband!"

When Frau Wendelgard, angry at such impertinence on the part of a stranger, tried to tear herself away, and would have turned him over to her servants to chastise, he pointed to an old scar, and then she awoke as it were from a long sleep and cried: "O my lord and master, thou of all men to me the dearest, welcome! welcome, thrice welcome! thou sweetest of mortals!" and threw herself weeping into his arms. Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 10, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 120.

51. Page 52. . . . *pelle eius simulatæ sanctitatis detracta*. . . . Hepidan, "Vita Wiboradæ," c. II.

52. Page 52. . . . *quia nondum in se mortificaverit phylargyriam, quæ est omnium radix malorum*, etc. The complaints which Wiborad once had to answer before the Archbishop of Constance are to be read in full in Hepidan, "Vita Wibor." II. 11.

53. Page 54. . . . *grave pondus auri veronensis*, gift of Bishop Petrus. The monastery history is rich in specifications of treasures acquired through the solicitude of the abbots or the favor of foreign patrons. See Ekkehardi IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 1, Pertz, "Monum." II. 81.

54. Page 54. . . . *magnum calicem ex electri miro opere*. "Casuum S. Galli, contin." II. c. 7, in Pertz, II. 157. There was no doubt felt of the healing powers of amber. *quod vero medeatur multis vitalium incommodis, medentium docuit disciplina*. S. Gall MS. of the Xth Century in Hattemer, "Denkmale," etc., I. 414.

55. Page 56. *spicharium novum solis feris et beluis, avibusque domesticis et domesticatis juxta fratrum condi fecit et ipsum iam fieri jussit magnificum*. Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 16.

56. Page 56.

*simia nare brevi, nate nuda murcaque cauda,
voceque milvina, cute crisa catta marina,
in quibus ambabus nil cernitur utilitatis.*

“Ruodlieb,” *Fragm.* III. 131 *et seq.*

57. Page 57. This fable of the wonderful carrying-trick of the marmot afforded great delight to the Middle Ages, and was for example copied by Sebastian Munster in his “*Cosmographey*,” p. 498. It had its origin in Pliny’s “*Historia Naturalis*.”

58. Page 58. . . . *Ein vogil heizit Caradrius. in dem buoche deuteronomio, da ist gescriben, daz man in ezzen nescule. Dannan zellet phisiologus unt chât das er aller wîz si. Ein mist, der von ime vert der ist ze den tunchelen ougen vile gâet. Mit disme vogile mach man bechennen, ob der sieche mann irsterben oder gnesen scol. Ob er sterben scol, so cheret sich der caradrius von ime. Ob er ave gnesen scol, so cheret sich der vogel zuo deme manne und tuot sinen snabel uber des mannes munt und nimit des mannes unchraft an sich; sa fert er uf zuo der sunnen unte liuterit sich dâ: so ist der mann genesen.* “*Phisiologus*,” “*A Record of Beasts and Birds*,” contributed by Wacker-nagel, “*Altdeutsches Lesebuch*,” I. p. 166. It is not known what fact in natural history gave rise to this profoundly beautiful legend of the caradrius. In S. Gall it was understood by various people in various ways; for while you find among the names of animals which are contained in the Dictionary of S. Gallus the significant gloss, *Cha-ra-drion: et ipsam non habemus, sed tamen dicitur et ipsam volare per medias noctes in sublimitate cœli* (see Hattemer, “*Denkmale*,” etc., I. 9, 10), later MSS. are satisfied to translate the word *caradrius* simply by the word *lericha*, lark: this seems to point to a disappearance of the earlier well-known legend. See Hattemer, “*Denkmale*,” etc., I. 287, 318 *et al.*

59. Page 59. . . . *longum est dicere, quibus jocunditatibus dies exegerit et noctes, maxime in processione infantum, quibus poma in medio ecclesiæ pavimento antesterni iubens. cum nec unum parvissimorum movere nec ad ea adtendere vidisset, miratus est disciplinam.* Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 1, Pertz, "Monum." II. 84.

60. Page 59. *homo animal capax disciplinæ:* Hroswitha of Gandersheim.

61. Page 60. Notker Labeo lived to fulfil the expectations which the abbot entertained concerning him. He gained the reputation of being the most learned man of his time. As his writings prove, he was a theologian, a musician a poet, an astronomer, a mathematician. He was widely read in the Bible, in the Church Fathers, and in the classics; he was master of the German, the Latin, and the Greek languages. I. von Arx, "Geschichte von St. Gallen," I. 277. His extant German writings compose the second and third volumes of Hattemer's "Monuments of the Middle Ages." They comprise in special, expositions on the Psalms, Aristotle, Boethius, and Marcianus Capella, as well as a treatise on music. Notker the Thick-lipped died of the plague at a very advanced old age. Before his death he underwent public penance, in which he expressed his regrets for having, among other things, once killed a wolf while wearing his monastic garb.

62. Page 60. The passage is from Aristotle's "Categories," c. 36. See Notker's translation in Hattemer, III. 401.

63. Page 62. *erat utique ius illorum, sicut adhuc hodie quidem est, quoniam exleges quidem sunt, ut hospites intrantes capiant, captos, usque dum se redimant, teneant.* Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 1, Pertz, "Monum." II. 91.

64. Page 62. . . . "*animvero si vixero," ait, "me redimam et talem indolem remunerabo."* *collectisque quantotius*

ante ianuam scholarum fratrum primis statuit pueris illis et eorum perpetuo posteris pro testamento singulis annis ludi sui tribus ab imperio statutis diebus in eisdem scholarum ædibus carnibus vesci et de abbatis curte singulos tribus donari æscis cottidie et potibus. quod cum ipse quidem annuatim præsens solvi iuberet, postea ita solutum est usque ad Ungro- rum, de quibus loco suo dicturi sumus, invasiones. Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. I.

65. Page 64. Misdemeanors against the rules of the order were visited with the lash, and the inmates of the monastery voluntarily submitted to it, although it was a slave's punishment, and a freeman who suffered it, thereby, according to the old popular laws, lost his freedom. The culprit was bound to a pillar and scourged on the bare back. A scourging-room like the one here described is still preserved in the Wirtemberg Monastery of Maulbronn. In the monastery schools the rod was employed. That the instruments of flagellation were provided with wittily appropriate names by those who had to suffer from them is proved by Bishop Salomo's Dictionary, in which the *anguilla* (serpent or eel) is distinguished from the *seutica* (strap).

66. Page 66. Tacitus, "German." c. 8.

67. Page 66. *pectenes eburnei* . . . In the Middle Ages great expense was lavished on combs. The silver-mounted jewelled comb of the Lombard Queen Theodolinde in the cathedral treasury at Monza is well known, and the ivory comb at Bamberg, originating from the time of Heinrich II. The custom of accompanying the most ordinary and trivial proceedings of daily life with a prayer gave rise to the composition of formulas for use in cutting and combing the hair, dressing the beard, etc. MS. 395 in the S. Gall Library contains a series of them, and since it closes with a *benedictio ad omnia quæ volueris*, one need no longer be surprised to find also the *benedictio ad barbam comendam, ad capillos tondendos*, etc.

68. Page 67. "Regula S. Benedicti," c. 38, "De Hebdomadario Lectore."

69. Page 68. For those readers, especially among the ladies, who are less conversant with *Althochdeutsch* than the author of these notes, and who might therefore have some curiosity to know how this Psalm would actually have sounded in Ekkehard's mouth and in his native speech, let this translation of Notker Labeo's, which was made a few decades later, serve as an example: *Psalmus XLV. Kuôt wort irôpfesta mîn herza. mîniu werch sago ih dêmo chûninge. mîn wort ist also stâte also diu scrift des spuôtigo scribenten. Scône pist du fôre allen mênniscon. knada ist kebrêitet in dînen lefsen. fone diû ségenôta dih Got in iêwa. Cûrte dîn swert umbe dîn dîch: filo gewâltigo, mit dînemo mênnisconen bilde unde mit dînero gôtelîchun scôni. Sih an iûsîh. unde frâm-spûotigo chum hàra fone hîmele unde rîcheso hiêr in dînero ecclesia. umbe warhêit unde nâmenti unde reht. Unde lêitet dih wûnderlîcho dîn zésewa. dîne strâla sind wasse, hârto mahtige. Under dih sturzent die liute, in demo herzen des chuninges fendo. din stuôl Got, unde dîn rîche weret iêmer. Kerta gerihtennis ist dînes rîches kerta, etc.* See Hattemer, "Denkmale," etc., II. 156 *et seq.*

70. Page 69. Mush, as an article of food, was so customary at S. Gall that it did not enter into Gero's mind to translate the word *cibi* (food) by anything else than mush (*mus*), and the word *cœnare* (to eat) by anything else than evening-mush (*Abendmuse*). I. v. Arx, "Gesch." I. 178.

71. Page 69. "Regula S. Benedicti," c. 39, "De Mensura Cibi."

72. Page 70. *Ilanch præcellat allemannicus et mala pellat.* See Hattemer, "Denkmale," etc., III. 599. (In MS. 393, especially designated as the "Liber Benedictionum," there is enumerated such an abundant *menu* of

fish — graylings, lampreys, and others — that one lays it down with a sense of perfect security so far as regards the condition of the monastery kitchen on fast-days. Would that it might, by means of an unexpurgated edition, be brought before a still wider circle of gastronomico-philological readers !)

73. Page 70. Suetonius, in his "Life of Augustus," c. 77. However, the Emperor, even on that sad day, did not drink more than a *sextarius* — about six glasses.

74. Page 71. "Regula S. Benedicti," c. 40, "De Mensura Potus."

75. Page 72. Whether the abbot was right in thus assailing the German language as it was spoken at that time may remain in question. It has undergone radical change since his day; the larger part of the strong, pithy words arising from a constant contact with nature, as well as the full, harmonious forms, have disappeared and given place to a fresher varnished and more polished mode of speech. But to us, when we read the stiff but noble German writings of the old Notker, it is as if we felt a breath of spicy mountain air, and of genuine venerable poesy, interrupted by no harsh, discordant, sparrow-chirping or raven-croaking in it.

76. Page 74. "Vita S. Benedicti Abbatis a Gregorio Magno Romano Pontifice Conscripta," c. 2, "De Tentatione Carnis Superata."

77. Page 75. . . . *de voluntate ipsius cum eo pridie secreta condixerat.* Ekkeh. "Casus S. Galli," c. 10.

78. Page 76. Tutilo's Robber Story: see Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 10.

79. Page 77. Notker Labeo's essay — see Hattemer, "Denkmale," etc., III. 586 *et seq.* — throws much light on the musical instruments of that time, and the state of music at S. Gall. The description of the instrument in this place is based on the pictorial representation in

Notker's Psalmbook (MS. XXI. in the S. Gall Library). One of the pages, containing the two pen and ink sketches which form the frontispiece of the book, represents King David sitting on his throne, and playing a seven-stringed lyre with a plectron. In the four corners stand four men with violin, zither, dulcimer, and harp. By the care with which these otherwise delicately conceived figures are executed, it is evident that the artist did not trust to his imagination, but copied what was before his eyes.

80. Page 77. . . . *quæ autem Tutilo dictaverat, singularis et agnoscibilis melodiæ sunt, quia per psalterium seu per rohtam, qua potentior ipse erat, neumata (i. e. vocum modulationes) inventa dulciora sunt.* Ekkeh. IV. "S. Galli," c. 3.

81. Page 77. *quid vero dies illa consumpserit, Dominus solus novit.*

82. Page 77. *cigneo canore dulcior sonus.*

83. Page 78. *alpina siquidem corpora vocum suarum tonitruis altisone perstrepentia susceptæ modulationis dulcedinem proprie non resultant. quia bibuli gutturis barbara feritas, dum inflexionibus et repercussionibus mitem nititur edere cantilenam, naturali quodam fragore quasi plaustra per gradus confuse sonantia rigidas voces iactat.* A musical amateur of S. Gall, who chanced afterwards to read this Italian criticism, wrote on the margin: *vide iactantiam romaniscam in teutones et gallos*, that is to say: "Behold here a piece of Roman impertinence directed against the Germans and French." See Hattemer, "Denkmale," etc., I. 420.

84. Page 80. Guest friends, according to mediæval usage, took leave of each other with exchange of gifts, kisses, and a parting cup. These formalities were strictly observed. Bishop Salomo of Constance, when he invited the *Kammerboten*, or messengers of the Ex-

chequer, to a banquet, presented them with costly glass goblets; and although they bore rancor in their hearts, and flung the goblets on the floor, smashing them into flinders, nevertheless the parting kiss and stirrup-cup were interchanged: *amoreque, ut moris est, osculato et epoto latabundi discedunt*. Ekkeh. IV. "Causus S. Galli," c. 1, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 84. See, also, "Ruodlieb," Fragm. III. v. 221. A delightful description of such courtesies is given in the twenty-seventh adventure of the Niebelungenlied, where King Gunther and his men take leave of the Margrave of Bechelaren. Women, also, did not think it derogatory to their dignity to give their guests a farewell kiss on their departure.

85. Page 80. Such a show-piece is minutely described in the Ruodlieb, Fragm. III. v. 309 *et seq.*

86. Page 82. Titlepage inscriptions of this kind, similar to those traditionally scribbled by children in their school-books, are frequently found in the MSS. of those days.

87. Page 83. This Psalmbook, the S. Gall "Liber Sancti Galli Aureus," is still one of the jewels of the monastery library. The miniatures, glittering in bright colors, show a dexterous hand, and are full of motives borrowed from the antique; there is good understanding of drapery and figure, and a certain free and artistic boldness of touch and delicacy of color-sense. The initials, decorated with rich arabesques, and the architectural details framing the pictures, give us insight into the forms of contemporary buildings, the monumental vestiges of which have become so rare. There are also to be seen the first steps in the decoration of the walls in ecclesiastical buildings with frescos. A certain abbot Immo caused a number of episodes from the life of S. Gallus to be painted on the walls of the cathedral; it is stated that subsequently an abbot

Manegold had a picture *de materia genealogicæ Christi*, and also a "Last Judgment" *in muro bonis coloribus*. See "Casuum S. Galli II. Continuatio," c. 8. Pertz, "Monum." II. 161. Ild. v. Arx, "Geschichte des Kantons St. Gallen," I. 237. The wall paintings of the Reichenau monastery are belauded by Burkhard, in Pertz, "Monum." IV. 629.

88. Page 84. "Vocabularius Sancti Galli," invaluable to the philologist on account of its store of old High German words, is still extant, and has been many times reprinted; *e. g.* in Hattemer, "Denkmale," etc., I. 11-14.

89. Page 85. This precious memorial from the time of Louis the Pious is also in the possession of the S. Gall Library. Cf. Keller, "Der Bauriss des Klosters Sankt Gallen."

90. Page 85. . . . *Thieto caminatam quandam "veterum seniorum angulum" vocatam introiit.* Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 6. Pertz, "Monum." II. 112. Cf. also, II. 135.

91. Page 89. The history of Bishop Salomo and his controversy with the *Kammerboten* has been told so often that it is now rather hackneyed. The circumstances, which have grown evidently somewhat legendary, are described by Ekkehard IV. in his "Casus S. Galli," c. 1. A singer of the Suabian school worked it over into a series of ballads, etc.

92. Page 89. *digneris, domine, et hos benedicere fustes . . . Benedictio ad capsellas et baculos ad iter agentes* in MS. 395.

93. Page 91. *Ermenrici cænobitæ augiensis tentamen*, etc., in Pertz, "Monum." II. 32. The author of the greater annals of S. Gall also calls the Reichenau a *hortus deliciarum*. See Pertz, "Monum." I. 79.

94. Page 92. The object of religious worship which

brought punishment on the fishermen of Erwatingen seems to have been the bronze idol, which was considered a *Hercules alemannicus*, and which, according to the account of Gallus Oheim, was still standing on the mound of the Egino. It had such a powerful attraction over that renowned antiquarian, the Emperor Max I., that he had no hesitation in carrying it off and setting it up at Innsbruck, just as he had carried off the Neptuneus from the City Gate at Ettlingen. (Bader, "Das bad. Land und Volk," I. 329.) According to a note in G. Schwab's "Bodensee," II. 239, it was in the Museum of Antiquities of the Kurpfaltz, or Palatinate.

95. Page 93. *benedictio vini novi*. MS. 395.

96. Page 93. . . . *erant autem dies vindemiæ, quibus fratres ad obedientias (i. e. labores in agro) dimissi sunt per vineas*. Ekkeh. "Casus S. Galli," c. 3. Pertz, "Monum." II. 97.

97. Page 94. "Regula S. Benedicti," c. 31, "De Celerario Monasterii qualis sit."

98. Page 95. See "Die Edda," translated by Simrock, p. 14.

99. Page 96. . . . *at illa de camera egressa salutans conpatrem, hospitem illum dormire putans, optulit viro mustum, quo ille impigre hausto vaseque reddito mammam femine titillat assentientis*. Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 3.

100. Page 97. . . . *hospes vero viso facinore exilit, illum scelestum inclamitans, comis apprehensum in terram dejecit, flagelloque, quo ad equum usus est, adhuc manu habito acriter hominem cecidit adjiciens: "hoc, inquit, tibi Sanctus Gallus, S. Albani Frater, dedit!"* Ekkeh IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 3. Pertz, "Monum." II. 97.

101. Page 97. *dura viris et dura fide, durissima gleba!* Notker.

102. Page 97. *Protospathar*: Commander of the body-

guard. See Gibbon, "History of the Roman Empire," c. 53.

103. Page 101. . . . *agre exspectatus*.

104. Page 102. . . . *fortunate, ait, qui tam pulchram discipulam docere habes grammaticam! ad quod ille, quasi caro assensu subridens, talia in aurem adversario reddit amico: sicut et tu, sancte Domini, Kotelindam monialem pulchram discipulam caram docuisti quidem dialecticam. dictoque citius, cum ille nescio quid resibilare vellet, ab eo divertens, equo ascenso indignanter abivit.* Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 10, Pertz, II. 124.

105. Page 104. The practice of hunting was distinctly contrary to ecclesiastical discipline. An Augsburg Synod in 952 (Pertz, "Monum." IV. 27) expressly forbids bishops and the clergy from indulging in dicing and the pleasures of the chase, particularly with dogs and falcons, on pain of deposition.

106. Page 104. *stigmata: pictura in corpore, quales Scotti pingunt.* Gloss of a S. Gall MS. in Hattemer, "Denkmale," etc., I. 227 and 233. The custom of painting the eyelids and tattooing the arms seems at that time to have been a favorite one among the Scotch and Irish. The pictures thus etched in may have been of coarse, almost incomprehensible ugliness, as may be safely concluded from the miniatures of Irish origin preserved among the MSS. They bear a strange, and — if the term is permissible — a repulsive Keltic expression, comparing also in their wholly barbarous style of delineation most unfavorably with the contemporary work of German origin. The Christ on the crucifix with his horseshoe-shaped arabesque-like beard and oddly distorted mouth, and the Evangelists portrayed in the guise of animals give a distinct impression of fetichism.

107. Page 106. Silver money long consisted of a sheet, thin as a leaf, and bearing on one side only a

coarse deep stamp — *nummi bracteali*, I. von Arx, "Geschichten," etc., I. 451.

108. Page 106. They prefer being hunters rather than teachers, being bold rather than mild, crafty rather than single-hearted. . . . They play with vain whirling toys, and do not even shun the dice-box. They go about industriously with the chessboard instead of the Scriptures, with quoits instead of books. They know better what a miss costs you than what salvation demands, forbids, or promises, better what a successful throw brings than what thanks they owe to God. . . . They have themselves made silver bowls, cups of great costliness, tankards (*crateres*), yea, verily even drinking-horns (*conchos*) of great weight, and of a size repugnant to every age. They decorate their wine-jars and drinking-vessels while the neighboring basilica is full of soot." Vogel, "Rathorius of Verona, and the Xth Century," I. p. 44.

109. Page 106. Moengal's Latin is rather wild. But when even bishops, even in the Court tongue, make use of such classic expressions as: *sic omnes perriparrii possunt bubus agricolantibus vetrenere* (thus all peasants while ploughing may roar at their oxen), and when historians put them into their text (Monachus San Gall., "Gesta Karoli," I. 19, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 739), a parish priest may be allowed to exercise some discretion in his Latin!

110. Page 108. . . . *Moengal, postea a nostris Marcellus diminutive a Marco avunculo sic nominatus, hic erat in divinis et humanis eruditissimus*, etc. . . . See the whole story of his visit at the monastery in Ekkeh. "Causa S. Galli," c. 1, Pertz, II. 78.

111. Page 109. . . . *in campanarium S. Galli per gradus ad hoc quidem nobis paratos ascendere incipit, uti oculis, quia gressu non licuit, montes camposque circumspiciens, vel sic animo suo vago satisfaceret*. Ekkeh. "Causa S. Galli," c. 3, Pertz, "Monum." II. 99.

112. Page 110. Moengal was right. Not long ago a learned son of Erin's green isle made a pilgrimage to the library of S. Gall to examine and transcribe the work of his pious compatriot. Then they brought to him the copy of Priscianus in its binding of black velvet, and he began the work; but soon a muffled burst of laughter surprised the librarians in the great hall, and when they came over to him, the rector of Dublin translated the Irish glosses to the Latin as follows:—

Thank God, it will soon be dark!

St. Patrick of Armagh, deliver me from writing!

O that a glass of old wine were by my side!

Such was Moengal's work of translation!

113. Page 114. The cry of the quail seems to have had to the ears of mediæval huntsmen a somewhat different sound from what it has to us of the present day; for the word *quakkara* wherewith the monk of S. Gall ("... *quakaras etiam et alia volatilia*," "*Gesta Karoli*," I. 19, in Pertz, II. 739) designates the quail, instead of using the classical *coturnix*, is evidently intended to be onomatopoeic, giving the sound of the quail's voice. This excellent writer, in whom posterity has to honor one of the founders of hunting-Latin, may have gone out on hunting expeditions after quail and "other birds," as often as any author of later times. In glosses to the S. Gall MSS. the quail is also called *quasquila* and *quatala*. See Hattemer, "*Denkmale*," etc., 246, etc.

114. Page 117. Not without reason. Herr Luitfried attacked the Bishop with drawn sword and overwhelming him with insulting words: after his uncles had restrained him and taken council what to do with their prisoner, he stipulated that either his eyes should be put out, or his right hand cut off. On the way to the Thiet-

poldsburg the ecclesiastical princes were compelled to kiss the feet of some passing swineherds; and so on.

115. Page 118. . . . *paratur citissime lavacrum, ut pulvere et lassitudinis tergeretur sudore.* Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 1, Pertz, "Monum." II. 86.

116. Page 121. *commoditas talentum valet!* (ancient monastic proverb).

117. Page 127. . . . *duellium die condicto cum ægre expectatus veniret, ultra quam ipse vellet susceptum in conclave suo proximum, suum, ut ipsa ait, manu duxit magistrum. ibi nocte et die cum familiari aliqua intrare solebat ad legendum pedissequa, foribus tamen semper apertis, ut, si quis etiam ausus quid esset, nihil quod diceret, sinistrum haberet. illic quoque crebro ambos ministri et milites, principes etiam terræ, lectioni aut consiliis invenerunt agentes.* Ekkeh. "Casus S. Galli," c. 10, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 123.

118. Page 135. See Grimm, "Deutsche Rechtsaltertümer," 1. Aufl. p. 339.

119. Page 140. See Grimm, "Deutsche Mythologie," 3. Ausg. p. 695.

120. Page 150. . . . *vasque magnum, quod vulgo cupam vocant, quod viginti et sex modios amplius minusve capiebat, cerevisia plenum in medio habebant positum.* "Vita S. Columbani."

121. Page 151. Ausonius, "Idyll," 7.

122. Page 151. The Alemanni-Swabian heathendom was based on a naïve worship of Nature. "They honor trees, running streams, hills and mountain-chasms. They cut off the heads of horses, cattle, and many other animals, and bring them to these as battle offerings," writes the Greek Agathias in the sixth century, comparing the Alemannians with the Christian Franks. "Pray to no idols, neither to rocks nor to trees, neither to solitary places nor to springs, and perform not your

devotions or your vows on the 'cross-ways,' preaches S. Perminius, founder of the Reichenau, two hundred years later. Any one who knows how obstinately the peasant clings to the traditions of hoary antiquity, and how even now many of his ordinary customs closely resemble heathen sacrifices, will not be surprised to come across a nocturnal beer-drinking conventicle in the tenth century, differing little if at all from those which were frequent in the time of S. Columban. It may remain an open question whether a prevailing custom of common drinking at German high schools, and known under the name of *einen Salamanderreiben*, with ceremonies somewhat similar to those here described, but as yet never satisfactorily explained, may not go back in its origin to ancient heathen drink-offerings; but science is a unit in regard to the fact that "through the religious significance of drinking a surprising connection is brought about between many other customs."

123. Page 153. The stone quarries on the so-called Schienmer Berg, as well as those in the Öningen, later became famous for their petrifications, especially for curious remains of birds. It will be remembered that the skeleton of a giant Salamander was exhumed there, and that the learned investigator Scheuchzer in 1726 regarded it as a fossil man: it was Cuvier who pointed out the true organization of this "proof of the Flood." Cf. Burmeister, "Geschichte der Schöpfung," 5. Auflage, p. 518.

124. Page 155. "Vita Sancti Galli," Lib. I. in Pertz, "Monum." II. 7.

125. Page 155. The duchess here shares the same practical theories of proselyting as Pope Gregory the Great in his time formulated in a missive to Abbot Mellitus, and the Archbishop Augustinus of England: "Tell Augustinus," he says, "that after long pondering

over the conversion of the English, I have come to the conclusion that the heathen temples among these people should not be destroyed, but that only the idols therein should be annihilated; that the buildings should then be sprinkled with holy water, altars built and relics placed in them. For if those temples are well built, they must be converted from idolatrous practices to the service of true divine worship, in order that the people, seeing that their temples are not destroyed, may put their errors out of their hearts, recognize the true God, and, with all the greater alacrity, assemble in the places so familiar to them. And since the people are in the habit of sacrificing many oxen to their idols, this custom also must be converted into a Christian festival. Accordingly, on the day of the Church consecration or on the festival of the holy martyrs whose relics are deposited in their churches, they must make sheds of branches around the former heathen temples, and celebrate with religious banquets, no longer offering animals to the Devil, but slaughtering them for food to the honor of God, in order to thank the Giver of all things for their blessings, so that while a few outward joys are left to them, they may be the more disposed to inward joys. For it is doubtless impracticable all at once to cut off everything from unrefined minds, and because even he who will mount to the highest degrees attains his end by slow steps, not by springing into the air." See Mone, "Geschichte des Heidentums," etc., II. 105.

126. Page 158. The nailing up of horses' skulls was a very ancient custom among the Germans. The Roman legions led by Cæcina into the depths of the Teutoburgerwald — the *Saltus Teutoburgiensis* — for the purpose of paying the last rites to those who fell in the slaughter of Varus [B. C. 9] were shocked at the sight of the skulls of the sacrificed Romans nailed to the oak-tree boles and

grinning down at the bleaching skeletons of the fallen warriors and the battle altars. Tacitus, "Annal." I. 61.

127. Page 159. The "Lex Salica" (ed. Merkel), c. 58, describes the noteworthy custom that when the *Chrene Chruda* was thrown on the nearest solvent kinsman, this person was obliged to assume the payment of the *Wehrgeld* for the murder committed by the insolvent culprit. No very satisfactory explanation has as yet been given of the term *Chrene Chruda*. An attempt has been made to translate it by *grünes Kraut* (*green grass*) or according to Grimm's "Rechtsaltertümer," p. 116, by *reines Kraut* (*clean grass*), because the evacuation of a piece of land, or the transfer of a field to another, either by purchase or as a security, was symbolically represented by the conveyance of a grass-grown clod or a piece of sod. But according to the Salic law what was thrown was earth collected from the four corners of the room where no herb grew. See Walter, "Deutsche Rechtsgeschichte," § 443. Since, moreover, this custom is demonstrably on record among the Salfranks and even there was very early done away with ("Lex Salica nov." 262, 263, 264), it remains rather obscure how the same could have been made valid in Alemannia in the tenth century.

128. Page 161. Many bad results were attributed to the "evil eye" of witches; it could make infants consumptive, tear clothing to tatters, kill snakes, frighten wolves, hatch ostrich eggs, bring on leprosy, etc., etc. As protection against such "fascinating" glances, people were accustomed to carry with them the paw of the common blind mole. See Grimm, "Deutsche Mythologie," p. 1053.

129. Page 162. . . . *si quis mulierem "stria" clamaverit et non potuerit adprobare*, etc., "Lex Salica," c. 64.

130. Page 171.

*Din got, der ist ein junger tôr,
ich will glouben an den alten.*

ST. OSWALD.

131. Page 182. *Folchardi codex aureus* (MS. of the S. Gall Library), p. 75.

132. Page 185. "A history of German cakes and rolls (*Kuchen und Semmeln*) could not be concocted without unexpected results." Grimm, "Deutsche Mythologie," 3d ed., p. 56.

133. Page 193. Fair Reader, hast thou never in the silent loneliness of midnight occupied thyself in shuffling cards, or melting lead, or casting lots, in the hope of getting an inkling of thy future lover? All these means of prognosticating coming events are vestiges of hoary heathendom. — So also the Chamberlain Spazzo's ascent of the tower seems to have had a similar object. It was not an unusual thing for persons on New Year's Eve to put on their swords and mount to the roof of the house in order to read the future. See Grimm, "Mythol." p. 1070.

134. Page 195. . . . *sacratos noctis venerabilis hymnos.*

135. Page 196. Concerning the prominent counts and noble families at that time, see Stälin, "Geschichte von Wirtemberg," I. 544 *et seq.*

136. Page 196. *nova stella apparuit insolitæ magnitudinis, aspectu fulgurans et oculos verberans non sine terrore.* "Annales S. Gallenses Maiores," in Pertz, "Monum." I. 8.

137. Page 196. See Berthold, "Der Heerwurm, gebildet aus Larven der Thomas-Trauermücke," Göttingen, 1854.

138. Page 197. The pious superstition respecting the immediate approach of the Day of Judgment, and the consequent end of the world, was very widespread in Karolingian and later times. Many men of high and

low degree felt called upon to make gifts to the Church as a means for their souls' salvation. *mundi terminum appropinquantem ruinis crebrescentibus jam certa signa manifestant.* Thus begins a deed of donation quoted on p. 438 of "Mone's Anzeiger," 1838.

139. Page 198. From the beginning of the ninth century to the second half of the tenth, the incursions of the Huns were justly regarded as one of the regular calamities to which the German provinces were exposed. North and South suffered from their visits. Contemporary historians call them sometimes Avars or Agarenes, sometimes Hungarians (the latter name being in popular etymology derived from the hunger which drove them out of the Steppes of Pannonia . . . *innumeralis eorum crevit exercitus et a fame, quam patiebantur, Hungri vocati sunt.* "Epistola Remigii" in Martène, collect. I. 234). Still more often they were called Huns, although their derivation from the Hun King Etzel, or Attila, by no means belongs to the established facts of history. We have called them Huns in our narrative.

A circumstantial description of this strange nation of horsemen is given by Regino in his "Chronicon. ad ann. 889" (Pertz, "Monum." I. 600). The picture which he gives of these fierce, all-devastating monsters, who lived in their saddles, and kept up their strength and courage by devouring the hearts of their enemies, leaves a frightful impression on the mind; and would arouse a still deeper sentiment of pity for those who suffered from their incursions if it were not for the fact that it is for the most part a literal transcription from the second and third chapters of the forty-first book of the History of Justinus, who characterizes the Scythians in that way. The repeated raids into the Alemannian land are mentioned in the "Alaman. Annalen," in Pertz, "Monum." I. 54; the victory on the Inn won over them by the *Kammerboten*

and the Argengaugraf Ulrich in the "Annales S. Gallenses Maior." in Pertz, "Monum." I. 77.

140. Page 202. See G. Schwab, "Der Bodensee nebst dem Rheinthale," Teil II.

141. Page 203. These words of Ekkehard are in harmony with the common Alemannian law, which was well known to the monks of S. Gall, and yet they seem to rest on a certain misunderstanding. In tit. 99, No. 22 (ed. Lindenbrog), the following definition is to be found:—

"When a strange dog has killed a man, its owner shall pay half Wehrgeld to the relatives of the defunct. If the family of the victim demand the whole Wehrgeld, then it must be allowed, but only on this condition, that all approaches to the house save one are to be closed, that they shall for all time use this one door for entrance and egress, and that over this door the vicious dog shall be hanged, and remain hanged at a height of nine feet until it shall have rotted and its bones have fallen apart. If the inhabitants of the house attempt to get rid of the dead dog or to enter by some other way, they shall forfeit the half Wehrgeld already paid, and be debarred from all further claim."

This statute, which goes back to a very remote antiquity, has for its foundation-motive to attach a certain stigma upon the relatives, who might be altogether too grasping in their claims against the innocent owner of the dog, and to restrain them from claiming the utmost damages which the law formally allowed in the case of a violent death. The ancient Norse law had a similar provision. See Grimm, "Rechtsaltertümer," p. 665.

142. Page 207. Medical science in our day no longer makes use of these and similar remedies. They are based partially on the theory that diseases are attributable to the influence of demons. Many, however, of

the official prescriptions of that day, are still found in the so-called "sympathetic remedies," which by an unbroken tradition going back through long generations of peasants, shepherds, and smiths, who even at the present obstinately pin their faith to them, have their origin in the remotest darkness of heathendom. How a remedy similar to that above mentioned was accompanied by excellent results is told us by the French historian, Gregory of Tours, in his book on the Miracles of S. Martinus, from his own experiences: "In the second month after his ordination as bishop, he was so severely attacked by dysentery that his life was despaired of. When every remedy remained ineffectual, he caused some dust from the grave of the saint to be brought, took it in a decoction about the third hour of the day, and was so immediately relieved that about three hours later he went to his dinner." Löbell, "Gregor von Tours und seine Zeit," p. 277.

An expert physician would certainly find many interesting facts regarding the science of medicine in the past, in the "Tractatus Insignis Medicinalis" of the S. Gall MS. 105.

143. Page 207. . . . *nihil fame improbius et sacrius!*

144. Page 208. At least G. Schwab, in his work on the Bodensee, reckons among the "notable things of Sipplingen," under No. 3, "The Sipplinger wine as the worst on the Lake." Of late, however, the juice of the grape there has become considerably better than its reputation!

145. Page 208. See Einhardi, "Vita Karoli Magni," c. 13, in Pertz, "Monum." II. p. 449.

146. Page 209. See Gibbon, "History of the Roman Empire," c. 35.

147. Page 210. "*scitis*" inquit, "*o fideles mei, quid tantopere ploraverim?*" "*non hoc,*" ait, "*timeo, quod isti*

nugæ et nihili mihi aliquid nocere prævaleant: sed nimirum contristor, quod me vivente ausi sunt litus istud attingere, et maximo dolore torqueor, quia prævideo, quanta mala posteris meis et eorum sunt facturi subjectis." "Monachi S. Gallens. Gesta Karoli," II. 22, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 757.

148. Page 211. This conception of the much-discussed and significant coronation at Rome, on Christmas Eve, 800, of Charlemagne as emperor, and protector of the Romish Church, corresponds to the idea which contemporaries had of the affair. The 'pope, who was anxious to be rid of the burdensome protectorate and oversight of his Byzantine suzerains, had his settled plan, even if he did not comprehend the whole wide-sweeping consequences of the event. On the part of the French monarch, the assumption of this imperial dignity was an act of usurpation against the more legitimate Byzantines, and it is easy to explain why the narrators assert that he would never on that day have set foot across the doorsill of St. Peter's, if he could have penetrated the pope's designs. See "Monachus San Gallensis," and "Einhardi Vita Karoli Magni," *cap.* 16 and 28.

149. Page 212. See Hincmar von Rheims, Annals, *ad ann.* 862, in Pertz, "Monum." I. 458.

150. Page 214. See the chronicle of the Lame Hermann of Reichenau, *ad ann.* 888, in Pertz, "Monum." V. 109.

151. Page 215. . . . *vel, ut perturbatores reipublicæ dignum est pati, usque ad cinerem concremati et in omnem ventum dispersi cum nominibus vel potius ignominia et memoria sua condemnentur in secula!* "Erchanberti Breviarium, *ad ann.* 880," in Pertz, "Monum." II. 330.

152. Page 217. The figure of the old man of the Heidenhöhle might give rise to some historic doubts. All the indications point to Karl the Fat, but he had

been certainly dead for some time, before the first hour of the tenth century struck. But what history cuts apart legend puts together again; and as it once provided a place for the Ostgothic Dietrich of Bern in the Niebelungenlied, to which he has no provable claims, judging by his historical precedents, so in the same way it has been pleased to remove the last representative of the Carolingian dynasty to a quiet place, and to confer upon him a character for righteousness which his contemporaries denied to him.

A rumor that the old emperor did not die a natural death, but was strangled by his enemies, is mentioned by the monk of Vaast in his chronicles, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 203. But the people who kept in their hearts a very different picture of him from that which partisan hatred delineated with distorted features for the benefit of posterity, and who found no reason in the misery which set in during the next decade for hailing his deposition as the dawn of better things, clung to the firm belief, especially in Alemannia, that he was not dead but that he, like many another hero both in earlier and later times, was living concealed in some cavern, waiting for the right moment to emerge again and grasp the reins of power. Many revolts in Alemannia against the emperor who mounted the throne after the fall of *Karl der Dicke* bore witness to the love which was felt for his deposed ancestor.

Modern history, also, is beginning to recognize the true grounds of the deposition, and the wrongs afterwards perpetrated upon the fat emperor, and it is granted that the machinations of the higher clergy, who at that time were deeply engaged in the introduction into Germany of the pseudo-isodorian ecclesiastical law, and who needed an emperor complaisant to their arbitrary endeavors, were in large measure responsible for that

deposition. See Gfrörer, "Geschichte der ost- und west-fränkischen Karolinger," II. 293.

153. Page 217.

*"fortis juventus, virtus audax bellica,
vestra per muros audiantur carmina,
et sit in armis alterna vigilia,
ne fraus hostilis hæc invadat mœnia.
resultat echo comes: eja, vigila!
per muros eja dicat echo vigila!"*

Danger teaches the making of verses! The song of the night guards of Modena, the complete text of which is given by Muratori in his "Antiq. Ital." III. 709, equals in its warmth and rhythmical swing the war-songs of any time. A song of petition, in the same metre, asking S. Germinianus for protection and aid against the Huns, is to be found in Muratori, "Antiq. Ital." I. 22.

154. Page 218. The people were summoned and gathered together by the erection of the banner. It was customary in the North in the case of hostile invasion to send a messenger in all haste to collect the people by means of an arrow, *herör*, the *Heerpfeil*. See Grimm, "Rechtsaltertümer," 161, 162. [English readers will recall the celebrated summons in Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Canto III.]

155. Page 220. Walafrid Strabo, abbot of the Reichenau, a much-lauded poet of the Carolingian epoch. Many of his Latin poems are permeated by a tender spirit, which recalls the elegiac writers of antiquity. Among them there is to be found a description of his monastery garden, and also an elegy to his mistress (*ad amicam*), and it is to this that Simon Bardo's utterance seems to refer. The beginning of the last-mentioned poem is certainly very delicate: —

*When with her mild sweet beams the moon through the azure is
shining,*

Then, O friend of my heart, look up through the night unto heaven;

Do not forget how her light so pure from those regions is pouring Down o'er the earth, and embracing us both in her sweet benefaction;

Both, — though far apart we may be, yet in love are ever together. And though my eyes may never again see the eyes of my mistress, Still will the moon remain as a pledge of our marriage undying.

156. Page 220. Greek fire, a mixture of naphtha, sulphur, and pitch, inextinguishable in water, as early as the year 716 performed good services against the Saracens when they were besieging Constantinople, and in 941 saved the capital from a Russian fleet, which under Igor, the son of Rurik, threatened to accomplish the then current prophecy that "the Russians in the last days would become masters of Constantinople." The use of it grew into a regular art of artillery, and was preserved by the Greek emperors as a weighty State secret. The French crusaders, led by St. Louis to the East, describe with genuine horror the appearance of the destructive missiles. See Joinville, "Histoire de St. Louis," Paris, 1668, p. 39.

157. Page 222. . . . *ipse velut Domini gigans lorica indutus, cucullam superinduens et stolam, ipsos eadem facere jubet: "contra diabolum, ait, fratres mei, quam hactenus animis in Deo confisi pugnaverimus, ut nunc manibus ostendere valeamus, ab ipso petamus."* Ekkeh. IV. "Casus S. Galli," c. 3, Pertz, II. 104.

158. Page 222. Jornandes, "De Rebus Geticis," c. 24.

159. Page 223. . . . *tollensque manu sua de pallio suo filum projecit in terram et dixit: "ecce in testimonium perfectæ remissionis filum de pallio meo projicio in terram, ut cunctis pateat, quod pristina deinceps adnulletur inimicitia."* "Vita S. Sturmii," c. 18, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 374.

160. Page 224. The emerald here mentioned is still

to be seen among the ecclesiastical treasures of the Parish Church of Mittelzell on Reichenau. It shared the fate of the famous emerald platter of Genoa which was regarded as *sacro catino* for the priceless palladium of the city, and in the Napoleonic wars was brought as such to Paris, where the committee of investigation appointed from the French Institute (1809) pronounced it to be only colored glass, — a lack in romantic sentiment which “essentially mitigated” the mortification of returning the prize to the Genoese. It was very essential for churches to have such show-pieces in their treasuries in order to be able, in case of necessity, to negotiate a material loan on their security.

161. p. 225. *erat tunc inter nostrates frater quidam simplicissimus et fatuus, cujus dicta et facta sæpe ridebantur, nomine Heribaldus . . .* Ekkeh. “Casus S. Galli,” c. 3.

162. Page 226. . . . “*enimvero, ait ille, fugiat, qui velit; ego quidem, quia corium meum ad calceos camerarius hoc anno non dedit, nusquam fugiam!*” Ekkeh. l. c.

163. Page 228. *fabricantur spicula, piltris lorice fiunt, fundibula plectuntur, tabulis compactis et wannis scuta simulantur, sparrones et fustes acute foci prædurantur.* Ekkeh. l. c.

164. Page 230. “Æneis,” VII. 631, *et seq.*

165. Page 231. . . . *equitans vir dei.* “Vita Liutger.” in Pertz, “Monum.” I. 412.

166. Page 235. Described in detail and with mutually complementary details in Ekkeh. IV. “Casus S. Galli,” c. 3, and the Lives of S. Wiborad (see note 40) especially in Hepidan. “Vita Wiboradæ,” c. VI. 24. (“Acta Sancto-” Mai. I. 305).

167. Page 238. . . . “*locum enim, quem contra ver-
sutias antiqui hostis pugnatura elegi, Deo juvante, spiritu
redeunte ad eum qui dedit illum, etiam corpore tegam!*”
Hepidan l. c. p. 304.

168. Page 244. . . . *quasi canem audierat mussitantem . . . et intellexit temptatorem* : " *esne tu, inquit iterum ibi ? quam bene tibi miser contigit nunc mussitanti et grunniendi post gloriosas voces illas, quas in cœlis habueras ?*" Ekkeh. "Casus S. Galli," c. 3, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 98.

169. Page 246. "Regula S. Benedicti," c. 53, "De Hospitibus Suscipiendis."

170. Page 249. . . . *Augustaque diu obsessa, precibus Uodabrici episcopi, sanctissimi quidem inter omnes tunc temporis viri, repulsi.* . . . Ekkeh. "Casus S. Galli," c. 3.

171. Page 251. See Grimm, "Deutsche Mythologie," p. 269.

172. Page 256. As early as the time of Charlemagne there existed a lively trade with the Slavs and Avars. ("Capitulare" of 808, in Pertz, "Monum." III. 133) and the northern part of the empire obtained the products of the South. Ermoldus Nigellus († 836) in his pathetic poems names Friesian merchants as buyers of the Alsatian wine, which they carried back with them to the Rhine. On the middle Neckar, also, they were well known. See Stälin, "Wirtemberg. Geschichte," I. 402.

173. Page 256. In a temple was an idol called Triglaff, and near it hung many weapons and pieces of armor which had been captured in battle and presented to the god, and gold and silver beakers with which oblations were made and prognostications of the future obtained, and out of which the nobles were accustomed to drink on high festival days; also great urochshorns mounted in silver, and war trumpets, swords, and daggers, and other costly weapons and utensils, all beautifully and richly adorned, and presented to the idol. . . . And the idol Triglaff was of gold, and had three heads, for which reason he is so called, for Triglafi [Slav, *Tri*, three, and *Glavá*, a head] in Wendish means three heads, by which they wish to signify that he is one God over heaven,

earth, and hell. S. Otto took it away with him and sent it to the Pope Honorius as a prize, and as a proof of the conversion of the Pomeranians. — Thomas Kanzow, "Pomerania, oder Ursprung, Altheit und Geschichte der Völcker und Lande Pommern, Cassuben, Wenden, Stettin, Rhügen" (ed. Kosegarten), p. 107.

174. Page 258. . . . *fatuitatis monstrum ubi sentiunt, omnes illi risibiles parcunt.* Ekkeh. "Casus S. Galli," c. 3.

175. Page 260. . . . *nam cum quidam illorum ascia vibrata unum retinaculorum succideret, Heribaldus inter eos jam domestice versatus: "sine, inquit, vir bone, quid vis vero, ut nos, postquam abieritis, bibamus?"* Ekkeh. l. c.

176. Page 260. See Ekkehard's story, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 104.

177. Page 264. *postquam vero mero incaluerant, horridissime diis suis omnes vociferabant . . .* l. c. The song may refer to Attila's adventure with the sister of the Emperor Valentinian, the Princess Honoria, who in revenge for being put into a convent on account of her predilection for a man of much lower rank, Eugenius her chamberlain, sent the barbarian monarch a ring and besought him to take her as his betrothed wife. See Gibbon, "History of the Roman Empire," c. 35.

178. Page 265. . . . *et effusa lætitia saltant coram principibus.* Ekkeh. IV. I. cit.

179. Page 266. *cambutta, scottica vox, baculum significans.* After S. Columban's death his shillelah was presented to S. Gallus as a memorial. See "Vita Sancti Galli," in Pertz, "Monum." II. 14, and I. von Arx's note. It would be a very great mistake to imagine such a cambutta as less elegant because it was club-shaped, since we have a truly frightful description of an ordinary walking-stick of a contemporary of Charlemagne's . . . *baculus de arbore malo, nodis paribus admirabilis, rigidus et terribilis!* "Monachus San Gallensis," I. 34, in Pertz, "Monum." II. 747.

180. Page 271. . . . *ubicunque autem hæ reliquiæ fuerint, illic pax et augmentum et lenitas aëris semper erit.* "Annales San Gallens. Maior." in Pertz, "Monum." I. 71.

181. Page 275. "The Revelation," S. John xx. 7. It was commonly held that the Gog and Magog of the Scriptures were embodied in the Hungarians, and they were regarded as the precursors of the end of the world. The question was subjected to serious theological investigation. See Gibbon, "History of the Roman Empire," c. 55, II.

182. Page 276. The honor of being the first of the German army to engage in battle was regarded by the Suabians as their immemorial right. According to the *Schwabenspiegel* or ancient code of Suabia Charlemagne grants: *zwa man umbe des riches not striten solte, da sulen die swabe vor allen sprachen striten.* [When there is to be a battle in defence of the realm, then the Suabians are to take precedence of all the other nationalities in beginning the engagement.] "Landrecht" § 32. A series of other passages from historians and poets to the same effect are found in Stälin, "Wirtemberg. Geschichte," I. 393.

183. Page 277. *Waffen, feindio!* the ancient *clamor ad arma*, war-cry, or alarum. See Grimm, "Rechtsaltertümer," p. 876. A similar form — a strengthening of the substantive by means of an appended exclamation — is found in the cries for help, *Mordio* [murder], *Feurio* [fire], etc.

184. Page 281. "I myself," said Attila to his warriors before the battle in the Catalaunian fields, "I myself will hurl the first spear, and the wretch who hesitates to follow his leader's example is doomed to inevitable death." See Gibbon, c. 35 (7).

185. Page 284. As late as the XVIth Century the German militia retained the custom of flinging a handful

of soil back over the head before they entered into the tumult of the conflict. Thus did the gallant Georg von Freundsberg before the battle of Pavia.

186. Page 285. We cannot refrain from quoting the simple, splendid text of Notker's song, "Media Vita," as we find it incorporated in I. von Arx's "History of the Canton of S. Gall," I. p. 95:—

*"media vita in morte sumus, quem quærimus adiutorem,
nisi te domine, qui pro peccatis nostris iuste irasceris.*

*V. in te speraverunt patres nostri, speraverunt et liberasti
eos.*

R. sancte deus.

*V. ad te clamaverunt patres nostri, clamaverunt et non
sunt confusi.*

R. sancte fortis.

*V. ne despicias nos in tempore senectutis, cum defecerit
virtus nostra, ne derelinquas nos.*

*R. sancte et misericors salvator, amaræ morti ne tradas
nos."*

[Von Scheffel's own rhymed translation reads:—

*Ach, unser Leben ist nur halbes Leben,
Des Todes Boten ständig uns umschweben!
Wen mögen wir als Hilfe uns erflehen,
Als dich, o Herr! den Richter der Vergehen?
Heiliger Gott!*

*Dein harrten unsre Väter schon mit Sehnen,
Und du erlösest sie von ihren Thränen,
Zu dir hinauf erging ihr Schrein und Rufen,
Du warfst sie nicht von deines Thrones Stufen.
Starker Gott!*

*Verlass uns nicht, wenn Unkraft uns befallen,
Wenn unser Mut, sei Stab uns allen;
O gieb uns nicht dem bitteren Tod zum Raube,
Barmherz'ger Gott, du unser Hort und Glaube!
Heiliger Gott, heiliger starker Gott!
Heiliger barmherziger Gott, erbarme dich unser!*

It may be roughly rendered into English : —

*Alas! our Fate in midst of life hath found us!
Death's messengers forever hover round us!
Whom may we call on when we be faint-hearted,
Save Thee, O Lord, the Judge of the Departed?
Most holy God!*

*On Thee our sires did wait when low and needy.
Thou camest to their help with succor speedy.
To Thee arose their prayer with cry and groan:
Thou didst not hurl them from before Thy throne,
Mighty God!*

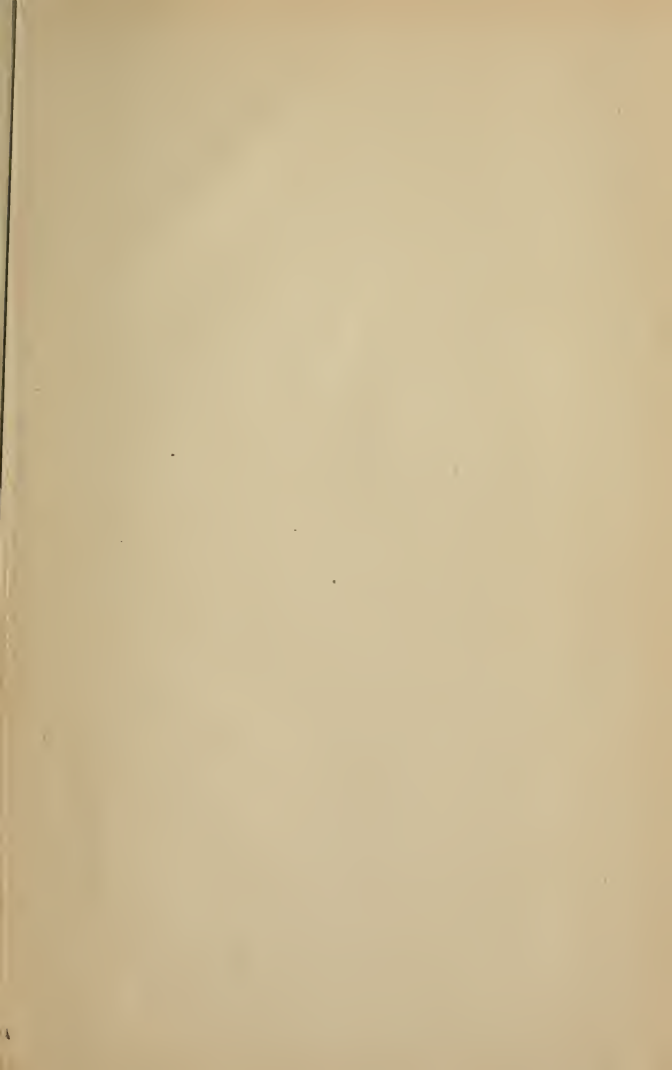
*Oh leave us not when foes make us afraid!
And when our courage fails, be Thou our aid.
To bitter Death do not our souls deliver,
Compassionate God, of all gifts the giver!
Most holy God! most holy mighty God!
Most holy compassionate God! have pity on us!*

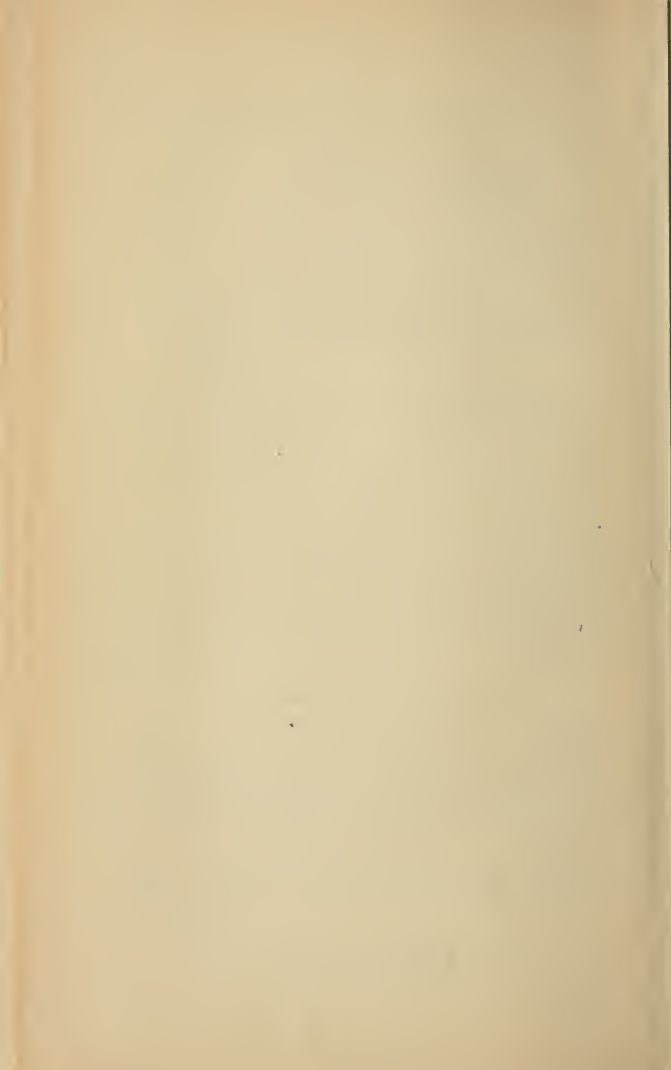
It found such a ready response in the hearts of pious combatants that a synod at Cologne found itself compelled to ordain that the "Media Vita" should never be sung against any one without the Bishop's permission. It came into the Evangelical Church-song through Luther's translation : —

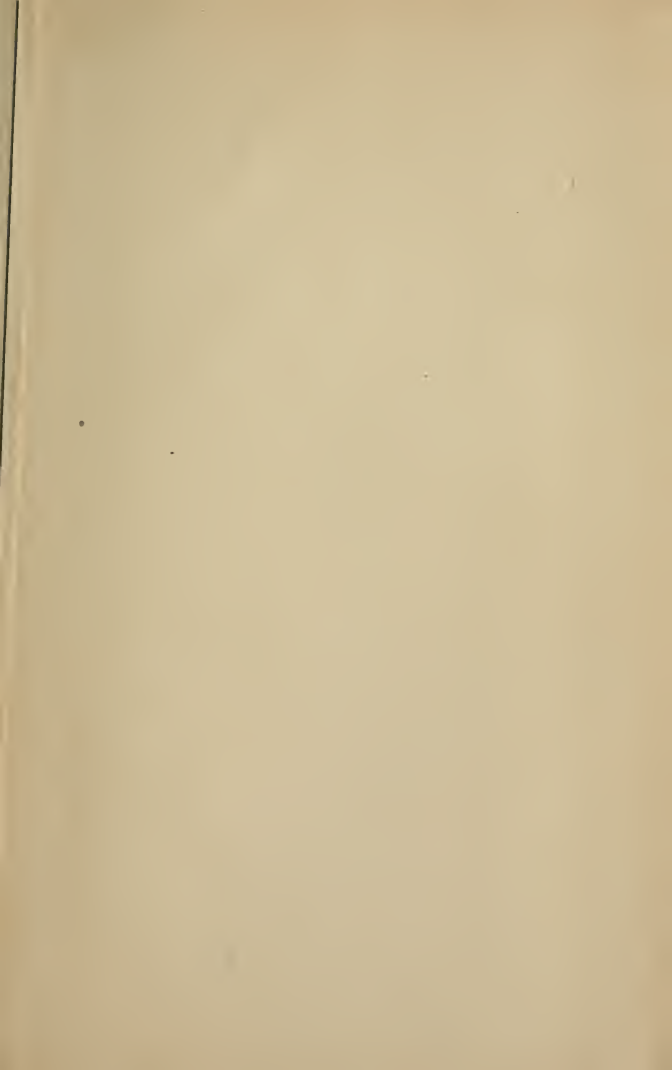
*Mitten wir in Leben sind
Von dem Tod umfassen, etc.*

187. Page 285. . . *haud mora, bellum incipitur atque ex Christianorum parte sancta mirabilisque vox "kyrie," ex eorum turpis et diabolica "hui, hui!" frequenter auditur.* Luitprand von Cremona, "De Reb. Imp. et Regum" Lib. II. c. 9.

188. Page 289. *Folchardi codex aureus* (Library at St. Gall) p. 39.







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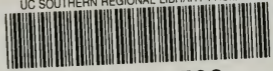
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